



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

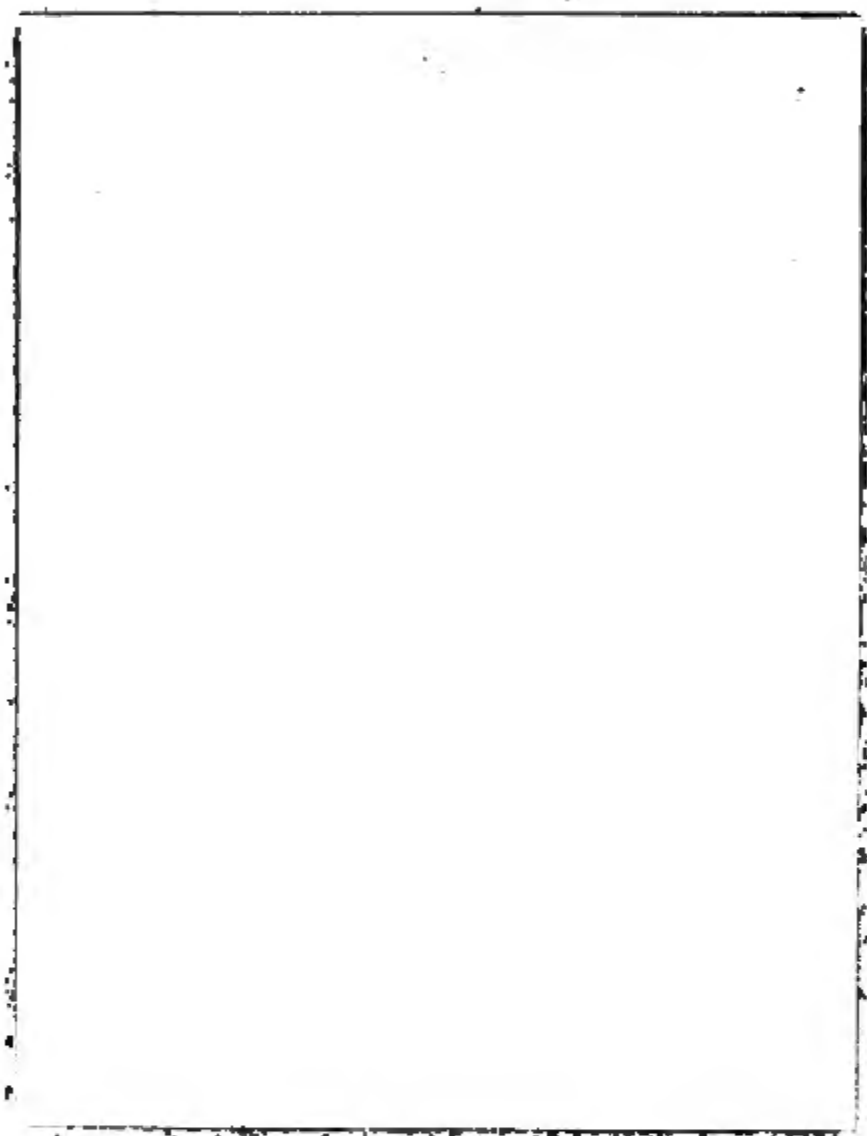
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



17.8
B27

817.8
B27

HUMOUR SERIES

EDITED BY W. H. DIRCKS

THE HUMOUR OF AMERICA

ALREADY ISSUED

FRENCH HUMOUR

GERMAN HUMOUR

ITALIAN HUMOUR

AMERICAN HUMOUR

5-4



CD 67

"SHE SHRILLY OBSERVES, 'THOMAS JEFFERSON, COME RIGHT
INTO THE HOUSE THIS MINIT.'"

[See page 130.

THE
HUMOUR OF AMERICA

42659

SELECTED, WITH AN INTRO-
DUCTION AND INDEX OF
AMERICAN HUMORISTS, BY
JAMES BARR. ILLUSTRATIONS
BY C. E. BROCK



LONDON
1893

WALTER SCOTT
LTD

1777

1778

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTE	xi
MY DOG— <i>Bill Nye</i>	I
KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE— <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	4
BAKED BEANS AND CULTURE— <i>Eugene Field</i>	8
THE NICE PEOPLE— <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	12
THE EUREKY RAT-TRAP— <i>C. B. Lewis</i> ("M Quad")	24
THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION— <i>George Washington Cable</i>	28
"WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?"— <i>John G. Saxe</i>	35
THE ARTLESS PRATTLE OF CHILDHOOD— <i>Robert Jones Burdette</i>	38
SPEECH ON THE BABIES— <i>Samuel L. Clemens</i> ("Mark Twain")	44
ON CYCLONES— <i>Bill Nye</i>	49
OUR CORRESPONDENT HAS THE HONOUR TO BE— <i>R. H. Newell</i> ("Orpheus C. Kerr")	51
YAWCOB STRAUSS— <i>Charles Follen Adams</i>	61
THE MINISTER'S WOOING— <i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	63
ALBINA McLUSH— <i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	73
A LONG TIME AGO— <i>John Barr</i>	77
THE PROFESSOR UNDER CHLOROFORM— <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	82
OUR TRAVELLED PARSON— <i>Will Carleton</i>	85
A RAILROAD "RECUSSANT"— <i>L. Gaylord Clark</i>	91

	PAGE
AN UNMARRIED FEMALE— <i>Marietta Holley</i>	93
THE COURTIN'— <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	103
THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY— <i>Joel Chandler Harris</i>	108
POMONA'S NOVEL— <i>Frank R. Stockton</i>	111
TEMPEST IN A TUB— <i>J. M. Bailey</i>	128
THE STOUT GENTLEMAN— <i>Washington Irving</i>	131
MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN— <i>Charles Dudley Warner</i>	144
THE QUAKER COQUETTE— <i>Charles Graham Halpine</i>	156
CAT-FISHING— <i>W. L. Alden</i>	158
CAPTAIN STICK AND TONY— <i>Johnson T. Hooper</i>	162
"ITEMS" FROM THE PRESS OF INTERIOR CALIFORNIA—	
<i>Ambrose Bierce</i> ("Dod Grile")	166
AN AVALANCHE OF DRUGS— <i>Chas. H. Clark</i> ("Max Adeler")	168
MUSIC— <i>Ambrose Bierce</i> ("Dod Grile")	174
MAXIMS— <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	175
MODEL OF A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION OF A PERSON	
YOU ARE UNACQUAINTED WITH— <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	176
ECHO-SONG— <i>Thos. Bailey Aldrich</i>	176
COLONEL MULBERRY SELLERS— <i>Samuel L. Clemens</i> ("Mark Twain")	179
THE OWL-CRITIC— <i>Jas. T. Fields</i>	187
ANNIHILATES AN OBERLINITE— <i>Petroleum V. Nasby</i>	191
AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT— <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	193
THE CASE OF SILAS JAFFREY— <i>Thos. Bailey Aldrich</i>	199
PECK'S BAD BOY— <i>George W. Peck</i>	216
THE BRITISH KNOCK— <i>William Austin</i>	221
A CAPTIVE MAIDEN— <i>Charles H. Clark</i> ("Max Adeler")	225
MRS. PARTINGTON IN COURT— <i>Benjamin Penhallon Shillaber</i> ("Mrs. Partington")	227

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
THE MUSIC-GRINDERS— <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	228
MISS CRUMP'S SONG— <i>Augustus Baldwin Longstreet</i>	232
A POLYGLOT BARBER— <i>Samuel S. Cox</i>	238
AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY— <i>Robert Barr</i> ("Luke Sharp")	243
HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY— <i>Charles Godfrey Leland</i>	250
OUR NEW BEDSTEAD— <i>Frederick Swartout Cozzens</i>	253
A QUILTING— <i>Sam Slick</i>	259
A PATENTED CHILD— <i>W. L. Alden</i>	265
A TALK ABOUT TEA— <i>Frederick S. Cozzens</i>	269
OLD AUNT MARY'S— <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	273
A PETITION OF THE LEFT HAND— <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	275
MY NORTH AND SOUTH— <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	276
WOMEN'S FASHIONS— <i>Nathaniel Ward</i>	277
THE NEWSBOY— <i>Joseph C. Neal</i>	281
THE BOYS AROUND THE HOUSE— <i>C. B. Lewis</i> ("M Quad")	285
MR. DOTY MAD— <i>Eugene Field</i>	287
OUR TWO OPINIONS— <i>Eugene Field</i>	289
ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS— <i>Artemus Ward</i>	291
THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP— <i>Artemus Ward</i>	292
YE PEDAGOGUE— <i>John Godfrey Saxe</i>	295
SETTLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES— <i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	298
MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE— <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	300
GOING TO CALIFORNIA— <i>Benjamin Penhallon Skillaber</i> ("Mrs. Partington")	316
"ROUGHING IT"— <i>Samuel L. Clemens</i> ("Mark Twain")	318
THE HEAD-WRITER— <i>C. B. Lewis</i> ("M Quad")	322
PELEG W. PONDER; OR, THE POLITICIAN WITHOUT A SIDE — <i>Joseph C. Neal</i>	326

	PAGE
THE SHAKERS— <i>Artemus Ward</i>	332
"EARLY RISING"— <i>John G. Saxe</i>	340
HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR— <i>Bret Harte</i> .	342
THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE— <i>Ralph Keeler</i>	362
EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF— <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	373
THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER— <i>Samuel L. Clemens</i> ("Mark Twain")	373
A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG— <i>Artemus Ward</i>	380
DUET FOR THE BREAKFAST-TABLE— <i>Charles Graham Halpine</i>	385
KITTY ANSWERS— <i>William Dean Howells</i>	387
PUCK— <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	395
THE REVENGE OF ST. NICHOLAS— <i>James K. Paulding</i> .	396
AN APHORISM AND A LECTURE— <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> .	412
APHORISMS— <i>Thoreau</i>	419
AN ENGLISH FUNERAL— <i>William Austin</i>	420
A LOST CHILD	420
AMONG THE SPIRITS— <i>Artemus Ward</i>	422
POETRY AND THE POET— <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	426
A NEW SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR—"John Phœnix" .	427
BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AMERICAN HUMORISTS	437

NOTE.

WHEN the unfortunate man standing on the scaffold was asked by a spectator to make a speech, he said that, considering the interesting programme which had been prepared by their good friend the Sheriff, he could not hope to say anything likely to amuse them. The compiler of a book of humour may recognise a like anxiety on the part of the public to push on to the principal attraction. There arises on his mental vision the eager face of the book-buyer, as he hurriedly skims over the leaves at the commencement of the volume, to find the end of the introduction and the beginning of the humour.

Once upon a time when I was young—in fact, more than eighteen months ago—I wrote an introduction to a volume of American humorous verse. It didn't say much, but it covered a great deal of space, and looked imposing. The few statements made, however, have risen up and smitten me night and day, and I have never to this moment been able to get away from them. After the volume had been before the public for a few months, I made an everlasting resolve to

abstain from all theories, deductions, speculations, prophecies, warnings, and prognostications in regard to any and every humour, whether American or British, new or old, known or unknown. It occurred to me that a new and delightful feature might be added to a book of humour if the reader were permitted the privilege of forming his own conclusions and choosing for himself his favourite among the authors. No doubt many a man has been forced, sorely against his will, to acknowledge, theoretically, the irresistibility of certain writers' humour, and to spend the best part of his life in trying to see something funny in the writers' work. No such hopeless task will be imposed by this volume. The different authors included between the covers of this book will speak for themselves. They need no bush.

But instead of writing an introduction for no one to read I have thought it better to arrange a biographical index of American and Canadian humorous writers, giving such pertinent particulars of each author's life and work as may be of value to the student of American literature. This index will be found at the end of the volume. It comes, it is hoped, within reasonable distance of completeness, and although in the majority of cases the data given is of a broad and general kind, still it is sufficiently explicit to set the student in the way of finding for himself the chief characteristics and work of the different authors. This index, to the

best of my knowledge, is the first of its kind that has been arranged, and should at least prove of benefit to any unfortunate compiler who in future ages is asked to prepare a volume of humorous extracts from American authors. The job is a big one now. What it will be if America continues to produce "funny" men at the rate she has done for the past hundred years it is impossible to imagine.

In conclusion, I gladly acknowledge my indebtedness for particulars of the works of many writers to Mr. Oscar Fay Adams' valuable little work, *Handbook of American Authors*. The dates which appear in this book are chiefly taken from Appleton's *Dictionary of American Biography*. To the many publishers who have given me permission to use extracts from their books I have thought the best acknowledgment I could make is to credit them in the Biographical Index with the different books they publish, so that the acknowledgment may be of some practical value to both those who wish to buy and those who sell the books.

J. B.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized in a table-like format with three columns: Name, Address, and City. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Thomas D. White. The addresses are: 123 Main St., 456 Elm St., 789 Oak St., and 1010 Pine St. The cities are: New York, New York, New York, and New York.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized in a table-like format with three columns: Name, Address, and City. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Thomas D. White. The addresses are: 123 Main St., 456 Elm St., 789 Oak St., and 1010 Pine St. The cities are: New York, New York, New York, and New York.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized in a table-like format with three columns: Name, Address, and City. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Thomas D. White. The addresses are: 123 Main St., 456 Elm St., 789 Oak St., and 1010 Pine St. The cities are: New York, New York, New York, and New York.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized in a table-like format with three columns: Name, Address, and City. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Thomas D. White. The addresses are: 123 Main St., 456 Elm St., 789 Oak St., and 1010 Pine St. The cities are: New York, New York, New York, and New York.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized in a table-like format with three columns: Name, Address, and City. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Thomas D. White. The addresses are: 123 Main St., 456 Elm St., 789 Oak St., and 1010 Pine St. The cities are: New York, New York, New York, and New York.

THE HUMOUR OF AMERICA

THE HUMOUR OF AMERICA.



MY DOG.

"KOSCIUSKO AND I FROLICKED AROUND."

I HAVE owned quite a number of dogs in my life, but they are all dead now. Last evening I visited my dog cemetery—just between the gloaming and the shank of the evening. On the biscuit-box cover that stands at the head

of a little mound fringed with golden rod and pickle bottles, the idler may still read these lines, etched in red chalk by a trembling hand—

LITTLE KOSCIUSKO,
.....NOT DEAD.....
BUT JERKED HENCE
BY REQUEST.

S. Y. L.

(SEE YOU LATER.)

I do not know why he was called Kosciusko. I do not care. I only know that his little grave stands out there while the gloaming gloams and the souging winds are souging.

Do you ask why I am alone here and dogless in this weary world?

I will tell you, anyhow. It will not take long, and it may do me good: Kosciusko came to me one night in winter, with no baggage, and unidentified.

When I opened the door he came in as though he had left something in there by mistake and had returned for it.

He stayed with us two years as a watch-dog. In a desultory way, he was a good watch-dog. If he had watched other people with the same unrelenting scrutiny with which he watched me, I might have felt his death more keenly than I do now.

The second year that little Kosciusko was with us, I shaved off a full beard one day while down town, put on a clean collar and otherwise disguised myself, intending to surprise my wife.

Kosciusko sat on the front porch when I returned. He looked at me as a cashier of a bank does when a newspaper man goes in to get a suspiciously large cheque cashed. He did not know me. I said, "Kosciusko, have you forgotten your master's voice?"

He smiled sarcastically, showing his glorious wealth of mouth, but still sat there as though he had stuck his tail into the door-steps and couldn't get it out.

So I waived the formality of going in at the front door, and went around to the portcullis, on the off side of the house, but Kosciusko was there when I arrived. The cook, seeing a stranger lurking around the manor-house, encouraged Kosciusko to come and gorge himself with a part of my leg, which he did. Acting on this hint I went to the barn.

I do not know why I went to the barn, but somehow there was nothing in the house that I wanted. When a man wants to be by himself there is no place like a good, quiet barn for thought. So I went into the barn, about three feet prior to Kosciusko.

Noticing the stairway, I ascended it in an aimless kind of way, about four steps at a time. What happened when we got into the haymow I do not now recall, only that Kosciusko and I frolicked around there in the hay for some time. Occasionally I would be on the top, and then he would have all the delegates, until finally I got hold of a pitchfork, and freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. I wrapped myself up in an old horse-net and went into the house. Some of my clothes were afterwards found in the hay, and the doctor pried a part of my person out of Kosciusko's jaws, but not enough to do me any good.

I have owned, in all, eleven dogs, and they all died violent deaths, and went out of the world totally unprepared to die.

Bill Nye.

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

"LAY OUT THERE AND TRY TO SEE
JES' NOW LAZY YOU KIN BE!"

I.

TELL you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vines—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

II.

Orchard's where I'd ruther be—
Needn't fence it in fer me !
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath—
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company !

III.

Jes' a sorto' lazein' there—
S' lazy, 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above,
Like a feller 'ats in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer.
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest—
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveyenently
Fer the boys 'ats apt to be
Up some other apple-tree !
Watch the swallers skootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the Bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

IV.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;

Er a hawk away up there,
 'Pearantly froze in the air!—
 Hear the old hen squawk, and squat
 Over every chick she's got,
 Suddent-like!—And she knows where
 That air hawk is, well as you!—
 You jes' bet yer life she do!—
 Eyes a-glittering like glass
 Waitin' till he makes a pass!

V.

Pee-wees' singin', to express
 My opinion, 's second-class,
 Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;
 Sapsucks gettin' down to biz,
 Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
 Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
 In those base-ball clothes o' his,
 Sportin' 'round the orchard jes'
 Like he owned the premises!
 Sun out in the field kin sizz,
 But flat on yer back, I guess,
 In the shade's where glory is!
 That's jes' what I'd like to do
 Stiddy fer a year er two!

VI.

Plague! ef they aint sompin' in
 Work 'at kindo' goes agin
 My convictions!—'long about
 Here in June especially!—
 Under some old apple-tree
 Jes' a-restin' through and through,
 I could git along without

Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gettin' there like me,
And June was eternity!

VII.

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be!—
Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—
Month a man kin raily love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

.

VIII.

March ain't never nothin' new!—
Aprile's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate its promises,—
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and snows agin!—
But when June comes—Clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!

Whoop out loud ! and throw my hat !—
June wants me and I'm to spare !
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that !

James Whitcomb Riley.

BAKED BEANS AND CULTURE.

THE members of the Boston Commercial Club are charming gentlemen. They are now the guests of the Chicago Commercial Club, and are being shown every attention that our market affords. They are a fine-looking lot, well-dressed and well-mannered, with just enough whiskers to be impressive without being imposing.

"This is a darned likely village," said Seth Adams last evening. "Everybody is rushin' 'round an' doin' business as if his life depended on it. Should think they'd git all tuckered out 'fore night, but I'll be darned if there ain't just as many folks on the street after nightfall as afore. We're stoppin' at the Palmer tavern; an' my chamber is up so all-fired high, that I can count all your meetin'-house steeples from the winder."

Last night five or six of these Boston merchants sat around the office of the hotel, and discussed matters and things. Pretty soon they got to talking about beans : this was the subject which they dwelt on with evident pleasure.

"Waal, sir," said Ephraim Taft, a wholesale dealer in maple-sugar and flavoured lozenges, "you kin talk 'bout your new-fashioned dishes an' high-falutin' vittles ; but, when you come right down to it, there ain't no better eatin' than a dish o' baked pork 'n' beans."

"That's so, b' gosh!" chorussed the others.

"The truth o' the matter is," continued Mr. Taft, "that beans is good for everybody,—t don't make no difference whether he's well or sick. Why, I've known a thousand folks—waal, mebbe not quite a thousand; but,—waal, now, jest to show, take the case of Bill Holbrook: you remember Bill, don't ye?"

"Bill Holbrook?" said Mr. Ezra Eastman; "why, of course I do! Used to live down to Brimfield, next to the Moses Howard farm."

"That's the man," resumed Mr. Taft. "Waal, Bill fell sick,—kinder moped round, tired like, for a week or two, an' then tuck to his bed. His folks sent for Dock Smith,—ol' Dock Smith that used to carry round a pair o' leather saddlebags,—gosh, they don't have no sech doctors nowadays! Waal, the dock, he come; an' he looked at Bill's tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' said that Bill had typhus fever. Ol' Dock Smith was a very careful, conserv'tive man, an' he never said nothin' unless he knowed he was right.

"Bill began to git wuss, an' he kep' a-gittin' wuss every day. One mornin' ol' Dock Smith sez, 'Look a-here, Bill, I guess you're a goner: as I figger it, you can't hol' out till nightfall.'

"Bill's mother insisted on a con-sul-tation bein' held; so ol' Dock Smith sent over for young Dock Brainerd. I calc'late that, next to ol' Dock Smith, young Dock Brainerd was the smartest doctor that ever lived.

"Waal, pretty soon along come Dock Brainerd; an' he an' Dock Smith went all over Bill, an' looked at his tongue, an' felt uv his pulse, an' told him it was a gone case, an' that he had got to die. Then they went off into the spare chamber to hold their con-sul-tation.

"Waal, Bill he lay there in the front room a-pantin' an' a-gaspin', an' a wond'rin' whether it wuz true. As he wuz

"SARY SAT DOWN BY THE BED, AN' FED THEM BEANS INTO BILL."

thinkin', up comes the girl to git a clean tablecloth out of the clothes-press, an' she left the door ajar as she come in. Bill he gave a sniff, an' his eyes grew more natural like: he gathered together all the strength he had, and he raised himself up on one elbow, and sniffed again.

" 'Sary,' says he, 'wot's that a-cookin'?' "

" 'Beans,' says she; 'beans for dinner.' "

" 'Sary,' says the dyin' man, 'I must hev a plate uv them beans !' "

" 'Sakes alive, Mr. Holbrook !' says she; 'if you wuz to eat any o' them beans, it'd kill ye !' "

" 'If I've got to die,' says he, 'I'm goin' to die happy: fetch me a plate uv them beans.' "

" Wall, Sary she pikes off to the doctors.

" 'Look a-here,' says she; 'Mr. Holbrook smelt the beans cookin', an' he says he's got to have a plate uv 'em. Now, what shall I do about it?' "

" 'Waal, doctor,' says Dock Smith, 'what do you think 'bout it?' "

" 'He's got to die anyhow,' says Dock Brainerd; 'an' I don't suppose the beans'll make any diff'rence.' "

" 'That's the way I figger it,' says Dock Smith; 'in all my practice I never knew of beans hurtin' anybody.' "

" So Sary went down to the kitchen, an' brought up a plateful of hot baked beans. Dock Smith raised Bill up in bed, an' Dock Brainerd put a piller under the small of Bill's back. Then Sary sat down by the bed, an' fed them beans into Bill until Bill couldn't hold any more.

" 'How air you feelin' now?' asked Dock Smith.

" Bill didn't say nuthin': he jest smiled sort uv peaceful like, an' closed his eyes.

" 'The end hez come,' said Dock Brainerd sof'ly; 'Bill is dyin'.' "

" Then Bill murmured kind o' far-away like (as if he was dreamin'), 'I ain't dyin': I'm dead an' in heaven.' "

"Next mornin' Bill got out uv bed, an' done a big day's work on the farm, an' he hain't hed a sick spell since. Them beans cured him! I tell you, sir, that beans is," etc.

Eugene Field.

THE NICE PEOPLE.

"THEY certainly are nice people," I assented to my wife's observation, using the colloquial phrase with a consciousness that it was anything but "nice" English, "and I'll bet that their three children are better brought up than most of——"

"*Two* children," corrected my wife.

"Three, he told me."

"My dear, she said there were *two*."

"He said three."

"You've simply forgotten. I'm *sure* she told me they had only two—a boy and a girl."

"Well, I didn't enter into particulars."

"No dear, and you couldn't have understood him. Two children."

"All right," I said; but I did not think it was all right. As a near-sighted man learns by enforced observation to recognise persons at a distance when the face is not visible to the normal eye, so the man with a bad memory learns, almost unconsciously, to listen carefully and report accurately. My memory is bad; but I had not had time to forget that Mr. Brewster Brede had told me that afternoon that he had three children, at present left in the care of his mother-in-law, while he and Mrs. Brede took their summer vacation.

"Two children," repeated my wife; "and they are staying with his aunt Jenny."

"He told me with his mother-in-law," I put in. My wife looked at me with a serious expression. Men may not remember much of what they are told about children; but any man knows the difference between an aunt and a mother-in-law.

"But don't you think they're nice people?" asked my wife.

"Oh, certainly," I replied; "only they seem to be a little mixed up about their children."



"SEATED THEMSELVES OPPOSITE US AT TABLE."

"That isn't a nice thing to say," returned my wife.
I could not deny it.

.
And yet the next morning, when the Bredes came down and seated themselves opposite us at table, beaming and smiling in their natural, pleasant, well-bred fashion, I knew, to a social certainty, that they *were* "nice" people. He was a fine-looking fellow in his neat tennis-flannels, slim, grace-

ful, twenty-eight or thirty years old, with a Frenchy-pointed beard. She was "nice" in all her pretty clothes, and she herself was pretty with that type of prettiness which outwears most other types—the prettiness that lies in a rounded figure, a dusky skin, plump, rosy cheeks, white teeth, and black eyes. She might have been twenty-five; you guessed that she was prettier than she was at twenty, and that she would be prettier still at forty.

And nice people were all we wanted to make us happy in Mr. Jacobus's summer boarding-house on the top of Orange Mountain. For a week we had come down to breakfast each morning, wondering why we wasted the precious days of idleness with the company gathered around the Jacobus board. What joy of human companionship was to be had out of Mrs. Tabb and Miss Hoogencamp, the two middle-aged gossips from Scranton, Pa.,—out of Mr. and Mrs. Biggle, an indurated head-bookkeeper and his prim and censorious wife,—out of old Major Halkit, a retired business man, who, having once sold a few shares on commission, wrote for circulars of every stock company that was started, and tried to induce every one to invest who would listen to him? We looked around at those dull faces, the truthful indices of mean and barren minds, and decided that we would leave that morning. Then we ate Mrs. Jacobus's biscuits, light as Aurora's cloudlets, drank her honest coffee, inhaled the perfume of the late azaleas with which she decked her table, and decided to postpone our departure one more day. And then we wandered out to take our morning glance at what we called "our view"; and it seemed to us as if Tabb and Hoogencamp, and Halkit and the Biggles could not drive us away in a year.

I was not surprised when, after breakfast, my wife invited the Bredes to walk with us to "our view." The Hoogencamp - Biggle - Tabb - Halkit contingent never stirred off Jacobus's verandah; but we both felt that the Bredes would

not profane that sacred scene. We strolled slowly across the fields, passed through the little belt of wood, and as I heard Mrs. Brede's little cry of startled rapture, I motioned to Brede to look up.

"By Jove!" he cried; "heavenly!"

We looked off from the brow of the mountain over fifteen miles of billowing green, to where, far across a far stretch of pale blue, lay a dim purple line that we knew was Staten Island. Towns and villages lay before us and under us; there were ridges and hills, uplands and lowlands, woods and plains, all massed and mingled in that great silent sea of sunlit green. For silent it was to us, standing in the silence of a high place—silent with a Sunday stillness that made us listen, without taking thought, for the sound of bells coming up from the spires that rose above the tree-tops—the tree-tops that lay as far beneath us as the light clouds were above us that dropped great shadows upon our heads and faint specks of shade upon the broad sweep of land at the mountain's foot.

"And so that is *your* view?" asked Mrs. Brede, after a moment; "you are very generous to make it ours too."

Then we lay down on the grass, and Brede began to talk in a gentle voice, as if he felt the influence of the place. He had paddled a canoe, in his earlier days, he said, and he knew every river and creek in that vast stretch of landscape. He found his landmarks, and pointed out to us where the Passaic and the Hackensack flowed, invisible to us, hidden behind great ridges that in our sight were but combings of the green waves upon which we looked down, and yet on the further side of those broad ridges and rises were scores of villages—a little world of country life, lying unseen under our eyes.

"A good deal like looking at humanity," he said; "there is such a thing as getting so far above our fellow-men that we see only one side of them."

Ah, how much better was this sort of talk than the chatter and gossip of the Tabb and the Hoogencamp—than the Major's dissertations upon his everlasting circulars! My wife and I exchanged glances.

"Now, when I went up the Matterhorn," Mr. Brede began.

"Why, dear," interrupted his wife; "I didn't know you ever went up the Matterhorn."

"It—it was five years ago," said Mr. Brede hurriedly; "I—I didn't tell you—when I was on the other side, you know—it was rather dangerous—well, as I was saying—it looked—oh, it didn't look at all like this."

A cloud floated overhead, throwing its great shadow over the field where we lay. The shadow passed over the mountain's brow, and reappeared far below, a rapidly decreasing blot; flying eastward over the golden green. My wife and I exchanged glances once more.

Somehow the shadow lingered over us all. As we went home, the Bredes went side by side along the narrow path, and my wife and I walked together.

"*Should you think,*" she asked me, "that a man would climb the Matterhorn the very first year he was married?"

"I don't know, my dear," I answered evasively; "this isn't the first year I have been married, not by a good many, and I wouldn't climb it—for a farm."

"You know what I mean?" she said.

I did.

When we reached the boarding-house, Mr. Jacobus took me aside.

"You know," he began his discourse, "my wife, she used to live in N' York!"

I didn't know; but I said, "Yes."

"She says the numbers on the streets runs criss-cross like. Thirty-four's on one side o' the street, an' thirty-five's on t'other. How's that?"

"That is the invariable rule, I believe."

"Then—I say—these here new folk that you 'n' your wife seems so mighty taken up with—d'ye know anything about 'em?"

"I know nothing about the character of your boarders, Mr. Jacobus," I replied, conscious of some irritability. "If I choose to associate with any of them——"

"Jess so—jess so!" broke in Jacobus. "I hain't nothin' to say ag'inst yer sosherbil'ty. But do ye *know* them?"

"Why, certainly not," I replied.

"Well—that was all I wuz askin' ye. Ye see, when *he* come here to take the rooms—you wasn't here then—he told my wife that he lived at number thirty-four in his street. An' yistiddy *she* told her that they lived at number thirty-five. He said he lived in an apartment-house. Now, there can't be no apartment-house on two sides of the same street, kin they?"

"What street was it?" I inquired wearily.

"Hunderd 'n' twenty-first street."

"Maybe," I replied, still more wearily. "That's Harlem. Nobody knows what people will do in Harlem."

I went up to my wife's room.

"Don't you think it queer?" she asked me.

"I think I'll have a talk with that young man to-night," I said, "and see if he can give some account of himself."

"But, my dear," my wife said gravely, "*she* doesn't know whether they've had the measles or not."

"Why, Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "they must have had them when they were children."

"Please don't be stupid," said my wife. "I meant *their* children."

After dinner that night—or rather after supper, for we had dinner in the middle of the day at Jacobus's—I walked down the long verandah to ask Brede, who was placidly

smoking at the other end, to accompany me on a twilight stroll. Half-way down I met Major Halkit.

"That friend of yours," he said, indicating the unconscious figure at the further end of the house, "seems to be a queer sort of a Dick. He told me that he was out of business, and just looking round for a chance to invest his capital. And I've been telling him what an everlasting big show he had to take stock in the Capitoline Trust Company—starts next month—four million capital; I told you all about it. 'Oh, well,' he says, 'let's wait and think about it.' 'Wait!' says I; 'the Capitoline Trust Company won't wait for *you*, my boy. This is letting you in on the ground floor,' says I; 'and it's now or never.' 'Oh, let it wait,' says he. I don't know what's in-*to* the man."

"I don't know how well he knows his own business, Major," I said as I started again for Brede's end of the verandah. But I was troubled none the less. The Major could not have influenced the sale of one share of stock in the Capitoline Company. But that stock was a great investment; a rare chance for a purchaser with a few thousand dollars. Perhaps it was no more remarkable that Brede should not invest than that I should not; and yet it seemed to add one circumstance more to the other suspicious circumstances.

When I went upstairs that evening, I found my wife putting her hair to bed—I don't know how I can better describe an operation familiar to every married man. I waited until the last tress was coiled up, and then I spoke.

"I've talked with Brede," I said, "and I didn't have to catechise him. He seemed to feel that some sort of explanation was looked for, and he was very outspoken. You were right about the children—that is, I must have misunderstood him. There are only two; but the Matterhorn

episode was simple enough. He didn't realise how dangerous it was until he had got so far into it that he couldn't back out ; and he didn't tell her, because he'd left her here, you see ; and under the circumstances——”

“Left her here !” cried my wife. “I've been sitting with her the whole afternoon, sewing, and she told me that he left her at Geneva, and came back and took her to Basle, and the baby was born there. Now I'm sure, dear, because I asked her.”

“Perhaps I was mistaken when I thought he said she was on this side of the water,” I suggested with bitter, biting irony.

“You poor dear, did I abuse you ?” said my wife. “But do you know Mrs. Tabb said that *she* didn't know how many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee. Now that seems queer, doesn't it ?”

It did. It was a small thing ; but it looked queer, very queer.

The next morning it was clear that war was declared against the Bredes. They came down to breakfast somewhat late, and as soon as they arrived the Biggles swooped up the last fragments that remained on their plates, and made a stately march out of the dining-room. Then Miss Hoogencamp arose and departed, leaving a whole fish-ball on her plate. Even as Atalanta might have dropped an apple behind her to tempt her pursuer to check his speed, so Miss Hoogencamp left that fish-ball behind her, and between her maiden self and Contamination.

We had finished our breakfast, my wife and I, before the Bredes appeared. We talked it over, and agreed that we were glad that we had not been obliged to take sides upon such insufficient testimony.

After breakfast it was the custom of the male half of the Jacobus household to go around the corner of the building

and smoke their pipes and cigars, where they would not annoy the ladies. We sat under a trellis covered with a grape vine that had borne no grapes in the memory of man. This vine, however, bore leaves, and these, on that pleasant summer morning, shielded from us two persons who were in earnest conversation in the straggling, half-dead flower-garden at the side of the house.

"I don't want," we heard Mr. Jacobus say, "to enter in no man's *pry*-vacy; but I do want to know who it may be, like, that I hev in my house. Now what I ask of *you*—and I don't want you to take it as in no ways *personal*—is, hev you your merridge-licence with you?"

"No," we heard the voice of Mr. Brede reply. "Have you yours?"

I think it was a chance shot, but it told all the same. The Major (he was a widower), and Mr. Biggle and I looked at each other; and Mr. Jacobus, on the other side of the grape-trellis, looked at—I don't know what—and was as silent as we were.

Where is *your* marriage-licence, married reader? Do you know? Four men, not including Mr. Brede, stood or sate on one side or the other of that grape-trellis, and not one of them knew where his marriage-licence was. Each of us had had one—the Major had had three. But where were they? Where is *yours*? Tucked in your best-man's pocket; deposited in his desk, or washed to a pulp in his white waistcoat (if white waistcoats be the fashion of the hour); washed out of existence—can you tell where it is? Can you—unless you are one of those people who frame that interesting document and hang it upon their drawing-room walls?

Mr. Brede's voice arose, after an awful stillness of what seemed like five minutes, and was, probably, thirty seconds—

"Mr. Jacobus, will you make out your bill at once, and

let me pay it? I shall leave by the six o'clock train. And will you also send the waggon for my trunks?"

"I hain't said I wanted to hev ye leave——" began Mr. Jacobus; but Brede cut him short.

"Bring me your bill."

"But," remonstrated Jacobus, "ef ye ain't——"

"Bring me your bill!" said Mr. Brede.

My wife and I went out for our morning's walk. But it seemed to us, when we looked at "our view," as if we could only see those invisible villages of which Brede had told us—that other side of the ridges and rises of which we catch no glimpse from lofty hills or from the heights of human self-esteem. We meant to stay out until the Bredes had taken their departure; but we returned just in time to see Pete, the Jacobus darkey, the blacker of boots, the brusher of coats, the general handy-man of the house, loading the Bredes' trunks on the Jacobus waggon.

And, as we stepped upon the verandah, down came Mrs. Brede, leaning on Mr. Brede's arm as though she were ill; and it was clear that she had been crying—there were heavy rings about her pretty black eyes.

My wife took a step towards her.

"Look at that dress, dear," she whispered; "she never thought anything like this was going to happen when she put *that* on."

It was a pretty, delicate, dainty dress, a graceful, narrow-striped affair. Her hat was trimmed with a narrow-striped silk of the same colour—maroon and white; and in her hand she held a parasol that matched her dress.

"She's had a new dress on twice a day," said my wife; "but that's the prettiest yet. Oh, somehow—I'm *awfully* sorry they're going!"

But going they were. They moved towards the steps. Mrs. Brede looked towards my wife, and my wife moved

towards Mrs. Brede. But the ostracised woman, as though she felt the deep humiliation of her position, turned sharply away, and opened her parasol to shield her eyes from the sun. A shower of rice—a half-pound shower of rice—fell

"MRS. BREDE WAS IN MY WIFE'S ARMS."

down over her pretty hat and her pretty dress, and fell in a splattering circle on the floor, outlining her skirts, and there it lay in a broad, uneven band, and bright in the morning sun.

Mrs. Brede was in my wife's arms, sobbing as if her young heart would break.

"Oh, you poor, dear, silly children!" my wife cried, as Mrs. Brede sobbed on her shoulder; "why *didn't* you tell us?"

"W-w-we didn't want to be t-t-taken for a b-b-b-b-bridal couple," sobbed Mrs. Brede; "and we d-d-didn't *dream* what awful lies we'd have to tell, and all the aw-aw-ful mixed-up mess of it. Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Pete!" commanded Mr. Jacobus, "put back them trunks. These folks stays here's long's they wants ter. Mr. Brede"—he held out a large, hard hand—"I'd orter 've known better," he said; and my last doubt of Mr. Brede vanished as he shook that grimy hand in manly fashion.

The two women were walking off toward "our view," each with an arm about the other's waist—touched by a sudden sisterhood of sympathy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Brede, addressing Jacobus, Biggle, the Major, and me, "there is a hostelry down the street where they sell honest New Jersey beer. I recognise the obligations of the situation."

We five men filed down the street, and the two women went toward the pleasant slope where the sunlight gilded the forehead of the great hill. On Mr. Jacobus's verandah lay a spattered circle of shining grains of rice. Two of Mr. Jacobus's pigeons flew down and picked up the shining grains, making grateful noises far down in their throats.

H. C. Bunner.

THE EUREKY RAT-TRAP.

"I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING TO YOUR ATTENTION THE
EUREKY RAT-TRAP."

HE boarded the boat at a landing about a hundred miles above Vicksburg, having two dilapidated but bulky-looking satchels as luggage. He said he was bound to "Orleans," and when the clerk told him what the fare would be he uttered a long whistle of amazement, and inquired—

"Isn't that pooty steep?"

"Regular figure, sir," replied the clerk.

"Seems like a big price for just riding on a boat," continued the stranger.

"Come, I'm in a hurry," said the clerk.

"That's the lowest figure, eh?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes—that's the regular fare."

"No discount to a regular traveller?"

"We make no discount from that figure."

"Ye wouldn't take half of it in trade?"

"I want your fare at once, or we will have to land you!"

"Don't want a nice rat-trap, do ye, stranger?" inquired the passenger. "One which sets herself, works on scientific principles, allus ready, painted a nice green, wanted by every family, warranted to knock the socks off'n any other trap ever invented by mortal man?"

"No, sir; I want the money!" replied the clerk in emphatic tones.

"Oh, wall, I'll pay; of course I will," said the rat-trap man; "but that's an awful figger for a ride to Orleans, and cash is cash these days."

He counted out the fare in ragged shin-plasters, wound a shoe-string around his wallet and replaced it, and then unlocked one of the satchels and took out a wire rat-trap. Proceeding to the cabin, he looked the ground over, and then waltzing up to a young lady who sat on a sofa reading, he began—

"I take great pleasure in presenting to your attention the Eureky rat-trap, the best trap ever invented. It sets——"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet.

"Name's Harrington Baker," he went on, turning the trap around on his outstretched hand, "and I guarantee this trap to do more square killing among rats than——"

She gave him a look of scorn and contempt, and swept grandly away; and without being the least put out he walked over to a bald-headed man who had tilted his chair back and fallen asleep.

"Fellow-mortal, awakest and gaze upon the Eureky rat-

trap," said the stranger, as he laid his hand on the shiny pate of the sleeper.

"Wh—who—what!" exclaimed the Bald-head, opening his eyes and flinging his arms around.

"I take this opportunity to call your attention to my Eureka rat-trap," continued the new passenger; "the noblest Roman of them all. Try one, and you will use no other. It is constructed on——"

"Who in thunder do you take me for?" exclaimed the bald-headed man at this point. "What in blazes do I want of your rat-trap?"

"To ketch rats!" humbly replied the stranger; "to clear yer premises of one of the most obnoxious pests known to man. I believe I am safe in saying that this 'ere——"

"Go away, sir—go away; or I'll knock your blamed head off!" roared the Bald-head. "When I want a rat-trap I shan't patronise travelling vagabonds! Your audacity in daring to put your hand on my head and wake me up deserves a caning!"

"Then you don't want a rat-trap?"

"No, sir!" yelled Bald-head.

"I'll make you one mighty cheap."

"I'll knock you down, sir!" roared Bald-head, looking around for his cane.

"Oh, wall, I ain't a starvin', and it won't make much difference if I don't sell to you!" remarked the stranger, and he backed off and left the cabin for the promenade deck.

An old maid sat in the shadow of the Texas, embroidering a slipper, and the rat-trap man drew a stool up beside her and remarked—

"Madam, my name is Baker, and I am the inventor of the Eureka rat-trap, a sample copy of which I hold here on my left hand, and I think I can safely say that——"

"Sir, this is unpardonable!" she exclaimed, pushing back.

"I didn't have an introduction to ye, of course," he replied, holding the trap up higher; "but business is business, you know. Let me sell you a Eureka trap, and make ye happy for life; I warrant this trap to——"

"Sir, I shall call the captain!" she interrupted, turning pale with rage.

"Does *he* want a trap?" eagerly inquired the man.

"Such impudence deserves the horsewhip!" screamed the old maid, backing away.

The rat-trap man went forward and found a northern invalid, who was so far gone that he could hardly speak above a whisper.

"Ailing, eh?" queried the trapper.

The invalid nodded.

"Wall, I won't say that my Eureka rat-trap will cure ye," continued the man; "but this much I do say, and will swear to on a million Bibles, that it climbs the ridge-pole over any immortal vermin-booster ever yet set before——"

The captain came up at this juncture, and informed the inventor that he must quit annoying passengers.

"But some of 'em may want one o' my Eureka traps," protested the man.

"Can't help it; this is no place to sell traps."

"But this is no scrub trap—none o' your humbugs, got up to swindle the hair right off of an innocent and confiding public."

"You hear me—put that trap up!"

"I'll put it up, of course; but then I'll leave it to yerself if it isn't rather Shylocky in a steamboat to charge me the reg'lar figger to Orleans, and then stop me from passing my Eureka rat-trap out to the hankerin' public?"

C. B. Lewis ("M. Quad.")

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

THE bell tapped, and they came forth to battle. There was the line, there was the leader. The great juncture of the day was on him. Was not here the State's official eye? Did not victory hover overhead? His reserve, the darling regiment, the flower of his army, was dressing for the final charge. There was Claude. Next him, Sidonie!—and Étienne, and Madelaine, Henri and Marcelline,—all waiting for the word—the words—of eight syllables! Supreme moment! Would any betray? Banish the thought! Would any fail?

He waited an instant while two or three mothers bore out great armfuls of slumbering or fretting infancy, and a number of young men sank down into the vacated chairs. Then he stepped down from the platform, drew back four or five yards from the class, opened the spelling-book, scanned the first word, closed the book with his finger at the place, lifted it high above his head, and cried—

“Claude! Claude, my brave scholar, always perfect, ah you ready?” He gave the little book a half whirl round, and dashed forward towards the chosen scholar, crying as he came—

“In-e-rad-i-ca-bility!”

Claude's face suddenly set in a stony vacancy, and with his eyes staring straight before him he responded—

“I-n, in-, e, inerad-, r-a-d, rad-, inerad-, ineraddy-, ineradica-, c-a, ca, ineradica-, ineradicabili-, b-i-elly- billy, ineradicabili-, ineradicabili-, t-y, ty, ineradicability.”

“Right! Claude, my boy! my always good scholar, right!” The master drew back to his starting-place as he spoke, re-opened the book, shut it again, lifted it high in the air, cried, “Madelaine, my dear chile, prepare!” whirled the book and rushed upon her with—

“In-de-fat-i-ga-bil-ly-ty!”

Madelaine turned to stone, and began—

“I-n, een, d-e, de-, inde-, indefat-, indefat—fat—f-a-t, fat, indefat, indefatty, i, ty, indefati-, indefatiga-, g-a, ga, indefatiga-, indefatigabilly, b-i-elly, billy, indefatigabili-, t-y, ty, indefatigability.”

“O, Madelaine, my chile, you make yo’ teacher proud! prah-ood, my chile!” Bonaventure’s hand rested a moment tenderly on her head as he looked first towards the audience and then towards the stranger. Then he drew off for the third word. He looked at it twice before he called it. Then—

“Sidonie! ah! Sidonie, be ready! be prepared! fail not yo’ humble school-teacher! In-com——” He looked at the word a third time, and then swept down upon her; “In-com-pre-hen-si-ca-bility!”

Sidonie flinched not nor looked upon him, as he hung over her with the spelling-book at arm’s reach above them; yet the pause that followed seemed to speak dismay, and throughout the class there was a silent recoil from something undiscovered by the master. But an instant later Sidonie had chosen between the two horns of her agonising dilemma, and began—

“I-n, een, c-o-m, cawm, eencawm, eencawmpre, p-r-e, pre, eencawmpre, eencawmprehen, prehen, haich-e-n, hen, hen, eencawmprehensi, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi-, bil——”

“Ah! Sidonie! stop! *Arrêtez!* Si-do-nie-e-e-e! Oh! listen—*écoutez*—Sidonie, my dear!” The master threw his arms up and down in distraction, then suddenly faced the visitor. “Sir, it was my blame! I spoke the word without adequate distinction! Sidonie—*maintenant*—now!” But a voice in the audience interrupted with—

“*Assoiez-vous la*, Chat-oué! seet down yondeh!” And at the potent voice of Maximian Roussel the offender was pushed silently into the seat he had risen from, and Bonaventure gave the word again.

“In-com-pre-hen-si-ca-bil-i-ty!” And Sidonie, blushing like fire, returned to the task.

“I-n, een——” She bit her lips and trembled.

“Right! *Right!* Tremble not, my Sidonie! fear naught! yo’ loving school-teacher is at thy side!” But she trembled like a red leaf as she spelled on—“Haich-e-n, hen, eencawmprehen, eencawmprehensi, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi-, eencawmprehensi-billy-t-y, ty, incomprehensibility!”

The master dropped his hands and lifted his eyes in speechless despair. As they fell again upon Sidonie her own met them. She moaned, covered her face with her hands, burst into tears, ran to her desk, and threw her hands and face upon it, shaking with noiseless sobs and burning red to the nape of her perfect neck. All Grande Pointe rose to its feet.

“Lost!” cried Bonaventure in a heart-broken voice. “Every thing lost! Farewell, chil’run!” He opened his arms towards them, and with one dash all the lesser ones filled them. They wept. Tears welled from Bonaventure’s eyes; and the mothers of Grande Pointe dropped again into their seats and silently added theirs.

The next moment all eyes were on Maximian. His strong figure was mounted on a chair, and he was making a gentle, commanding gesture with one hand as he called: “Seet down! Seet down, all han’!” and all sank down, Bonaventure in a mass of weeping and clinging children. ’Mian too resumed his seat, at the same time waving to the stranger to speak.

“My friends,” said the visitor, rising with alacrity, “I say when a man makes a bargain, he ought to stick to it!” He paused for them—as many as could—to take in the meaning of his English speech, and, it may be, expecting some demonstration of approval; but dead silence reigned, all eyes on him save Bonaventure’s and Sidonie’s. He

began again: "A bargain's a bargain!" And Chat-oué nodded approvingly and began to say audibly, "Yass;" but 'Mian thundered out—

"*Taise toi*, Chat-oué! Shot op!" And the silence was again complete, while the stranger resumed—

"There was a plain bargain made." He moved a step forward and laid the matter off on the palm of his hand. "There was to be an examination! The school was not to

"HE OPENED HIS ARMS, AND WITH ONE DASH ALL THE LESSER ONES
FILLED THEM."

know; but if one scholar should make one mistake the schoolhouse was to be closed and the schoolmaster sent away. Well, there's been a mistake made, and I say a bargain's a bargain." Dead silence still. The speaker looked at 'Mian. "Do you think they understand me?"

"Dey meck out," said 'Mian, and shut his firm jaws.

"My friends," said the stranger once more, "some people think education's a big thing, and some think it ain't. Well,

sometimes it is, and sometimes it ain't. Now, here's this man"—he pointed down to where Bonaventure's dishevelled crown was drooping to his knees—"claims to have taught over thirty of your children to read. Well, what of it? A man can know how to read, and be just as no account as he was before. He brags that he's taught them to talk English. Well, what does that prove? A man *might* speak English and starve to death. He claims, I am told, to have taught some of them to write. But I know a man in the penitentiary that can write; he wrote too much."

Bonaventure had lifted his head, and was sitting with his eyes upon the speaker in close attention. At this last word he said—

"Ah! sir! too true, too true ah yo' words; nevertheless, their cooelty! 'Tis not what is print' *in* the books, but what you learn *through* the books!"

"Yes; and so you hadn't never ought to have made the bargain you made; but, my friends, a bargain's a bargain, and the teacher's——" He paused invitingly, and an answer came from the audience. It was Catou who rose and said—

"Naw, sah. Naw; he don't got to go!" But again 'Mian thundered—

"*Taise toi*, Catou. Shot op!"

"I say," continued the stranger, "the mistake's been made. *Three* mistakes have been made!"

"Yass!" roared Chat-oué, leaping to his feet and turning upon the assemblage a face fierce with triumph. Suspense and suspicions were past now; he was to see his desire on his enemy. But instantly a dozen men were on their feet—St. Pierre, Catou, Bonaventure himself, with a countenance full of pleading deprecation, and even Claude, flushed with anger.

"Naw, sah! Naw, sah! Waun meesteck?"

"Seet down, all han'!" yelled 'Mian; "all han' seet dah-oon!" Only Chat-oué took his seat, glancing upon the rest

with the exultant look of one who can afford to yield ground.

“The first mistake,” resumed the stranger, addressing himself especially to the risen men still standing, and pointing to Catou, “the first mistake was in the kind of bargain you made.” He ceased, and passed his eyes around from one to another until they rested for an instant on the bewildered countenance of Chat-oué. Then he turned again upon the people, who had sat down, and began to speak with the exultation of a man that feels his subject lifting him above himself.

“I came out here to show up that man as a fraud. But what do I find?—A poor, unpaid, half-starved man that loves his thankless work better than his life, teaching what not one schoolmaster in a thousand can teach: teaching his whole school four better things than were ever printed in any school-book—how to study, how to think, how to value knowledge, and to love one another and mankind. What you’d ought to have done was to agree that such a school should keep open, and such a teacher should stay, if jest one, one lone child should answer one single book-question right! But, as I said before, a bargain’s a bargain——Hold on, there! Sit down! You shan’t interrupt me again!” Men were standing up on every side; there was a confusion and a loud buzz of voices. “The second mistake,” the stranger made haste to cry, “was thinking the teacher gave out that last word right. He gave it wrong! And the third mistake,” he shouted against the rising commotion, “was thinking it was spelt wrong. *She spelt it right!* And a bargain’s a bargain!—the schoolmaster stays!”

He could say no more; the rumble of voices suddenly burst into a cheer. The women and children laughed and clapped their hands, —Toutou his feet also,—and Bonaventure, flirting the leaves of a spelling-book till he found the place, looked, cried “In-com-pre-hen-sibility!”

"SEIZING HER HANDS IN HIS AS SHE TURNED TO FLY."

wheeled and dashed upon Sidonie, seizing her hands in his as she turned to fly, and gazed speechlessly upon her, with the tears running down his face. Feeling a large hand upon his shoulder, he glanced around and saw 'Mian pointing him to his platform and desk. Thither he went. The stranger had partly restored order. Every one was in his place. But what a change! What a gay flutter throughout the old shed! Bonaventure seemed to have bathed in the fountain of youth. Sidonie, once more the school's queen-flower, sat calm, with just a trace of tears adding a subtle something to her beauty.

"Chil'run, beloved chil'run," said Bonaventure, standing once more by his desk, "yo' school-teacher has the blame of the sole mistake; and, sir, gladly, oh, gladly, sir, would he always have the blame rather than any of his beloved school-chil'run!"

George Washington Cable.

"WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?"

A MADRIGAL.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives,—ah! well,
I must not tell,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue !)
And dazzling in their glow ;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,—
Wouldn't you like to know ?

Her lips are red and finely wed,
Like roses ere they blow ;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips,—
Wouldn't you like to know ?

Her fingers are like lilies fair,
When lilies fairest grow ;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress,—
Wouldn't you like to know ?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snowflakes on the snow ;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose,—
Wouldn't you like to know ?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow.
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell,—
Wouldn't you like to know ?

John G. Saxe.

THE ARTLESS PRATTLE OF CHILDHOOD.

WE always did pity a man who does not love childhood. There is something morally wrong with such a man. If his tenderest sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in ardent longing after their pure thoughts and unselfish impulses, he is a sour, crusty, crabbed old stick, and the world full of children has no use for him. In every age and clime the best and noblest men loved children. Even wicked men have a tender spot left in their hardened hearts for little

children. The great men of the earth love them. Dogs love them. Kamehame Kemokimodahroah, the King of the Cannibal Islands, loves them. Rare and no gravy. Ah, yes, we all love children.

And what a pleasure it is to talk with them! Who can chatter with a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, quick-witted little darling, anywhere from three to five years, and not appreciate the pride which swells a mother's breast when she sees her little ones admired? Ah, yes, to be sure.

One day—~~ah~~, can we ever cease to remember that dreamy, idle, summer afternoon—a lady friend, who was down in the city on a shopping excursion, came into the sanctum with her little son, a dear little ~~five~~-toddler of five bright summers, and begged us to amuse him while she pursued the duties which called her down town. Such a bright boy; so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half-hour we spent booking that prodigy up in his centennial history.

“Now, listen, Clary,” we said—his name was Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers—“and learn about George Washington.”

“Who's he?” inquired Clarence, etc.

“Listen,” we said; “he was the father of his country.”

“Whose country?”

“Ours—yours and mine; the confederated union of the American people, cemented with the life-blood of the men of '76 poured out upon the altars of our country as the dearest libation to liberty that her votaries can offer.”

“Who did?” asked Clarence:

There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now most people would have grown impatient, and lost their temper, when little Clarence asked so many irrelevant questions, but we did not. We knew that, however careless he might appear at first, we could soon interest him in the story, and he would be all eyes and

ears. So we smiled sweetly—that same sweet smile which you may have noticed on our photographs. ~~Just the faintest ripple~~ of a smile breaking across the face like a ray of sunlight, and checked by lines of tender sadness, just before the two ends of it pass each other at the back of the neck.

And so, smiling, we went on.

“Well, one day George’s father——”

“George who?” asked Clarence.

“George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father——”

“Whose father?” demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

“George Washington’s—this great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington’s father gave him a little hatchet for a——”

“Gave who a little hatchet?” the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn’t. We know how to talk to children, so we went on.

“George Washington. His——”

“Who gave him the little hatchet?”

“His father. And his father——”

“Whose father?”

“George Washington’s.”

“Oh!”

“Yes, George Washington. And his father told him——”

“Told who?”

“Told George.”

“Oh, yes, George.”

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted; for we could see that he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said—

“And he told him that——”

"Who told him what?" Clarence broke in.

"Why, George's father told George."

"What did he tell him?"

"Why, that's just what I'm going to tell you. He told him——"

"Who told him?"

"George's father. He——"

"What for?"

"Why, so he wouldn't do what he told him not to do. He told him——"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George——"

"Oh!"

"Yes; ~~told him that~~! he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with the hatchet——"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"Yes; with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. At last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favourite, and cut it down and——"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"——but his father came home and saw it the first thing, and——"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No; saw the apple tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favourite apple tree?'"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and——"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple tree."

"Oh!"

"——and George came up and heard them talking about it——"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What was they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple tree?"

"The favourite apple tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he——"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own; the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Who gave it to him?"

"His father did."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I——'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was——'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh, George? Oh yes."

" '——it was I cut down your apple tree. I did——' "

"His father did?"

"No, no. It was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.' "

"George did?"

"No; his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple trees than——"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No; said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh, George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch Street, hadn't come and got her prodigy at this critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of that snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.

Robert Jones Burdette.

SPEECH ON THE BABIES.

[At the banquet, in Chicago, given by the army of the Tennessee to their first commander, General U. S. Grant, November 1879. The fifteenth regular toast was "The Babies—as they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."]

I LIKE that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything. If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his orders whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare say a word. You could face the death-storm at Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in

the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance too. When he called for soothing-syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and *got* it. When he ordered his pap-bottle, and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and *warmed* it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk, and a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste the stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book *much*, that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself?

Oh! you were under good discipline, and as you went fluttering up and down the room in your undress uniform, you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to *sing*!—"Rock-a-by baby in the tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbours, too; for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, what did you do? ("Go on!") You simply *went* on until you dropped in the last ditch. The idea that a *baby* doesn't *amount* to anything! Why, *one* baby is just a house and a front yard

"ROCK-A-BY BABY IN THE TREE-TOP."

full by itself. *One* baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot, and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

Yes, it was high time for a toast-master to recognise the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive (and let us hope it may), will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State will have grown into a political leviathan—a *Great Eastern*. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands.

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething—think of it!—and putting in a world of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too. In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way with but a languid interest—poor little chap!—and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse. In another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future president is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to

grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned *his* entire attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he *succeeded*.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain").

for this judicial district
is now vacant. I re-

signed on the 9th day of September, A.D. 1884.

I have not the necessary personal magnetism to look a cyclone in the eye and make it quail. I am stern and even haughty in my intercourse with men, but when a Manitoba simoon takes me by the brow of my pantaloons and throws me across township 28, range 18, west of the 5th principal meridian, I lose my mental reserve and become anxious and even taciturn. For thirty years I had yearned to see a

grown-up cyclone, of the ring-tail-puller variety, mop up the green earth with huge forest trees and make the landscape look tired. On the 9th day of September, A.D. 1884, my morbid curiosity was gratified.

As the people came out into the forest with lanterns and pulled me out of the crotch of a basswood tree with a "tackle and fall," I remember I told them I didn't yearn for any more atmospheric phenomena.

The old desire for a hurricane that could blow a cow through a penitentiary was satiated. I remember when the doctor pried the bones of my leg together, in order to kind of draw my attention away from the limb, he asked me how I liked the fall style of zephyr in that locality.

I said it was all right, what there was of it. I said this in a tone of bitter irony.

Cyclones are of two kinds—viz., the dark maroon cyclone, and the iron grey cyclone with pale green mane and tail. It was the latter kind I frolicked with on the above-named date.

My brother and I were riding along in the grand old forest, and I had just been singing a few bars from the opera of "Whoop 'em up, Lizzie Jane," when I noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Soon after that I noticed that I was soughing through the trees also, and I am really no slouch of a sougher either when I get started.

The horse was hanging by the breeching from the bough of a large butternut tree, waiting for some one to come and pick him.

I did not see my brother at first, but after a while he disengaged himself from a rail fence, and came where I was hanging, wrong end up, with my personal effects spilling out of my pockets. I told him that as soon as the wind kind of softened down, I wished he would go and pick the horse. He did so, and at midnight a party of friends

carried me into town on a stretcher. It was quite an ovation. To think of a torchlight procession coming out way out there into the woods at midnight, and carrying me into town on their shoulders in triumph! And yet I was once a poor boy!

It shows what may be accomplished by any one if he will persevere and insist on living a different life.

The cyclone is a natural phenomenon, enjoying the most robust health. It may be a pleasure for a man with great will power and an iron constitution to study more carefully into the habits of the cyclone, but as far as I am concerned, individually, I could worry along some way if we didn't have a phenomenon in the house from one year's end to another.

As I sit here, with my leg in a silicate of soda corset, and watch the merry throng promenading down the street, or mingling in the giddy torchlight procession, I cannot repress a feeling toward a cyclone that almost amounts to disgust.

Bill Nye.

*OUR CORRESPONDENT HAS THE HONOUR
TO BE.*

WASHINGTON, D.C., *March 20, 1861.*

JUDGE not by appearances, for appearances are very deceptive,—as the old lady cholericly remarked when one, who was really a virgin unto forty, blushinglly informed her that she was “just twenty-five this month.”

Though you find me in Washington now, I was born of respectable parents, and gave every indication, in my satchel and apron days, of coming to something better than this.

Slightly northward of the Connecticut river, where a

pleasant little conservative village mediates between two opposition hills, you may behold the landscape on which my infantile New England eyes first traced the courses of future railroads.

Near the centre of this village in the valley, and a little back from its principal road, stood the residence of my worthy sire, and a very pretty residence it was. From the frequent addition of a new upper room here, a new dormer window there, and an innovating skylight elsewhere, the roof of the mansion had gradually assumed an alpine variety of juts and peaks somewhat confusing to behold. Local tradition related that, on a certain showery occasion, a streak of lightning was seen to descend upon that roof, skip vaguely about from one peak to another, and finally slink ignominiously down the water-pipe, as though utterly disgusted with its own inability to determine, where there were so many, which peak it should particularly perforate.

Such was the house in which I came to life a certain number of years ago, entering the world like a human exclamation point between two of the angriest sentences of a September storm, and adding materially to the uproar prevailing at the time.

Next to my parents, the person I can best remember, as I look back, was our family physician. A very obese man was he, with certain sweet-oiliness of manner, and never put out of patience. I think I can see him still, as he arose from his chair after a profound study of the case before him, and wrote a prescription so circumlocutory in its effect that it sent a servant half-a-mile to his friend the druggist for articles she might have found in her own kitchen, *aqua pumpaginis* and sugar being the sole ingredients required.

The doctor had started business in our village as a veterinary surgeon, but as the entire extent of his practice for six months in that line was a call to mend one of Colt's revolvers, he finally turned his attention to the ailings of

his fellows, and wrought many cures with sugar and water latinised.

At first, my father did not patronise the new doctor, having very little faith in the efficacy of sugar and water, without the addition of certain other composites often seen in bottles; but the doctor's neat speech at a Sunday-school festival won his heart at last. The festival was held near a series of small water-falls just out of the village, and the doctor, who was an invited guest, was called upon for a few appropriate remarks. In compliance with the demand, he made a speech of some compass, ending with a peroration that is still quoted in my native place. He pointed impressively to the water-falls, and says he—

“All the works of nature is somewhat beautiful, with a good moral. Even them cataracts,” says he sagely, “have a moral, and seems eternally whispering to the young, that ‘those what err falls.’”

The effect of this happy illustration was very pleasing, my boy; especially with those who prefer morality to grammar; and after that the physician had the run of all the pious families—our own included.

It was a handsome compliment this worthy man paid me when I was about six months old. Having just received from my father the amount of his last bill, he was complacent to the last degree, and felt inclined to do the handsome thing. He patted my head as I sat upon my mother's lap, and says he—

“How beautiful is babes! So small and yet so much like human beings, only not so large. This boy,” says he fatly, looking down at me, “will make a noise in the world yet. He has a long head, a very long head.”

“Do you think so?” says my father.

“Indeed I do,” says the doctor. “The little fellow,” says he in a sudden fit of abstraction, “has a long head, a very long head—and it's as thick as it is long.”

There was some coolness between the doctor and my father after that, and on the following Sunday my mother refused to look at his wife's new bonnet in church.

So far as I can trace back, we never had a literary character in our family, save a venerable aunt of mine, on my mother's side, who commenced her writing career by

"AND IT'S AS THICK AS IT IS LONG."

refusing to contribute to the Sunday papers, and subsequently won much fame as the authoress of a set of copy-books. When this gifted relative found herself acquiring a reputation she came in state to visit us, and so disgusted my very practical father, by wearing slipshod gaiters, inking her right-hand thumb-nail every morning, calling all things

by European names, and insisting upon giving our oldest plough-horse the romantic and literary title of "Lord Byron," that my exasperated parent incurred a most tremendous prejudice against authorship, and vowed, when she went away, that he never would invite her presence again.

I was only twenty years old at that time, and the novelty of my aunt's conduct had a rather infatuating effect upon me. With the perversity often observable in youngsters before they have seen much of the world, I became deeply interested in my literary relative as soon as my father began speaking contemptuously of her pursuits, and it took very little time to invest me with a longing and determination to be a writer.

Thenceforth I wore negligent linen; frequently rested my head upon the forefinger of my right hand, with a lofty and abstracted air; assumed an expression of settled and mysterious gloom when at church, and suffered my hair to grow long and uncombed.

My bearing during this period of infatuation could hardly fail to attract considerable attention in our village, and there were two opinions about me. One was that I had been jilted; the other that I was likely to become a vagabond and an actor. My father inclined to the former, and left me, as he thought, to get over my disappointment in the natural way.

My peripatetic spell had lasted about six weeks, when I formed the acquaintance of the editor of the *Lily of the Valley*, who permitted me to mope in his office now and then, and soothed my literary inflammation by allowing me to write "puffs" for the village milliner.

While looking over some old magazines in the *Lily* office one day, I found in an ancient British periodical a raking article upon American literature, wherein the critic affirmed that all our writers were but weak imitators of English

"IN THE SOLITUDE OF MY ROOM, THAT NIGHT, I WOODED THE
ABORIGINAL MUSE."

authors, and that such a thing as a Distinctly American Poem, *sui generis*, had not yet been produced.

This radical sneer at the United States of America fired my Yankee blood, and I vowed within myself to write a poem, not only distinctively American, but of such a character that only America could have produced it. In the solitude of my room, that night, I wooed the aboriginal muse, and two days thereafter the *Lily of the Valley* contained my distinctive American poem of

“THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.”

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook,
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaugum came
One evening in the rain.

“I am a traveller,” said he,
“Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillicook
To-morrow morn at four.”

He took a tavern bed that night,
And with the morrow’s sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on ; and next we find
Our native tourist come,
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, -in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place,
And then Skunk's Misery displayed
Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's Den ;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way
Did come within his ken.

Then, *viâ* Nine Holes and Goose Green,
He travelled through the State,
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,
He wandered up and down,
To-day, at Buzzard Roost ensconced,
To-morrow at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend the day with them
In hunting forest game.

Then with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog Town next he went ;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence into Negationburg
His route of travel lay,
Which having gained, he left the State
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil
 He trod at fall of night,
 And, on a bed of softest down,
 He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
 To Slouchy Level bound ;
 At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizzard, too,
 Good provender he found.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat
 Were even finer still,
 And made the wondering tourist feel
 A soft, delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
 Most charming did appear,
 With Snatch It in the distance far,
 And Purgatory near.

But spite of all these pleasant scenes
 The tourist stoutly swore
 That home is brightest after all,
 And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine straightway.
 A little wife he took ;
 And now is making nutmegs at
 Moosehicmagunticook.

In his note introductory of this poem the editor of the *Lily* affirmed that I had named none but veritable localities (which was strictly true), and ventured the belief that the composition would remind his readers of Goldsmith. Upon which his scorpion contemporary in the next village

observed that there was rather more smith than gold about the poem.

Up to the time when this poem appeared in print, I had succeeded in concealing from my father the nature of my incidental occupation; but now he must know all.

He *did* know all; and the result was that he gave me ten dollars, and sent me to New York to look out for myself.

"It's the only thing that will save him," says he to my mother; "and I must either send him off or expect to see him sink by degrees to editorship and begin wearing disgraceful clothes."

I went to New York; I became private secretary and speech-scribe to an unscrupulous and, therefore, rising politician, and now I am in Washington.

I had a certain postmastership in my eye when I first came hither; but war's alarms indicate that I may do better as an amateur hero.

R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr").

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

"BUT VEN HE VASH ASLEEP IN BED,
SO QUIET AS A MOUSE."

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee ;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings,
In all barts of der house ;
But vot off dot ? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He gets der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
 He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse ;
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
 Mine gracious, dot vos drue !
 I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse :
 But never mind ; der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese :
 Who baints mine nose so red ?
 Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?
 Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse.
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss ?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

Charles Follen Adams.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

"**W**AL, the upshot on't was, they fussed and fuzzled and wuzzled till they'd dranked up all the tea in the teapot; and then they went down and called on the parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman.

"The parson, he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further.

"He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round, that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"'But,' he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a leavin' everything to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did;' and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study, and wanted to ten 'round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh;

but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say, 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.

"'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced out doors; and when you want to know anything, you must come to me.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy; and she opened the pantry-door, and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs's barn. Folks say Scroggs killed it; though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn't; at any rate, the Scroggses, they made a meal on't, and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, 'Oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do, I was just ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy?' says the parson: 'why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"'Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a-struttin' and a-sidlin', and a-quitterin', and a-floutin' his tail feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again.

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know *he* can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why,' says the parson. 'He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em too.'

"'Oh, doctor!' says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—'I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.'

"SHE FOUND OLD TOM A-SKIRMISHIN' WITH THE PARSON."

“‘Why, they ought to,’ said the parson, getting quite ’arnest. ‘What else be they good for? You just bring out the eggs, now, and put ’em in the nest, and I’ll make him set on ’em.’

“‘So, Huldy, she thought there weren’t no way to convince him but to let him try: so she took the eggs out, and fixed ’em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a-skirmishin’ with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn’t take the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson: and the parson’s wig got ’round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he’d got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin’ his p’int o’ doctrine; and he hadn’t fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; and finally he made a dive and ketched him by the neck in spite o’ his floppin’, and stroked him down, and put Huldy’s apron ’round him.

“‘‘There, Huldy,’ he says, quite red in the face, ‘we’ve got him now;’ and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

“‘Huldy came behind, just chokin’ with laugh, and afraid the minister would look ’round and see her.

“‘‘Now, Huldy, we’ll crook his legs, and set him down,’ says the parson, when they got him to the nest; ‘you see he is getting quiet, and he’ll set there all right.’

“‘And the parson, he sot him down; and old Tom, he sot there solemn enough and held his head down all droopin’, lookin’ like a rail pious old cock, as long as the parson sot by him.

“‘‘There: you see how still he sets,’ says the parson to Huldy.

“‘Huldy was ’most dyin’ for fear she should laugh. ‘I’m afraid he’ll get up,’ says she, ‘when you do.’

“‘‘Oh no, he won’t!’ says the parson, quite confident. ‘There, there,’ says he, layin’ his hands on him as if pronouncin’ a blessin’.

"But when the parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

" 'Stop, now !' says the parson. 'I'll make him get down agin ; hand me that corn-basket ; we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs, and got him down agin ; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

" 'That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the parson.

" 'I don't know about it,' says Huldy.

" 'Oh yes, it will, child ; I understand,' says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

" 'I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the parson, for you see, parsons is men, like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up.

" 'You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess ;' and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

" 'Oh, my eggs !' says Huldy. 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em !'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

" 'I'll have him killed,' said the parson. 'We won't have such a critter 'round.'

"Wal, next week, Huldy, she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's,—Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook,—and got a lot o' turkey eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin' ; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her ; but he sort

o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a fatten' with the buttermilk.

"Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tom Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the well, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because, in the dark sometimes, a body might stumble into it; and the parson said he might do that.

"Wal, old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till 'most the middle of the arternoon; and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off, and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig.

"'There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig.

"'Dear me!' says Huldy; 'where have you put him?'

"'Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure.'

"'Oh, dear me!' says Huldy, 'that's the well-curb—there ain't no pig-pen built,' says she.

"'Lordy massy!' says the parson; 'then I've thrown the pig in the well!'

"Wal, Huldy, she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was as dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson he took to a great Hebrew book in his study.

"Arter that the parson set sich store by Huldy that he come to her and asked her about everything, and it was

amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldy planted marigolds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door; and trained up mornin' glories and scarlet runners round the windows. And she was always gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else; for Huldy was one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest of anything they make a great bush out of it right away; so that in six months Huldy had roses and geraniums and lilies, sich as it would take a gardener to raise.

"Huldy was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken, that she got the hired men all under her thumb: they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves; and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she had her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there wa'n't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl 'cause he was a minister. Huldy was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain, and, afore he knew jist what he was about, she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldy was the most capable girl they ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett, and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the parson's all in a stew, and offerin' their services to get the house ready, but the doctor, he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldy; and Huldy she told 'em that she'd got everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes, and her pies, and her puddin's, and took 'em all over the house; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard doors, and lookin' into drawers; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite discontented. Arter that the women set a new trouble a-brewin'. They begun to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died; and it r'ally wasn't proper such a young gal to be

stayin' there, who everybody could see was a-settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that so long as she looked on Huldy as the hired gal, she hadn't thought much about it; but Huldy was railly takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And Mis' Pipperidge she driv' 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the parson and Huldy was a-goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would; and they all went and talked with somebody else, and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about; and Huldy saw folks a-noddin' and a-winkin', and a-lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel drefful sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin, she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

"'No; why should they?' says Huldy, quite innocent.

"'Wal, dear,' says she, 'I think it's a shame; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house,—you know folks will talk,—I thought I'd tell you, 'cause I think so much of you,' says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her drefful uncomfortable; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day; and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He hed a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him; and it all come over her that perhaps she ought to go away; and her

"'NO, WHY SHOULD THEY?' SAYS HULDY."

throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak ; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good you have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"'Oh, sir!' says Huldy, 'is it improper for me to be here?'

"'No, dear,' says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk ; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you'll marry me. You'll make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

"Wal, Huldy never told me just what she said to the minister ; gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em—only I know the upshot, and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a consid'able lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days ; and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Dr. Lothrop's, in Oldtown ; and the doctor, he jist made 'em man and wife."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ALBINA McLUSH.

"I PRESSED THE COOL, SOFT FINGERS TO MY LIPS."

I HAVE a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror. I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in a room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with

them in the country, and perilled the salvation of my "white tights," by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: "Her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the Dolcefarniente Society, no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—the college law of rising before breakfast excepted). Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there. Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—"it would be so troublesome to relate it to everybody!" I loved her from that moment. Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a fleshy one exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained and transparent; her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a burst apricot. And then her eyes—large, languid, and sleepy—they languished beneath their long, black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat usually upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders, when it seemed like the coming to life

of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep; as she sat with her eyes half-closed, lifting up their superb lips slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extracted her whole fingers from her handkerchief before he set it down in her lap. As it began slowly to slide towards her feet, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eyes upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening, just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between her steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate *ennui*, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and, as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new

handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I who never before could summon energy to sigh—I to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I knocked under. Albina McLush! thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out for ever.

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain. “Lady Albina,” said I, in my softest tone, “how are you to-day?”

“Beltina,” said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an Æolian, “how am I to-day?”

The conversation fell into short sentences, and the dialogue became monologue. I entered upon my declaration with the assistance of Beltina, who supplied her mistress with cologne. I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up. I pressed the cool, soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep.

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I am convinced she would not survive the

excitement of the ceremony, unless, indeed, she should sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millennium should commence, as it is expected, in 1833, or if anything happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration abbreviated for me by a scholar friend of mine, which he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

A LONG TIME AGO.

(FROM ACT I. OF "THE WHITE FEATHER." A RED
INDIAN COMEDY.)

Owosco. Here, here, enough of this nonsense! Why should you sing about that which you think peculiar to yourselves, when, as a matter of fact, all tribes, nations, and classes are alike?

Wanda. But are you sure all are alike?

Owosco. Certainly. We are all tarred with the same stick.

Sings:

The same black tar,
By the same black stick,
No matter who we are,
Is laid on thick.
If poor, we're marred,
If rich, we kick,
But we're all of us tarred
With the same black stick.

If successful in our enterprise, our ways are never scanned,
We're applauded by the populace, and praised by every
tongue.

But if a fell disaster crown the efforts we have planned,
Our methods are at once condemned by old as well as
young.

All.

The same black tar,
By the same black stick,
No matter who we are,
Is laid on thick.
If poor, we're marred,
If rich, we kick,
But we're all of us tarred
With the same black stick.

Owosco (derisively). Ah ! here comes our worthy apology
for a chief.

Otsiketa. And our equally worthy medicine man.

Owosco. They make a gay old couple. The one is about
as useful as the other.

*(Enter Old Chief, closely followed by Medicine Man,
both old and ugly.)*

Old Chief sings :

I'm chief of the tribe of the Wa-wa-ta-see,
As savage a savage as savage can be ;
I've scalped and I've murdered full many a foe—

Owosco.

Yes, yes ; but that happened a long time ago.

All.

Long, long ago, we had wars in the land,
And pillage and bloodshed on every hand ;
With knife and with arrow, with war-club and bow,
We defended our country a long time ago.

Old Chief.

In love-making nonsense I never took part ;
Neither war-club nor squaw ever conquered my heart ;
I forcibly reaped, but I never would sow—

Owosco.

Yes, yes ; but that happened a long time ago.

All.

Long, long ago, we had wonderful chiefs,
Who gathered in scalp-locks as farmers do sheaves.
Much rather they'd fight than a-courting they'd go—
But that happened, thank goodness, a long time ago.

Old Chief.

Young men, in my day, courted war's cutting claws,
Nor wasted their time making love to the squaws ;
Such fooling as that in those days did not go—

Owosco.

Yes, yes ; but that happened a long time ago.

All.

What wonders the men were a long time ago,
How thankful we are that it now isn't so !
Every day for amusement a-killing they'd go,
In the fearful, the awful, the long time ago.

Otsiketa. Say, old fellow, you must have been a great chap beyond all our memories !

Owosco. I say, old chap, where did you ever manage to store all your scalps ?

Old Chief (to Medicine Man). What shall I say to these young men ? They're getting very inquisitive !

Medicine Man. I should not answer them. The proper thing to do is to assume a dignified silence.

"OLD CHIEF (TO MEDICINE MAN): 'WHAT SHALL I SAY TO THESE
YOUNG MEN?'"

Both sing.

When we're attacked at any point,
 Our knavery to hide,
 We get ourselves behind a wall
 Of silence dignified,
 A wall without a hole or chink,
 Behind it all is black as ink,
 Where we're obscure from those who think
 Into our past to pry.
 When at our deeds they wish to peek,
 And interviewers mild and meek,
 Attempt to make this couple speak,
 They might as well not try.

Medicine Man.

I never eased a human ill,

Old Chief.

I never struck a blow;

Both.

The potency of club or pill
 We neither of us know.
 But when our youth would question us,
 We assume a lofty pride,
 And wrap us up in a solemn cloak
 Of silence dignified.

John Barr.

THE PROFESSOR UNDER CHLOROFORM.

"'PROFESSOR,' I SAID, 'YOU ARE INEBRIATED.'"

YOU haven't heard about my friend the Professor's first experiment in the use of anæsthetics, have you?

He was mightily pleased with the reception of that poem of his about the chaise. He spoke to me once or twice about another poem of similar character he wanted to read me, which I told him I would listen to and criticise.

One day, after dinner, he came in with his face tied up, looking very red in the cheeks, and heavy about the eyes. "Hy 'r' ye?" he said, and made for an arm-chair, in which he placed first his hat and then his person, going smack through the crown of the former, as neatly as they do the trick at the circus.

The Professor jumped at the explosion as if he had sat

down on one of those small *calthrops* our grandfathers used to sow round in the grass when there were Indians about,—iron stars, each ray a rusty thorn an inch and a half long,—stick through mocassins into feet,—cripple 'em on the spot, and give 'em lock-jaw in a day or two.

At the same time he let off one of those big words which lie at the bottom of the best man's vocabulary, but perhaps never turn up in his life,—just as every man's hair *may* stand on end, but in most men it never does. After he had got calm, he pulled out a sheet or two of manuscript, together with a smaller scrap, on which, as he said, he had just been writing an introduction or prelude to the main performance. A certain suspicion had come into my mind that the Professor was not quite right, which was confirmed by the way he talked; but I let him begin.

This is the way he read it:

“PRELUDE.

“I'm the fellah that tole one day
The tale of the won'erful one-hoss shay.
Wan' to hear another? Say,—
Funny, wasn't it? Made *me* laugh,—
I'm too modest, I am, by half,—
Made me laugh 's *though I sh'd split*,—
Cahn' a fellah like fellah's own wit?—
Fellah's keep sayin', 'Well, now, that's nice,
Did it once, but cahn' do it twice,'—
Dön' you believe thee 'z no more fat;
Lots in the kitch'n 'z good 'z that.
Fus'-rate throw, 'n' no mistake,—
Han' us the props for another shake;
Know I'll try, 'n' guess I'll win;
Here sh' goes for hit 'm ag'in!”

Here I thought it necessary to interpose. “Professor,” I said, “you are inebriated. The style of what you call your ‘Prelude’ shows that it was written under cerebral excitement. Your articulation is confused. You have told

me three times in succession, in exactly the same words, that I was the only true friend you had in the world that you would unbutton your heart to. You smell distinctly and decidedly of spirits." I spoke and paused; tender but firm.

Two large tears orbed themselves beneath the Professor's lids,—in obedience to the principles of gravitation celebrated in that delicious bit of bladdery bathos, "The very law that moulds a tear," with which the *Edinburgh Review* attempted to put down Master George Gordon when that young man was foolishly trying to make himself conspicuous. One of these tears peeped over the edge of the lid until it lost its balance,—slid an inch and waited for reinforcements,—swelled again,—rolled down a little further,—stopped,—moved on,—and at last fell on the back of the Professor's hand. He held it up for me to look at, and lifted his eyes, brimful, till they met mine.

I couldn't stand it,—I always break down when folks cry in my face,—so I hugged him, and said he was a dear old boy, and asked him kindly what was the matter with him, and what made him smell so dreadfully strong of spirits. Upset his alcohol lamp,—he said,—and spilt the alcohol on his legs. That was it. But what had he been doing to get his head into such a state—had he really committed an excess? What was the matter? Then it came out that he had been taking chloroform to have a tooth out, which had left him in a very queer state, in which he had written the "Prelude" given above, and under the influence of which he evidently was still.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OUR TRAVELLED PARSON.

FOR twenty years and over, our good parson had been
toiling,
To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the good
from spoiling ;
But suddenly he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up for
him quickly.
So we kind o' clubbed together, each according to his
notion,
And bought a circular ticket, in the lands across the ocean;
Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought
would easy do him—
And appointed me committee-man, to go and take it to
him.
I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever ;
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should
sever.
Then his eyes grew big with wonder, and it seemed almost
to blind 'em,
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others
close behind 'em !
But I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got the proper reference,
And then the tears that waited—great unmanageable
creatures—
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing
down his features.

I wish you could ha' seen him when he came back, fresh
and glowing,
His clothes all worn and seedy, and his face all fat and
knowing ;

"I HANDED HIM THE TICKET, WITH A LITTLE BOW OF DEFEERENCE."

I wish you could ha' heard him, when he prayed for us
who sent him,
Paying back with compound int'rest every dollar that we'd
lent him !

'Twas a feast to true believers—'twas a blight on contradic-
tion—

To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion ;
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could
doubt it,

To have a man who'd been there stand and tell 'em all
about it !

Why every foot of Scripture, whose location used to
stump us,

Was now regularly laid out with the different points o' com-
pass ;

When he undertook a subject, in what nat'ral lines he'd
draw it !

He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you
saw it.

And the way he went for Europe ! oh, the way he scampered
through it !

Not a mountain but he clim' it—not a city but he knew it ;
There wasn't any subject to explain, in all creation,
But he could go to Europe, and bring back an illustration !
So we crowded out to hear him, quite instructed and
delighted ;

'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon—all united ;
And my wife would rub her glasses, and serenely pet her
Test'ment,

And whisper, " That ere ticket was a splendid good invest-
ment."

Now, after six months' travel, we was most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady ;

To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using house-made faith more frequent; but our parson
wouldn't let us!

To view the same old scenery, time and time again he'd
call us—

Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute
haul us;

He slighted our soul-sorrows, and our spirits' aches and
ailings,

To get the cargo ready for his regular Sunday sailings!

Why, he'd take us off a-touring, in all spiritual weather,

Till we at last got home-sick and sea-sick all together!

And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-express-
sioned brother,

"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, an' then never
made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into old, familiar places,

And pull along quite nat'ral, in the good old Gospel traces:

But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got
her,

Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to
the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort, when he called around
to see us;

On some branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree
us;

All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronise us,

And with oft-repeated stories still endeavours to surprise us.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that finally galled and
stung us,

To ask him, wouldn't he kindly once more settle down
among us?

Didn't he think that more home produce would improve our
soul's digestions?

They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the
questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
He shook my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian
weather!

How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant-hearts
caressing,

Upon my dear good brothers, I invoked God's choicest
blessing!"

I went and told the brothers, "No; I cannot bear to grieve
him;

He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave
him.

I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
But I cannot take it from him; if *you* want to, go and do
it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to enfold
him,

And he looked so hurt and humbled, that I knew that they
had told him.

Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were hardly
vocal;

But every word and sentence was pre-eminently local!

Still, the sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt
who heard it;

'Twas a grief to see him steer it—'twas a pain to hear him
word it.

"When I was abroad"—was maybe half-a-dozen times
repeated;

But that sentence seemed to choke him, and was always
uncompleted.

As weeks went on, his old smile would occasionally
brighten,
But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to
whiten;
He would look off to the eastward, with a wistful, weary
sighing,
And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was
dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands, smiling sad as if they knew
us;
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us;
Our parson *had* gone touring—on a trip he'd long been
earning—
In that wonderland, whence tickets are not issued for
returning!
O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips,
half-parted,
Told of scenery that burst on you, just the minute that you
started!
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander,
without fearing;
You could give us tales of glory that we'd never tire of
hearing!

Will Carleton.

A RAILROAD "RECUSSANT."

A FRIEND of ours, sojourning during the past summer in one of the far-off "shore-towns" of Massachusetts Bay, was not a little amused one day at the querulous complainings of "one" of the "oldest inhabitants" against railroads; his experience in which consisted in having seen the end of one laid out, and at length the cars running upon it. Taking out his old pipe, on a pleasant summer afternoon, and looking off upon the ocean, and the ships far off and out at sea with the sun upon their sails, he said: "*I* don't think much o' railroads: they aint no kind o' *justice* into 'em. Neöw what kind o' justice is it, when railroads takes one man's upland and carts it over in wheel-barrers onto another man's *ma'sh*? What kind o' 'commodation be they? You can't go when you *want* to go; you got to go when the bell rings, or the noisy whistle blows. I tell yeöw it's payin' tew much for the whistle. Ef you live a leetle ways off the dee-pot, you got to pay to *git* to the railroad; and ef you want to go any wheres else 'cept just to the eend on it, you got to pay to go a'ter you git *there*. What kind o' 'commodation is *that*? Goin' round the country tew, murderin' folks, runnin' over cattle, sheep, and hogs, and settin' fire to bridges, and every now and then burnin' up the woods. Mrs. Robbins, down to Cod-p'int, says—and she ought to know, for she's a pious woman, and belongs to the lower church—she says to me, no longer ago than day-'fore yesterday, that she'd be cuss'd if she didn't *know* that they sometimes run over critters *a-purpose*. They did a likely shoat o' her'n, and never paid for't, 'cause they was a 'corporation,' they said. What kind o' 'commodation is that? Besides,

"I DON'T THINK MUCH O' RAILROADS."

now I've lived here, clus to the dee-pot, ever sence the road started to run, and seen 'em go out and come in; but *I* never could see that they went so d—d *fast*, nuther!"

L. Gaylord Clark.

AN UNMARRIED FEMALE.



1883

"BETSEY HAIN'T HANDSOME."

I SUPPOSE we are about as happy as the most of folks, but as I was sayin' a few days ago to Betsey Bobbet, a neighbourin' female of ours—"Every station-house in life has its various skeletons. But we ort to try to be

contented with that spear of life we are called on to handle." Betsey hain't married, and she don't seem to be contented. She is awful opposed to wimmin's rights—she thinks it is wimmin's only spear to marry, but as yet she can't find any man willin' to lay holt of that spear with her. But you can read in her daily life, and on her eager, willin' countenance, that she fully realises the sweet words of ~~the poet~~, "While there is life there is hope."

Betsey hain't handsome. Her cheek-bones are high, and she bein' not much more than skin and bone they show plainer than they would if she was in good order. Her complexion (not that I blame her for it) hain't good, and her eyes are little and sot way back in her head. Time has seen fit to deprive her of her hair and teeth, but her large nose he has kindly suffered her to keep, but she has got the best white ivory teeth money will buy; and two long curls fastened behind each ear, besides frizzles on the top of her head; and if she wasn't naturally bald, and if the curls was the colour of her hair, they would look well. She is awful sentimental; I have seen a good many that had it bad, but of all the sentimental creeters I ever did see, Betsey Bobbet is the sentimentalest; you couldn't squeeze a laugh out of her with a cheeze press.

As I said, she is awful opposed to wimmin's havin' any right, only the right to get married. She holds on to that right as tight as any single woman I ever see, which makes it hard and wearyin' on the single men round here.

For take the men that are the most opposed to wimmin's havin' a right, and talk the most about its bein' her duty to cling to man like a vine to a tree, they don't want Betsey to cling to them, they *won't let* her cling to 'em. For when they would be a goin' on about how wicked it was for wimmin to vote—and it was her only spear to marry, says I to 'em, "Which had you ruther do, let Betsey Bobbet cling to you or let her vote?" and they would every one of 'em

quail before that question. They would drop their heads before my keen grey eyes—and move off the subject.

But Betsey don't get discouraged. Every time I see her she says in a hopeful, wishful tone, "That the deepest men of minds in the country agree with her in thinkin' that it is wimmin's duty to marry and not to vote." And then she talks a sight about the retirin' modesty and dignity of the fair sect, and how shameful and revoltin' it would be to see wimmin throwin' 'em away, and boldly and unblushin'ly talkin' about law and justice.

Why, to hear Betsey Bobbet talk about wimmin's throwin' their modesty away, you would think if they ever went to the political pole, they would have to take their dignity and modesty and throw 'em against the pole, and go without any all the rest of their lives

Now I don't believe in no such stuff as that. I think a woman can be bold and unwomanly in other things besides goin' with a thick veil over her face, and a brass-mounted parasol, once a year, and gently and quietly dropping a vote for a Christian President, or a religious and noble-minded pathmaster.

She thinks she talks dreadful polite and proper. She says, "I was cameing," instead of "I was coming;" and "I have saw," instead of "I have seen;" and "papah" for paper, and "deah" for dear. I don't know much about grammer, but common sense goes a good ways. She writes the poetry for the *Jonesville Augur*, or "*Augah*," as she calls it. She used to write for the opposition paper, the *Jonesville Gimlet*, but the editer of the *Augur*, a long-haired chap, who moved into Jonesville a few months ago, lost his wife soon after he come there, and sence that she has turned Dimocrat, and writes for his paper stiddy. They say that he is a dreadful big feelin' man, and I have heard—it came right straight to me—his cousin's wife's sister told it to the mother-in-law of one of my neighbour's brother's wife, that

The stuns that grated 'neath thy feet,
Seemed crunching on my vitals too.

Oh, Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expiah.

I saw thee washing sheep last night,
On the bridge I stood with marble brow,
The waters raged, thou clasped it tight,
I sighed, 'should both be drowned now'—
I thought, Josiah,
Oh happy sheep to thus expiah."

I showed the poetry to Josiah that night after he came home, and told him I had read it. He looked awful ashamed to think I had seen it, and, says he, with a dreadful sheepish look, "The persecution I underwent from that female can never be told; she fairly hunted me down. I hadn't no rest for the soles of my feet. I thought one spell she would marry me in spite of all I could do, without givin' me the benefit of law or gospel." He see I looked stern, and he added, with a sick lookin' smile, "I thought one spell," to use Betsey's language, "I was a gonah."

I didn't smile. Oh no, for the deep principle of my sect was reared up. I says to him, in a tone cold enough to almost freeze his ears, "Josiah Allen, shet up; of all the cowardly things a man ever done, it is goin' round braggin' about wimmin likin' 'em, and follerin' 'em up. Enny man that'll do that is little enough to crawl through a knot hole without rubbing his clothes." Says I, "I suppose you made her think the moon rose in your head and set in your heels. I daresay you acted foolish enough round her to sicken a snipe, and if you makes fun of her now to please me, I let you know you have got holt of the wrong individual.

"Now," says I, "go to bed;" and I added, in still more freezing accents, "for I want to mend your pantaloons." We gathered up his shoes and stockin's and started off to



"I SHOWED THE POETRY TO JOSIAH THAT NIGHT."

Nov

bed, and we hain't never passed a word on the subject sence. I believe when you disagree with your pardner, in freein' your *mind* in the first on't, and then not to be a-twittin' about it afterwards. And as for bein' jealous, I should jest as soon think of bein' jealous of a meetin'-house as I should of Josiah. He is a well principled man. And I guess he wasn't fur out o' the way about Betsey Bobbet, though I wouldn't encourage him by lettin' him say a word on the subject, for I always make it a rule to stand up for my own sect; but when I hear her go on about the editor of the *Augur*, I can believe anything about Betsey Bobbet.

She came in here one day last week. It was about ten o'clock in the mornin'. I had got my house slick as a pin, and my dinner under way (I was goin' to have a biled dinner, and a cherry puddin' biled, with sweet sass to eat on it), and I sot down to finish sewin' up the breadth of my new rag carpet. I thought I would get it done while I hadn't so much to do, for it bein' the 1st of March I knew sugarin' would be comin' on, and then cleanin'-house time, and I wanted it to put down jest as soon as the stove was carried out in the summer kitchen. The fire was sparklin' away, and the painted floor a-shinin' and the dinner a-bilin', and I sot there sewin' jest as calm as a clock, not dreamin' of no trouble, when in came Betsey Bobbet.

I met her with outward calm, and asked her set down and lay off her things. She sot down, but she said she couldn't lay off her things. Says she, "I was comin' down past, and I thought I would call and let you see the last numbah of the *Augah*. There is a piece in it concernin' the tariff that stirs men's souls. I like it evah so much."

She handed me the paper, folded so I couldn't see nothin' but a piece of poetry by Betsey Bobbet. I see what she wanted of me, and so I dropped my breadths of carpetin' and took hold of it, and began to read it.

"Read it audible, if you please," says she. "Especially the precious remahks ovah it; it is such a feast for me to be a sittin' and heah it reheahsed by a musical vorce."

Says I, "I spose I can rehearse it if it will do you any good," so I began as follows:—

"It is seldom that we present to the readers of the *Augur* (the best paper for the fireside in Jonesville or the world) with a poem like the following. It may be, by the assistance of the *Augur* (only twelve shillings a year in advance, wood and potatoes taken in exchange), the name of Betsey Bobbet will yet be carved on the lofty pinnacle of fame's towering pillow. We think, however, that she could study such writers as Sylvanus Cobb, and Tupper, with profit both to herself and to them.

"EDITOR OF THE AUGUR."

Here Betsey interrupted me. "The deah editah of the *Augah* has no need to advise me to read Tuppah, for he is indeed my most favourite authar. You have devorhed him, haven't you, Josiah Allen's wife?"

"Devoured who?" says I, in a tone pretty near as cold as a cold icicle.

"Mahten, Fahqueah, Tuppah, that sweet authar," says she.

"No, mom," says I shortly; "I hain't devoured Martin Farquhar Tupper, nor no other man. I hain't a cannibal."

"Oh! you understand me not; I meant, devorhed his sweet, tender lines."

"I hain't devoured his tenderlines, nor nothin' relatin' to him," and I made a motion to lay the paper down, but Betsey urged me to go on, and so I read—

"GUSHINGS OF A TENDAH SOUL.

"OH let who will,
Oh let who can,
Be tied onto
A horrid male man.

Augur

Thus said I 'ere
My tendah heart was touched,
Thus said I 'ere
My tendah feelings gushed.

But oh a change
Hath swept ore me,
As billows sweep
The ' deep blue sea.'

A voice, a noble form,
One day I saw ;
An arrow flew,
My heart is nearly raw.

His first pardner lies
Beneath the turf,
He is wandering now,
In sorrow's briny surf.

Two twins, the little
Deah cherub creechahs,
Now wipe the teahs
From off his classic feachahs.

Oh sweet lot, worthy
Angel arisen,
To wipe teahs
From eyes like hisen."

"What think you of it?" says she, as I finished readin'.
I looked right at her most a minute with a majestic look.
In spite of her false curls, and her new white ivory teeth,
she is a humbly critter. I looked at her silently while she
sot and twisted her long yellow bunnet-strings, and then I
spoke out. "Hain't the editer of the *Augur* a widower
with a pair of twins?"

"Yes," says she with a happy look.

Then says I, "If the man hain't a fool, he'll think you
are one."

"Oh!" says she, and she dropped her bunnet-strings,

and clasped her long bony hands together in her brown cotton gloves, "Oh, we ahdent soles of genious have feelin's, you cold, practical natures know nuthing of, and if they did not gush out in poetry we should expiah. You may as well try to tie up the gushing catarack of Niagarah with a piece of welting cord, as to tie up the feelin's of an ahdent sole."

"Ardent sole!" says I coldly. "Which makes the most noise, Betsey Bobbet, a three-inch brook, or a ten-footer? which is the tearer? which is the roarer? deep waters run stillest. I have no faith in feelin's that stalk round in public in mournin' weeds. I have no faith in such mourners," says I.

"Oh, Josiah's wife, cold, practical female being, you know me not; we are sundered as fah apart as if you was sitting on the North Pole, and I was sitting on the South Pole. Uncongenial being, you know me not."

"I may not know you, Betsey Bobbet, but I do know decency, and I know that no munny would tempt me to write such stuff as that poetry and send it to a widower with twins."

"Oh!" says she, "what appeals to the tendah feelin' heart of a single female woman more than to see a lonely man who has lost his relict? And pity never seems so much like pity as when it is given to the deah little children of widowehs. And," says she, "I think moah than as likely as not, this soaring sole of genious did not wed his affinity, but was united to a mere woman of clay."

"Mere woman of clay!" says I, fixin' my spektacles upon her in a most searchin' manner. "Where will you find a woman, Betsey Bobbet, that hain't more or less clay? And affinity, that is the meanest word I ever heard; no married woman has any right to hear it. I'll excuse you, bein' a female; but if a man had said it to me, I'd holler to Josiah. There is a time for everything, and the time to hunt

affinity is before you are married; married folks hain't no right to hunt it," says I sternly.

"We kindred soles soah above such petty feelings, we soah far above them."

"I hain't much of a soarer," says I, "and I don't pretend to be; and to tell you the truth," says I, "I am glad I hain't."

"The Editah of the *Augah*," says she, and she grasped the paper offen the stand, and folded it up, and presented it at me like a spear, "the Editah of this paper is a kindred sole, he appreciates me, he undahstands me, and will not our names in the pages of this very papah go down to posterety togethah?"

Then says I, drove out of all patience with her, "I wish you was there now, both of you. I wish," says I, lookin' fixedly on her, "I wish you was both of you in posterity now."

Marietta Holley.

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder;
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Again the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy again
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom come to look
On sech a blessed cretur ;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,
Clean grit an' human natur' ;
None couldn't quiker pitch a ton,
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple ;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

"AN' ON HER APPLES KEP' TO WORK,
PARIN' AWAY LIKE MURDER."

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir :
 My ! when he made Ole Hunderd ring
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some* !
 She seemed to've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartain-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, and knowed it tu,
 A-rasping on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle ;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

" You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ? "
 " Wall . . . no . . . I come dasignin' "—
 " To see my Ma ? she is sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin' . "

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot first,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin ;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister ;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy ;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

James Russell Lowell.

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY.

"'MAWNIN'!' SEZ BRER RABBIT, SEZNE."

"DIDN'T the fox never catch the rabbit, uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn—brer fox did. One day after brer rabbit fool him wid dat calamus root, brer fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun what he call a tar-baby, en he tuck dish yere tar-baby en he sot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news wuz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come brer rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer fox, he lay low. Brer rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de tar-baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De tar-baby, she sot dar, she did, en brer fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Mawnin’!’ sez brer rabbit, sezee; ‘nice wedder dis mawnin’,’ sezee.

“ ‘Tar-baby ain’t sayin’ nuthin’, en brer fox, he lay low.

“ ‘How duz zo’ sym’tums seem ter segashuate?’ sez brer rabbit, sezee.

“ ‘Brer fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de tar-baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’.

“ ‘How you come on, den? Is you deaf?’ sez brer rabbit, sezee; ‘kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,’ sezee.

“ ‘Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Youer stuck up, dat’s w’at you is,’ says brer rabbit, sezee, ‘en I’m gwineter kyore you, dat’s w’at I’m a gwineter dō,’ sezee.

“ ‘Brer fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but tar-baby ain’t sayin’ nuthin’.

“ ‘I’m gwineter larn you howter talk ter ‘specttubble fokes ef hit’s de las’ ack,’ sez brer rabbit, sezee. ‘Ef you don’t take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I’m gwineter bus’ you wide open,’ sezee.

“ ‘Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Brer rabbit keep on axin’ ‘im, en de tar-baby, she keep on sayin’ nuthin’ twel presently brer rabbit draw back wid his fis’, he did, en blip he tuck ‘er side er de head. Right dar’s whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis’ struck, en he can’t pull loose. De tar hilt ‘im.

“ ‘But tar-baby, she stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Ef you don’t lemme loose, I’ll knock you agin,’ sez brer rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch ‘er a wipe wid de udder han’, en dat stuck. Tar-baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’, en brer fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Tu’n me loose, fo’ I kick de natal stuffin’ outen you,’ sez brer rabbit, sezee, but de tar-baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’. She des hilt on, en den brer rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way.

“ ‘Brer fox, he lay low. Den brer rabbit squall out dat ef

de tar-baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den brer fox, he santered fort', lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, brer rabbit,' sez brer fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo'. 'I 'speck you'll take dinnér wid me dis time, brer rabbit. 'I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez brer fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come along en loosed 'im—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."

Joel Chandler Harris.

IT was in the latter part of August of that year that it became necessary for some one in the office in which I was engaged to go to St. Louis to attend to important business. Everything seemed to point to me as the fit person, for I understood the particular business better than any one else. I felt that I ought to go, but I did not altogether like to do it. I went home, and Euphemia and I talked over the matter far into the regulation sleeping hours.

There were very good reasons why we should go (for of course I would not think of taking such a journey without Euphemia). In the first place it would be of advantage to me, in my business connection, to take the trip, and then

it would be such a charming journey for us. We had never been west of the Alleghanies, and nearly all the country we would see would be new to us. We would come home by the great lakes and Niagara, and the prospect was delightful to both of us. But then we would have to leave Rudder Grange for at least three weeks, and how could we do that?

This was indeed a difficult question to answer. Who could take care of our garden, our poultry, our horse and cow, and all their complicated belongings? The garden was in admirable condition. Our vegetables were coming in every day in just that fresh and satisfactory condition—altogether unknown to people who buy vegetables—for which I had laboured so faithfully, and about which I had had so many cheerful anticipations. As to Euphemia's chicken-yard,—with Euphemia away,—the subject was too great for us. We did not even discuss it. But we would give up all the pleasures of our home for the chance of this most desirable excursion, if we could but think of some one who would come and take care of the place while we were gone. Rudder Grange could not run itself for three weeks.

We thought of every available person. Old John would not do. We did not feel that we could trust him. We thought of several of our friends; but there was, in both our minds, a certain shrinking from the idea of handing over the place to any of them for such a length of time. For my part, I said, I would rather leave Pomona in charge than any one else; but then, Pomona was young and a girl. Euphemia agreed with me that she would rather trust her than any one else, but she also agreed in regard to the disqualifications. So when I went to the office the next morning, we had fully determined to go on the trip, if we could find some one to take charge of our place while we were gone. When I returned from the office in the afternoon I had agreed to go to St. Louis. By this time I had

no choice in the matter, unless I wished to interfere very much with my own interests. We were to start in two days. If in that time we could get any one to stay at the place, very well; if not, Pomona must assume the charge. We were not able to get any one, and Pomona did assume the charge. It is surprising how greatly relieved we felt when we were obliged to come to this conclusion. The arrangement was exactly what we wanted, and now that there was no help for it, our consciences were easy.

We felt sure that there would be no danger to Pomona. Lord Edward would be with her, and she was a young person who was extraordinarily well able to take care of herself. Old John would be within call in case she needed him, and I borrowed a bull-dog to be kept in the house at night. Pomona herself was more than satisfied with the plan.

We made out, the night before we left, a long and minute series of directions for her guidance in household, garden, and farm matters, and directed her to keep a careful record of everything noteworthy that might occur. She was fully supplied with all the necessaries of life, and it has seldom happened that a young girl has been left in such a responsible and independent position as that in which we left Pomona. She was very proud of it. Our journey was ten times more delightful than we had expected it would be, and successful in every way; and yet although we enjoyed every hour of the trip, we were no sooner fairly on our way home than we became so wildly anxious to get there that we reached Rudder Grange on Wednesday, whereas we had written that we would be home on Thursday. We arrived early in the afternoon and walked up from the station, leaving our baggage to be sent in the express-waggon. As we approached our dear home we wanted to run, we were so eager to see it.

There it was, the same as ever. I lifted the gate-latch;

the gate was locked. We ran to the carriage-gate; that was locked too. Just then I noticed a placard on the fence; it was not printed, but the lettering was large, apparently made with ink and a brush. It read—

TO BE SOLD
FOR TAXES.

We stood and looked at each other. Euphemia turned pale.

“What does this mean?” said I. “Has our landlord——?”

I could say no more. The dreadful thought arose that the place might pass away from us. We were not yet ready to buy it. But I did not put the thought in words. There was a field next to our lot, and I got over the fence and helped Euphemia over. Then we climbed our side-fence. This was more difficult, but we accomplished it without thinking much about its difficulties; our hearts were too full of painful apprehensions. I hurried to the front door; it was locked. All the lower windows were shut. We went around to the kitchen. What surprised us more than anything else was the absence of Lord Edward. Had *he* been sold?

Before we reached the back part of the house Euphemia said she felt faint and must sit down. I led her to a tree near by, under which I had made a rustic chair. The chair was gone. She sat on the grass, and I ran to the pump for some water. I looked for the bright tin dipper which always hung by the pump. It was not there. But I had a travelling-cup in my pocket, and as I was taking it out I looked around me. There was an air of bareness over everything. I did not know what it all meant, but I know that my hand trembled as I took hold of the pump-handle and began to pump.

At the first sound of the pump-handle I heard a deep

bark in the direction of the barn, and then furiously around the corner came Lord Edward.

Before I had filled the cup he was bounding about me. I believe the glad welcome of the dog did more to revive Euphemia than the water. He was delighted to see us, and in a moment up came Pomona, running from the barn. Her face was radiant too. We felt relieved. Here were two friends who looked as if they were neither sold nor ruined.

Pomona quickly saw that we were ill at ease, and before I could put a question to her she divined the cause. Her countenance fell.

"You know," said she, "you said you wasn't comin' till to-morrow. If you only *had* come then—I was goin' to have everything just exactly right—an' now you had to climb in——"

And the poor girl looked as if she might cry, which would have been a wonderful thing for Pomona to do.

"Tell me one thing," said I. "What about—those taxes?"

"Oh, that's all right," she cried. "Don't think another minute about that. I'll tell you all about it soon. But come in first, and I'll get you some lunch in a minute."

We were somewhat relieved by Pomona's statement that it was "all right" in regard to the tax-poster, but we were very anxious to know all about the matter. Pomona, however, gave us little chance to ask her any questions.

As soon as she had made ready our lunch she asked us, as a particular favour, to give her three-quarters of an hour to herself, and then, said she, "I'll have everything looking just as if it was to-morrow."

We respected her feelings, for, of course, it was a great disappointment to her to be taken thus unawares, and we remained in the dining-room until she appeared, and announced that she was ready for us to go about. We

availed ourselves quickly of the privilege, and Euphemia hurried to the chicken-yard, while I bent my steps toward the garden and barn. As I went out I noticed that the rustic chair was in its place, and passing the pump I looked for the dipper. It was there. I asked Pomona about the chair, but she did not answer as quickly as was her habit.

"Would you rather," said she, "hear it altogether, when you come in, or have it in little bits, head and tail, all of a jumble?"

I called to Euphemia and asked her what she thought, and she was so anxious to get to her chickens that she said she would much rather wait and hear it altogether. We found everything in perfect order,—the garden was even free from weeds, a thing I had not expected. If it had not been for that cloud on the front fence, I should have been happy enough. Pomona had said it was all right, but she could not have paid the taxes—however, I would wait; and I went to the barn.

When Euphemia came in from the poultry-yard, she called me and said she was in a hurry to hear Pomona's account of things. So I went in, and we sat on the side porch, where it was shady, while Pomona, producing some sheets of foolscap paper, took her seat on the upper step.

"I wrote down the things of any account what happened," said she, "as you told me to, and while I was about it, I thought I'd make it like a novel. It would be jus' as true, and p'r'aps more amusin'. I suppose you don't mind?"

No, we didn't mind. So she went on.

"I haven't got no name for my novel. I intended to think one out to-night. I wrote this all of nights. And I don't read the first chapters, for they tell about my birth and my parent-age, and my early adventures. I'll just come down to what happened to me while you was away, because you'll be more anxious to hear about that. All that's written here is true, jus' the same as if I told it to you, but

I've put it into novel language because it seems to come easier to me."

And then, in a voice somewhat different from her ordinary tones, as if the "novel language" demanded it, she began to read—

"Chapter Five. The Lonely house and the Faithful friend. Thus was I left alone. None but two dogs to keep me com-pa-ny. I milk-ed the lowing kine and water-ed and fed the steed, and then, after my fru-gal repast, I clos-ed the man-si-on, shutting out all re-collec-tions of the past and also foresights into the future. That night was a me-mor-able one. I slept soundly until the break of morn, but had the events transpired which after-ward occur-red, what would have hap-pen-ed to me no tongue can tell. Early the next day nothing hap-pened. Soon after breakfast the vener-able John came to bor-row some ker-o-sene oil and a half a pound of sugar, but his attempt was foil-ed. I knew too well the in-sid-i-ous foe. In the very out-set of his vil-li-an-y I sent him home with a empty can. For two long days I wan-der-ed amid the ver-dant pathways of the garden and to the barn, whenever and anon my du-ty call-ed me, nor did I ere neg-lect the fowlery. No cloud o'er-spread this happy peri-od of my life. But the cloud was ri-sing in the horizon, although I saw it not.

"It was about twenty-five minutes after eleven, on the morning of a Thursday, that I sat pondering in my mind the ques-ti-on what to do with the butter and the veg-et-ables. Here was butter, and here was green corn and lima-beans and trophy tomats, far more than I ere could use. And here was a horse, idly cropping the fol-i-age in the field, for as my employer had advis-ed and order-ed, I had put the steed to grass. And here was a waggon, none too new, which had it the top taken off, or even the curtains roll-ed up, would do for a li-cen-sed vendor. With the

truck and butter, and mayhap some milk, I could load the waggon——’”

“Oh, Pomona,” interrupted Euphemia, “you don’t mean to say that you were thinking of doing anything like that?”

“Well, I was just beginning to think of it,” said Pomona. “But, of course, I couldn’t have gone away and left the house. And you’ll see I didn’t do it.” And then she continued her novel. “‘But while my thoughts were thus employ-ed, I heard Lord Edward burst into bark-ter——’”

At this Euphemia and I could not help bursting into laughter. Pomona did not seem at all confused, but went on with her reading.

“‘I hurried to the door, and, look-ing out, I saw a waggon at the gate. Re-pair-ing there, I saw a man. Said he, “Wilt open the gate?” I had fasten-ed up the gates and remov-ed every stealable ar-ticle from the yard.’”

Euphemia and I looked at each other. This explained the absence of the rustic seat and the dipper.

“‘Thus, with my mind at ease, I could let my faith-ful fri-end, the dog, for he it was, roam with me through the grounds, while the fi-erce bull-dog guard-ed the man-si-on within. Then said I, quite bold unto him, “No. I let in no man here. My em-ploy-er and employ-er-ess are now from’ home. What do you want?” Then says he, as bold as brass, “I’ve come to put the light-en-ing rods upon the house. Open the gate.” “What rods?” says I. “The rods as was order-ed,” says he. “Open the gate.” I stood and gaz-ed at him. Full well I saw through his pinch-beck mask. I knew his tricks. In the ab-sence of my em-ployer, he would put up rods, and ever so many more than was wanted, and likely, too, some miser-able trash that would attract the light-en-ing, instead of keep-ing it off. Then, as it would spoil the house to take them down, they would be kept, and pay demand-ed. “No, sir,” says I. “No light-en-ing rods upon this house whilst I stand here,” and with

that I walk-ed away, and let Lord Edward loose. The man he storm-ed with pas-si-on. His eyes flash-ed fire. He would e'en have scal-ed the gate, but when he saw the dog he did forbear. As it was then near noon, I strode away to feed the fowls ; but when I did return, I saw a sight which froze the blood with-in my veins——'”

“The dog didn't kill him?” cried Euphemia.

“Oh, no, ma'am!” said Pomona. “You'll see that that wasn't it. At one cor-ner of the lot, in front, a base boy, who had accompa-ni-ed this man was bang-ing on the fence with a long stick, and thus attrack-ing to hisself the rage of Lord Edward, while the vile intrig-er of a light-en-ing rod-der had brought a lad-der to the other side of the house, up which he had now as-cend-ed, and was on the roof. What horrors fill-ed my soul! How my form trembl-ed! This,” continued Pomona, “is the end of the novel,” and she laid her foolscap pages on the porch.

Euphemia and I exclaimed, with one voice, against this. We had just reached the most exciting part, and, I added, we had heard nothing yet about that affair of the taxes.

“You see, sir,” said Pomona, “it took me so long to write out the chapters about my birth, my parentage, and my early adventures, that I hadn't time to finish up the rest. But I can tell you what happened after that jus' as well as if I had writ it out.” And so she went on, much more glibly than before, with the account of the doings of the lightning-rod man.

“There was that wretch on top of the house, a-fixin' his old rods and hammerin' away for dear life. He'd brought his ladder over the side fence, where the dog, a-barkin' and plungin' at the boy outside, couldn't see him. I stood dumb for a minute, and then I know'd I had him. I rushed into the house, got a piece of well-rope, tied it to the bull-dog's collar, an' dragged him out and fastened him to the bottom rung of the ladder. Then I walks over

to the front fence with Lord Edward's chain, for I knew that if he got at that bull-dog there'd be times, for they'd never been allowed to see each other yet. So says I to the boy, 'I'm goin' to tie up the dog, so you needn't be afraid of his jumpin' over the fence,'—which he couldn't do, or the boy would have been a corpse for twenty minutes, or maybe half-an-hour. The boy kinder laughed, and said I needn't mind, which I didn't. Then I went to the gate and I clicked to the horse which was standin' there, an' off he starts, as good as gold, an' trots down the road. The boy, he said somethin' or other pretty bad an' away he goes after him; but the horse was a-trottin' real fast, an' had a good start."

"How on earth could you ever think of doing such things?" said Euphemia. "That horse might have upset the waggon and broken all the lightning-rods, besides running over I don't know how many people."

"But you see, ma'am, that wasn't my look-out," said Pomona. "I was a-defendin' the house, and the enemy must expect to have things happen to him. So then I hears an awful row on the roof, and there was the man just coming down the ladder. He'd heard the horse go off, and when he got about half-way down an' caught a sight of the bull-dog, he was madder than ever you seed a lightnin'-rod in all your born days. 'Take that dog off of there!' he yelled at me. 'No, I won't,' says I. 'I never see a girl like you since I was born,' he screams at me. 'I guess it would 'a' been better fur you if you had,' says I; an' then he was so mad he couldn't stand it any longer, and he comes down as low as he could, and when he saw just how long the rope was—which was pretty short—he made a jump, and landed clear of the dog. Then he went on dreadful because he couldn't get at his ladder to take it away; and I wouldn't untie the dog, because if I had he'd 'a' torn the tendons out



"AND HE COMES DOWN AS LOW AS HE COULD."

of that fellow's legs in no time. I never see a dog in such a boiling passion, and yet never making no sound at all but blood-curdlin' grunts. An' I don't see how the rodder would 'a' got his ladder at all if the dog hadn't made an awful jump at him, and jerked the ladder down. It just missed your geranium-bed, and the rodder, he ran to the other end of it, and began pulling it away, dog and all. 'Look-a-here,' says I, 'we can fix him now;' and so he cooled down enough to help me, and I unlocked the front door, and we pushed the bottom end of the ladder in, dog and all; an' then I shut the door as tight as it would go an' untied the end of the rope, an' the rodder pulled the ladder out while I held the door to keep the dog from follerin', which he came pretty near doin', anyway. But I locked him in, and then the man began stormin' again about his waggon; but when he looked out an' see the boy comin' back with it—for somebody must 'a' stopped the horse—he stopped stormin' and went to put up his ladder ag'in. 'No, you don't,' says I; 'I'll let the big dog loose next time, and if I put him at the foot of your ladder, you'll never come down.' 'But I want to go and take down what I put up,' he says; 'I ain't a-goin' on with this job.' 'No,' says I, 'you ain't; and you can't go up there to wrench off them rods and make rain-holes in the roof, neither.' He couldn't get no madder than he was then, an' fur a minute or two he couldn't speak, an' then he says, 'I'll have satisfaction for this.' An' says I, 'How?' An' says he, 'You'll see what it is to interfere with a ordered job.' An' says I, 'There wasn't no order about it;' an' says he, 'I'll show you better than that;' an' he goes to his waggon an' gits a book, 'There,' says he, 'read that.' 'What of it?' says I; 'there's nobody of the name of Ball lives here.' That took the man kinder back, and he said he was told it was the only house on the lane, which I said was right, only it was the next lane he oughter 'a' gone

to. He said no more after that, but just put his ladder in his waggon and went off. But I was not altogether rid of him. He left a trail of his baleful presence behind him.

"That horrid bull-dog wouldn't let me come into the house! No matter what door I tried, there he was, just foam-in' mad. I let him stay till nearly night, and then went and spoke kind to him; but it was no good. He'd got an awful spite ag'in me. I found something to eat down cellar, an' I made a fire outside an' roasted some corn and potatoes. That night I slep' in the barn. I wasn't afraid to be away from the house, for I knew it was safe enough, with that dog in it, and Lord Edward outside. For three days, Sunday an' all, I was kep' out of this here house. I got along pretty well with the sleepin' and the eatin', but the drinkin' was the worst. I couldn't get no coffee or tea; but there was plenty of milk."

"Why didn't you get some man to come and attend to the dog?" I asked. "It was dreadful to live in that way."

"Well, I didn't know no man that could do it," said Pomona. "The dog would 'a' been too much for old John, and besides, he was mad about the kerosene. Sunday afternoon, Captain Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson and their little girl in a push-waggon, come here, and I told 'em you was gone away; but they says they would stop a minute, and could I give them a drink; an' I had nothin' to give it them but an old chicken-bowl that I had washed out, for even the dipper was in the house, an' I told 'em everything was locked up, which was true enough, though they must 'a' thought you was a queer kind of people; but I wasn't a-goin' to say nothin' about the dog, fur, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to do it. So as soon as they'd gone, I went down into the cellar,—and it's lucky that I had the key for the outside cellar door,—and I got a piece of fat corn-beef and the meat axe. I unlocked the kitchen door

and went in, with the axe in one hand and the meat in the other. The dog might take his choice. I know'd he must be pretty nigh famished, for there was nothin' that he could get at to eat. As soon as I went in, he came runnin' to me; but I could see he was shaky on his legs. He looked a sort of wicked at me, and then he grabbed the meat. He was all right then."

"Oh, my!" said Euphemia, "I am so glad to hear that. I was afraid you never got in. But we saw the dog—is he as savage yet?"

"Oh, no!" said Pomona; "nothin' like it."

"Look here, Pomona," said I, "I want to know about those taxes. When do they come into your story?"

"Pretty soon, sir," said she, and she went on—

"After that, I know'd it wouldn't do to have them two dogs so that they'd have to be tied up if they see each other. Just as like as not I'd want them both at once, and then they'd go to fightin', and leave me to settle with some blood-thirsty lightnin'-rodder. So, as I know'd if they once had a fair fight and found out which was master, they'd be good friends afterwards, I thought the best thing to do would be to let 'em fight it out, when there was nothin' else for 'em to do. So I fixed up things for the combat."

"Why, Pomona!" cried Euphemia, "I didn't think you were capable of such a cruel thing."

"It looks that way, ma'am, but really it ain't," replied the girl. "It seemed to me as if it would be a mercy to both of 'em to have the thing settled. So I cleared away a place in front of the wood-shed and unchained Lord Edward, and then I opened the kitchen door and called the bull. Out he came, with his teeth a-showin', and his blood-shot eyes, and his crooked front legs. Like lightnin' from the mount'in blast, he made one bounce for the big dog, and oh! what a fight there was! They rolled, they gnashed,

they knocked over the wood-horse and sent chips a-flyin' all ways at wonst. I thought Lord Edward would whip in a minute or two ; but he didn't, for the bull stuck to him like a burr, and they was havin' it, ground and lofty, when I hears some one run up behind me, and turnin' quick, there was the 'piscopalian minister. 'My! my! my!' he hollers, 'what an awful spectacle! Ain't there no way of stoppin' it?' 'No, sir,' says I, and I told him how I didn't want to stop it and the reason why. 'Then,' says he, 'where's your master?' and I told him how you was away. 'Isn't there any man at all about?' says he. 'No,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'if there's nobody else to stop it, I must do it myself.' An' he took off his coat. 'No,' says I, 'you keep back, sir. If there's anybody to plunge into that arena, the blood be mine;' an' I put my hand, without thinkin', ag'in his black shirt-bosom, to hold him back ; but he didn't notice, bein' so excited. 'Now,' says I, 'jist wait one minute, and you'll see that bull's tail go between his legs. He's weakenin'.' An' sure enough, Lord Edward got a good grab at him, and was a-shakin' the very life out of him, when I run up and took Lord Edward by the collar. 'Drop it!' says I; an' he dropped it, for he know'd he'd whipped, and he was pretty tired hisself. Then the bulldog, he trotted off with his tail a-hangin' down. 'Now then,' says I, 'them dogs will be bosom friends for ever after this.' 'Ah me!' says he, 'I'm sorry indeed that your employer, for who I've always had a great respect, should allow you to get into such bad habits.'

"That made me feel real bad, and I told him, mighty quick, that you was the last man in the world to let me do anything like that, and that if you'd 'a' been here, you'd 'a' separated them dogs, if they'd a-chawed your arms off; that you was very particular about such things, and that it would be a pity if he was to think you was a dog-fightin' gentleman, when I'd often heard you say that, now you was fixed and

settled, the one thing you would like most would be to be made a vestryman."

I sat up straight in my chair.

"Pomona!" I exclaimed. "You didn't tell him that?"

"That's what I said, sir, for I wanted him to know what you really was; an' he says, 'Well, well, I never knew that. It might be a very good thing. I'll speak to some of the members about it. There's two vacancies now in our vestry.'"

I was crushed; but Euphemia tried to put the matter into the brightest light.

"Perhaps it may all turn out for the best," she said, "and you may be elected, and that would be splendid. But it would be an awfully funny thing for a dog-fight to make you a vestry-man."

I could not talk on this subject. "Go on, Pomona," I said, trying to feel resigned to my shame, "and tell us about that poster on the fence."

"I'll be to that almost right away," she said.

"It was two or three days after the dog-fight that I was down at the barn, and happenin' to look over to old John's, I saw that tree-man there. He was a-showin' his book to John, and him and his wife and all the young ones was a-standin' there, drinkin' down them big peaches and pears as if they was all real. I know'd he'd come here ag'in, for them fellers never gives you up; and I didn't know how to keep him away, for I didn't want to let the dogs loose on a man what, after all, didn't want to do no more harm than to talk the life out of you. So I just happened to notice, as I came to the house, how kind of desolate everything looked, and I thought perhaps I might make it look worse, and he wouldn't care to deal here. So I thought of putting up a poster like that, for nobody whose place was a-goin' to be sold for taxes would be likely to want trees. So I run in the house, and wrote it quick and put it up. And sure

enough, the man he come along soon, and when he looked at that paper and tried the gate, an' looked over the fence an' saw the house all shut up an' not a livin' soul about,—for I had both the dogs in the house with me,—he shook his head an' walked off, as much as to say, 'If that man had fixed his place up proper with my trees, he wouldn't 'a' come to this!' An' then, as I found the poster worked so good, I thought it might keep other people from comin' a-botherin' around, and so I left it up; but I was a-goin' to be sure and take it down before you came."

As it was now pretty late in the afternoon, I proposed that Pomona should postpone the rest of her narrative until evening. She said that there was nothing else to tell that was very particular; and I did not feel as if I could stand anything more just now, even if it was very particular.

When we were alone, I said to Euphemia—

"If we ever have to go away from this place again——"

"But we won't go away," she interrupted, looking up to me with as bright a face as she ever had; "at least not for a long, long, long time to come. And I'm *so* glad you're to be a vestryman."

Frank R. Stockton.

TEMPEST IN A TUB.

i

"MINUS A HOOP."

IT was all about a wash-tub. Mrs. Villiers had loaned Mrs. Ransom her wash-tub. This was two weeks ago last Monday. When Mrs. Villiers saw it again, which was the next morning, it stood on her backstoop, minus a hoop. Mrs. Villiers sent over to Mrs. Ransom's a request for the hoop, couched in language calculated to impugn Mrs. Ransom's reputation for carefulness. Mrs. Ransom lost no time in sending back word that the tub was all right when it was sent back ; and delicately intimated that Mrs.

Villiers had better sweep before her own door first, whatever that might mean. Each having discharged a Christian duty to each other, further communication was immediately cut off; and the affair was briskly discussed by the neighbours, who entered into the merits and demerits of the affair with unselfish zeal. Heaven bless them! Mrs. Ransom clearly explained her connection with the tub by charging Mr. Villiers with coming home drunk as a fiddler the night before Christmas. This bold statement threatened to carry the neighbours over in a body to Mrs. Ransom's view, until Mrs. Villiers remembered, and promptly chronicled the fact, that the Ransoms were obliged to move away from their last place because of non-payment of rent. Here the matter rested among the neighbours, leaving them as undecided as before. But between the two families immediately concerned the fire burned as luridly as when first kindled. It was a constant skirmish between the two women, from early morning until late at night. Mrs. Ransom would glare through her blinds when Mrs. Villiers was in the yard, and murmur between her clenched teeth—

“Oh, you hussy!”

And, with that wonderful instinct which characterises the human above the brute animal, Mrs. Villiers understood that Mrs. Ransom was thus engaged, and, lifting her nose at the highest angle compatible with the safety of her spinal cord, would sail around the yard as triumphantly as if escorted by a brigade of genuine princes.

And then would come Mrs. Villiers's turn at the window with Mrs. Ransom in the yard, with a like satisfactory and edifying result.

When company called on Mrs. Villiers, Mrs. Ransom would peer from behind her curtains and audibly exclaim—

“Who's that fright, I wonder?”

And when Mrs. Ransom was favoured with a call, it was

Mrs. Villiers's blessed privilege to be at the window and audibly observe—

“Where was that clod dug up from?”

Mrs. Ransom has a little boy named Tommy, and Mrs. Villiers has a similar sized son, who struggles under the cognomen of Wickliffe Morgan; and it will happen, because these two children are too young to grasp fully the grave responsibilities of life—it will happen, I repeat, that they will come together in various respects. If Mrs. Ransom is so fortunate as to first observe one of these cohesions, she promptly steps to the door, and, covertly waiting until Mrs. Villiers's door opens, she shrilly observes—“Thomas Jefferson, come right into this house this minute! How many times have I told you to keep away from that Villiers brat?”

“*Villiers brat!*” What a stab that is! What subtle poison it is saturated with! Poor Mrs. Villiers's breath comes thick and hard; her face burns like fire, and her eyes almost snap out of her head. She has to press her hand to her heart as if to keep that organ from bursting; there is no relief from the dreadful throbbing and the dreadful pain. The slamming of Mrs. Ransom's door shuts out all hope of succour. But it quickens Mrs. Villiers's faculties, and makes her so alert, that when the two children come together again, which they very soon do, she is first at the door. Now is the opportunity to heap burning coals on the head of Mrs. Ransom. She heaps them.

“Wickliffe Morgan! what are you doing out there with that Ransom imp? Do you want to catch some disease? Come in here before I skin you.” And the door slams shut, and poor Mrs. Ransom, with trembling form and bated breath and flashing eyes, clinches her fingers, and glares with tremendous wrath over the landscape.

And in the absence of any real, tangible information as to the loss of that hoop, this is perhaps the very best that can be done on either side.

J. M. Bailey.

"IT WAS A RAINY SUNDAY."

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me!"—*Hamlet*.

IT was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish, and was obliged to

keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the window in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys; while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys; in one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crestfallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by uttering something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it and sought what is technically called the traveller's room. This

is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors, that I know of at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving, adventurous life, only changing the lance for a whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion nowadays to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the Hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of wayworn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the traveller's room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors; with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oilcloth-covered hats

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed; there were, indeed, two or three in the room, but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at "Boots" for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself

with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house, for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and everything about an inn seemed calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half-a-dozen times. Good-for-nothing books, that were worse than the rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the commonplace names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry that I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along in the air; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter; excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattlings of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas; and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, with the carrot-headed hostler and the nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of

an inn ; but the bustle was transient ; the coach again whirled on its way ; the boy, and dog, and hostler, and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes ; and the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up ; the barometer pointed to rainy weather ; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face and rubbing her paws over her ears ; and on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much—rain—about—this—time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The Stout Gentleman in No. 13 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs ; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some material to work upon. Had the guest upstairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as the gentleman in No. 13, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it. But "the Stout Gentleman!"—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size, it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest. "He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty ; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life ; some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising ; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman."

There was another violent ringing; the Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance, "well-to-do in the world," accustomed to be promptly waited upon, of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry. "Perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of Parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing, and before it could be answered, another ringing, still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt. The Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating. One of those who eat and growl and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast; but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived he must be a man of consequence; entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham and bread and butter were sent. They appeared to be more graciously received; at last there was no further complaint, and I had not made many turns about the traveller's room when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. "The Stout Gentleman wanted the *Times* or the *Chronicle* newspaper." I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large

man. "Who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir, but I could get no information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman; or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour; or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! no such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By-and-by I heard some one walking overhead. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes, of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantelpiece. The *Lady's Magazine* had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed-room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid that I had remarked for a ruddy, good-humoured face, went downstairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous

"THE STOUT GENTLEMAN HAD BEEN RUDE TO HER."

to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled. In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping upstairs, her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way.

"She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant. If gentlemen did spend their money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant-maids of her's treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she wouldn't."

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel and entered it with a storm. The door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret. Then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more. After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went downstairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "Nothing at all—only the girl's a fool!" I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those Stout Gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by

malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate. Who are used to tavern life ; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free livers on a small scale, who call all the waiters by name, touse the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one 'system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous, and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effects—I was getting a fit of fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the traveller's room, and that I might at length get a view of his person ; but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery ? He could not be a radical ; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then too he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living.

Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end, for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune, and on listening I found it to be "God Save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical, but a faithful subject ; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by his king and constitution when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be ? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling *incog.* ? "God knows !"

said I, at my wit's end ; "it maybe one of the royal family for aught I know, for they are all Stout Gentlemen !"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious person kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair ; for I did not hear him move. In the meantime, as the day advanced, the traveller's room began to be frequented. Some who had just arrived came in buttoned up in box coats ; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two, especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew around the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their over-turns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their "night-caps,"—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water with sugar, or some other mixture of the kind ; after which they one after another rang for "boots" and the chambermaids, and walked up to bed in old shoes, cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left ; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by

himself, with a glass of port wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.

The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathing of the sleeping toper, and the dripping of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house.

The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk overhead, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this—especially to me in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of the mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer; I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered—the room was deserted. There stood a large, broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler and a *Times* newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off to my room sorely disappointed. As I went along the corridor I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol or something worse at my head. I went

to bed therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

“THAT WAS ALL I EVER SAW OF THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.”

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail coach starting from the door. Suddenly there

was a cry from below: "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella; look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13."

I heard an immediate scamper of a chamber-maid along the passage, and a shrill reply, as she ran, "Here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disc of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed. "All right," was the word; the coach whirled off—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman.

Washington Irving.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN.

SECOND WEEK.

NEXT to deciding when to start your garden, the most important matter is, what to put in it. It is difficult to decide what to order for dinner on a given day: how much more oppressive is it to order in a lump an endless vista of dinners, so to speak! For, unless your garden is a boundless prairie (and mine seems to me to be that when I hoe it on hot days), you must make a selection, from the great variety of vegetables, of those you will raise in it; and you feel rather bound to supply your own table from your own garden, and to eat only as you have sown.

I hold that no man has a right (whatever his sex, of course) to have a garden to his own selfish uses. He ought not to please himself, but every man to please his

neighbour. I tried to have a garden that would give general moral satisfaction. It seemed to me that nobody could object to potatoes (a most useful vegetable); and I began to plant them freely. But there was a chorus of protest against them. "You don't want to take up your ground with potatoes," the neighbours said: "you can buy potatoes" (the very thing I wanted to avoid doing is buying things). "What you want is the perishable things that you cannot get fresh in the market."—"But what kind of perishable things?" A horticulturist of eminence wanted me to sow lines of strawberries and raspberries right over where I had put my potatoes in drills. I had about five hundred strawberry-plants in another part of my garden; but this fruit-fanatic wanted me to turn my whole patch into vines and runners. I suppose I could raise strawberries enough for all my neighbours; and perhaps I ought to do it. I had a little space prepared for melons,—musk-melons,—which I showed to an experienced friend. "You are not going to waste your ground on musk-melons?" he asked. "They rarely ripen in this climate thoroughly, before frost." He had tried for years without luck. I resolved not to go into such a foolish experiment. But, the next day, another neighbour happened in. "Ah! I see you are going to have melons. My family would rather give up anything else in the garden than musk-melons,—of the nutmeg variety. They are the most grateful things we have on the table." So there it was. There was no compromise: it was melons or no melons, and somebody offended in any case. I half resolved to plant them a little late, so that they would, and they wouldn't. But I had the same difficulty about string-beans (which I detest), and squash (which I tolerate), and parsnips, and the whole round of green things.

I have pretty much come to the conclusion that you have got to put your foot down in gardening. If I had

actually taken counsel of my friends, I should not have had a thing growing in the garden to-day but weeds. And besides, while you are waiting, Nature does not wait. Her mind is made up. She knows just what she will raise ; and she has an infinite variety of early and late. The most humiliating thing to me about a garden is the lesson it teaches of the inferiority of man. Nature is prompt, decided, inexhaustible. She thrusts up her plants with a vigour and freedom that I admire ; and the more worthless the plant, the more rapid and splendid its growth. She is at it early and late, and all night ; never tiring, nor showing the least sign of exhaustion.

“Eternal gardening is the price of liberty,” is a motto that I should put over the gateway of my garden, if I had a gate. And yet it is not wholly true ; for there is no liberty in gardening. The man who undertakes a garden is relentlessly pursued. He felicitates himself that, when he gets it once planted, he will have a season of rest and of enjoyment in the sprouting and growing of his seeds. It is a green anticipation. He has planted a seed that will keep him awake nights, drive rest from his bones, and sleep from his pillow. Hardly is the garden planted, when he must begin to hoe it. The weeds have sprung up all over it in a night. They shine and wave in redundant life. The docks have almost gone to seed ; and their roots go deeper than conscience. Talk about the London Docks ! —the roots of these are like the sources of the Aryan race. And the weeds are not all. I awake in the morning (and a thriving garden will wake a person up two hours before he ought to be out of bed), and think of the tomato-plants,—the leaves like fine lace-work, owing to black bugs that skip around, and can’t be caught. Somebody ought to get up before the dew is off (why don’t the dew stay on till after a reasonable breakfast ?) and sprinkle soot on the leaves. I wonder if it is I. Soot is so much blacker than the bugs,

"WHEN THEY BREAK INTO THE GARDEN."

that they are disgusted, and go away. You can't get up too early if you have a garden. You must be early due yourself, if you get ahead of the bugs. I think that, on the whole, it would be best to sit up all night, and sleep day-times. Things appear to go on in the night in the garden uncommonly. It would be less trouble to stay up than it is to get up so early.

I have been setting out some new raspberries, two sorts,—a silver and a gold colour. How fine they will look on the table next year in a cut-glass dish, the cream being in a ditto pitcher! I set them four and five feet apart. I set my strawberries pretty well apart also. The reason is, to give room for the cows to run through when they break into the garden,—as they do sometimes. A cow needs a broader track than a locomotive; and she generally makes one. I am sometimes astonished to see how big a space in a flower-bed her foot will cover. The raspberries are called Doolittle and Golden Cap. I don't like the name of the first variety, and, if they do much, shall change it to Silver Top. You never can tell what a thing named Doolittle will do. The one in the Senate changed colour, and got sour. They ripen badly,—either mildew, or rot on the bush. They are apt to Johnsonise,—rot on the stem. I shall watch the Doolittles.

FOURTH WEEK.

ORTHODOXY is at a low ebb. Only two clergymen accepted my offer to come and help hoe my potatoes for the privilege of using my vegetable total-depravity figure about the snake-grass, or quack-grass, as some call it; and those two did not bring hoes. There seems to be a lack of disposition to hoe among our educated clergy. I am bound to say that these two, however, sat and watched my vigorous combats with the weeds, and talked most beautifully about the application of the snake-grass figure. As, for instance,

when a fault or sin showed on the surface of a man, whether if you dug down, you would find that it ran back and into the original organic bunch of original sin within the man. The only other clergyman who came was from out of town, —a half Universalist, who said he wouldn't give twenty cents for my figure. He said that the snake-grass was not in my garden originally, that it sneaked in under the sod, and that it could be entirely rooted out with industry and

"THESE TWO SAT AND WATCHED MY VIGOROUS COMBATS WITH THE WEEDS."

patience. I asked the Universalist-inclined man to take my hoe and try it ; but he said he hadn't time, and went away.

But, *jubilate*, I have got my garden all hoed the first time ! I feel as if I had put down the rebellion. Only there are guerillas left here and there, about the borders and in corners, unsubdued,—Forrest docks, and Quantrell grass, and Beauregard pig-weeds. This first hoeing is a gigantic task : it is your first trial of strength with the never-

sleeping forces of Nature. Several times, in its progress, I was tempted to do as Adam did, who abandoned his garden on account of the weeds. (How much my mind seems to run upon Adam, as if there had been only two really moral gardens,—Adam's and mine !) The only drawback to my rejoicing over the finishing of the first hoeing is, that the garden now wants hoeing the second time. I suppose, if my garden were planted in a perfect circle, and I started round it with a hoe, I should never see an opportunity to rest. The fact is, that gardening is the old fable of perpetual labour: and I, for one, can never forgive Adam Sisyphus, or whoever it was, who let in the roots of discord. I had pictured myself sitting at eve, with my family, in the shade of twilight, contemplating a garden hoed. Alas ! it is a dream not to be realised in this world.

My mind has been turned to the subject of fruit and shade trees in a garden. There are those who say that trees shade the garden too much, and interfere with the growth of the vegetables. There may be something in this: but when I go down the potato rows, the rays of the sun glancing upon my shining blade, the sweat pouring from my face, I should be grateful for shade. What is a garden for? The pleasure of man. I should take much more pleasure in a shady garden. Am I to be sacrificed, broiled, roasted, for the sake of the increased vigour of a few vegetables? The thing is perfectly absurd. If I were rich, I think I would have my garden covered with an awning, so that it would be comfortable to work in it. It might roll up and be removable, as the great awning of the Roman Coliseum was,—not like the Boston one, which went off in a high wind. Another very good way to do, and probably not so expensive as the awning, would be to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed. And there might be a person at each end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink. Agriculture is still in a

very barbarous stage. I hope to live yet to see the day when I can do my gardening, as tragedy is done, to slow and soothing music, and attended by some of the comforts I have named. These things come so forcibly into my mind sometimes as I work, that perhaps, when a wandering breeze lifts my straw hat, or a bird lights on a near currant-bush and shakes out a full-throated summer-song, I almost expect to find the cooling drink and the hospitable entertainment at the end of the row. But I never do. There is nothing to be done but to turn round, and hoe back to the other end.

Speaking of those yellow squash-bugs, I think I disheartened them by covering the plants so deep with soot and wood-ashes that they could not find them; and I am in doubt if I shall ever see the plants again. But I have heard of another defence against the bugs. Put a fine wire-screen over each hill, which will keep out the bugs, and admit the rain. I should say that these screens would not cost much more than the melons you would be likely to get from the vines if you bought them; but then think of the moral satisfaction of watching the bugs hovering over the screen, seeing, but unable to reach the tender plants within. That is worth paying for.

I left my own garden yesterday, and went over to where Polly was getting the weeds out of one of her flower-beds. She was working away at the bed with a little hoe. Whether women ought to have the ballot or not (and I have a decided opinion on that point, which I should here plainly give, did I not fear that it would injure my agricultural influence), I am compelled to say that this was rather helpless hoeing. It was patient, conscientious, even pathetic hoeing; but it was neither effective nor finished. When completed, the bed looked somewhat as if a hen had scratched it: there was that touching unevenness about it. I think no one could look at it and not be affected. To

be sure, Polly smoothed it off with a rake, and asked me if it wasn't nice; and I said it was. It was not a favourable time for me to explain the difference between puttering hoeing, and the broad, free sweep of the instrument, which kills the weeds, spares the plants, and loosens the soil without leaving it in holes and hills. But, after all, as life is constituted, I think more of Polly's honest and anxious care of her plants than of the most finished gardening in the world.

SIXTH WEEK.

SOMEBODY has sent me a new sort of hoe, with the wish that I should speak favourably of it, if I can consistently. I willingly do so, but with the understanding that I am to be at liberty to speak just as courteously of any other hoe which I may receive. If I understand religious morals, this is the position of the religious press with regard to bitters and wringing-machines. In some cases, the responsibility of such a recommendation is shifted upon the wife of the editor or clergyman. Polly says she is entirely willing to make a certificate, accompanied with an affidavit, with regard to this hoe; but her habit of sitting about the garden-walk, on an inverted flower-pot, while I hoe, somewhat destroys the practical value of her testimony.

As to this hoe, I do not mind saying that it has changed my view of the desirableness and value of human life. It has, in fact, made life a holiday to me. It is made on the principle that man is an upright, sensible, reasonable being, and not a grovelling wretch. It does away with the necessity of the hinge in the back. The handle is seven and a half feet long. There are two narrow blades, sharp on both edges, which come together at an obtuse angle in front; and as you walk along with this hoe before you, pushing and pulling with a gentle motion, the weeds fall at every thrust and withdrawal,

and the slaughter is immediate and widespread. When I got this hoe, I was troubled with sleepless mornings, pains in the back, kleptomania with regard to new weeders; when I went into my garden, I was always sure to see something. In this disordered state of mind and body I got this hoe. The morning after a day of using it I slept perfectly and late. I regained my respect for the eighth commandment. After two doses of the hoe in the garden the weeds entirely disappeared. Trying it a third morning, I was obliged to throw it over the fence, in order to save from destruction the green things that ought to grow in the garden. Of course this is figurative language. What I mean is, that the fascination of using this hoe is such that you are sorely tempted to employ it upon your vegetables after the weeds are laid low and must hastily withdraw it to avoid unpleasant results. I make this explanation because I intend to put nothing into these agricultural papers that will not bear the strictest scientific investigation; nothing that the youngest child cannot understand and cry for; nothing that the oldest and wisest men will not need to study with care.

I need not add, that the care of a garden with this hoe becomes the merest pastime. I would not be without one for a single night. The only danger is, that you may rather make an idol of the hoe, and somewhat neglect your garden in explaining it, and fooling about with it. I almost think that, with one of these in the hands of an ordinary day-labourer, you might see at night where he had been working.

Let us have peas. I have been a zealous advocate of the birds. I have rejoiced in their multiplication. I have endured their concerts at four o'clock in the morning without a murmur. Let them come, I said, and eat the worms, in order that we, later, may enjoy the foliage and the fruits of the earth. We have a cat, a magnificent

animal, of the sex which votes (but not a pole-cat),—so large and powerful that, if he were in the army, he would be called Long Tom. He is a cat of fine disposition, the most irreproachable morals I ever saw thrown away in a cat, and a splendid hunter. He spends his nights, not in social dissipation, but in gathering in rats, mice, flying-squirrels, and also birds. When he first brought me a bird, I told him that it was wrong, and tried to convince him, while he was eating it, that he was doing wrong; for he is a reasonable cat, and understands pretty much everything except the binomial theorem and the time down the cycloidal arc. But with no effect. The killing of birds went on to my great regret and shame.

The other day I went to my garden to get a mess of peas. I had seen, the day before, that they were just ready to pick. How I had lined the ground, planted, hoed, bushed them! The bushes were very fine—seven feet high, and of good wood. How I had delighted in the growing, the blowing, the podding! What a touching thought it was that they had all podded for me! When I went to pick them, I found the pods all split open, and the peas gone. The dear little birds, who are so fond of the strawberries, had eaten them all. Perhaps there were left as many as I planted: I did not count them. I made a rapid estimate of the cost of the seed, the interest of the ground, the price of labour, the value of the bushes, the anxiety of weeks of watchfulness. I looked about me on the face of Nature. The wind blew from the south so soft and treacherous! A thrush sang in the woods so deceitfully! All Nature seemed fair. But who was to give me back my peas? The fowls of the air have peas; but what has man?

I went into the house. I called Calvin (that is the name of our cat, given him on account of his gravity, morality, and uprightness. We never familiarly call him

John). I petted Calvin. I lavished upon him an enthusiastic fondness. I told him that he had no fault; that the one action that I had called a vice was an heroic exhibition of regard for my interests. I bade him go and do likewise continually. I now saw how much better instinct is than mere unguided reason. Calvin knew. If he had put his opinion into English (instead of his native catalogue), it would have been: "You need not teach your grandmother to suck eggs." It was only the round of Nature. The worms eat a noxious something in the ground. The birds eat the worms. Calvin eats the birds. We eat—no, we do not eat Calvin. There the chain stops. When you ascend the scale of being, and come to an animal that is, like ourselves, inedible, you have arrived at a result where you can rest. Let us respect the cat, he completes an edible chain.

I have little heart to discuss methods of raising peas. It occurs to me that I can have an iron pea-bush, a sort of trellis, through which I could discharge electricity at frequent intervals, and electrify the birds to death when they alight; for they stand upon my beautiful bush, in order to pick out the peas. An apparatus of this kind, with an operator, would cost, however, about as much as the peas. A neighbour suggests that I might put up a scarecrow near the vines, which would keep the birds away. I am doubtful about it: the birds are too much accustomed to seeing a person in poor clothes in the garden to care much for that. Another neighbour suggests that the birds do not open the pods; that a sort of blast, apt to come after rain, splits the pods, and the birds then eat the peas. It may be so. There seems to be complete unity of action between the blast and the birds. But good neighbours, kind friends, I desire that you will not increase, by talk, a disappointment which you cannot assuage.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE QUAKER COQUETTE.

DEAR coy coquette, but once we met—
But once, and yet 'twas once too often,
Plunged unawares in silvery snares,
All vain my prayers her heart to soften;
Yet seems so true her eyes of blue,
Veined lids and longest lashes under,
Good angels dwelt therein, I felt,
And could have knelt in reverent wonder.

Poor heart, alas! what eye could pass
The auburn mass of curls caressing
Her pure white brow, made regal now
By this simplicity of dressing.
Lips dewy, red as Cupid's bed
Of rose-leaves shed on Mount Hymettus,
With balm imbued they might be wooed,
But ah! coy prude, she will not let us.

No jewels deck her radiant neck—
What pearl could reck its hue to rival?
A pin of gold—the fashion old—
A ribbon-fold, or some such trifle;
And—beauty chief! the lily's leaf
In dark relief sets off the whiteness
Of all the breast not veiled and pressed
Beneath her collar's Quaker tightness.

And milk-white robes o'er snowier globes
As Roman maids are drawn by Gibbon,
With classic taste are gently braced
Around her waist beneath a ribbon;

"DEAR COY COQUETTE, BUT ONCE WE MET."

And thence unrolled in billowy fold
Profuse and bold—a silken torrent—
Not hide, but dim each rounded limb,
Well-turned, and trim, and plump, I warrant.

Oh, Quaker maid, were I more staid,
Or you a shade less archly pious ;
If soberest suit from crown to boot
Could chance uproot your Quaker bias,
How gladly so, in weeds of woe,
From head to toe my frame I'd cover,
That in the end the convert "friend"
Might thus ascend—a convert lover.

Charles Graham Halpine.

CAT-FISHING.

MANY and ingenious are the remedies that have been proposed for nocturnal cats, but none of them seem to have proved thoroughly successful. It was pointed out not very long ago that the extirpation of all fences which run in a direction parallel, or nearly parallel, with the Equator, would exempt cats from electrical difficulties in their internal organs, and would thus hush the cries that now render night hideous ; but there is a practical difficulty in dispensing with these fences. Another remedy, which is a certain cure for nocturnal cats, is suggested by the fact that cats cannot live at a greater elevation than 13,000 feet above the sea. If we build our back fences 13,500 feet high, not a cat will scale their lofty summits ; but the labour and expense of constructing fences of this height would be so great as to forbid their erections by persons with small incomes. Mere palliatives, such as bootjacks and lumps

of coal, never accomplished any lasting benefits ; they may discourage an occasional cat, but his place will instantly be filled. With all their habitual caution, cats are bold, and will often rush in where an average angel would fear to tread. To deal effectually with them is a task which calls for the highest form of inventive genius, combined with patience and a reckless indifference to Mr. Bergh's opinions.

The young man in West Thirty-fifth Street who lately introduced cat-fishing as a manly and beneficent sport, can scarcely be said to have devised an absolute specific for cats, but he has unquestionably contributed to lessen the number of cats in his immediate vicinity. Early last fall a vast area of cats, accompanied with marked depression of the spirits of the inhabitants of West Thirty-fifth Street, overspread that unfortunate region. After a thorough trial of most of the popular remedies, a young man residing on the block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, and who may be called—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith—by the name of Thompson, hit upon the idea of angling for cats. To the end of a strong blue-fish line he affixed a salmon hook, baited with delicate morsels of meat. At first this hook, deftly dropped from the back window, was permitted to lie on top of the back fence. The first cat that passed over the fence would investigate the bait, and finding it apparently free from fraud, would begin to eat it. A slight pull at the line would usually fix the hook in the cat's mouth, and the angler would haul in his prey and knock it on the head. It frequently happened, however, that the cat would not be successfully "struck," and would escape and warn his associates to beware of concealed hooks. Moreover, the angler had his bait gorged, upon one occasion, by a tramp, who had climbed the fence with a view to gaining access to the kitchen; and though the game was successfully landed in the second-storey back room, and, after being goffed with a sword-bayonet, he had

so much difficulty in subsequently disposing of the body that he dreaded a repetition of the incident. He therefore altered his methods of angling, and adopted a modified style of fly-fishing.

This latter sport was carried on with the aid of a long bamboo fishing-pole. The hook was baited as before, but instead of being permitted to lie on the top of the fence, was suffered to dangle in the air, about two feet above it. As soon as a cat perceived the bait, he assumed with the intense self-conceit characteristic of his race, that it was a supernatural recognition of his extraordinary merits, and could be fearlessly appropriated. In order to seize it he was, of course, compelled to leap upwards, and it was very seldom that he failed to hook himself. By this plan, not only was the necessity of "striking" the cat obviated, but the danger that the bait would be seized by tramps was greatly lessened, while the excitement and interest of the sport were increased.

The young man became greatly fascinated with his new occupation, and having effected an arrangement with a popular French restaurant, was enabled to dispose of his game easily and profitably. On moonlight nights, when the late fall cats were in season, he often caught a string of from three to four dozen during a single night,—many of these weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. So few cats escaped after having once leaped at the bait, that no general suspicion of the deadly nature of apparently aerial meat was disseminated among the feline population of the neighbourhood. Before the winter was over cats had become so scarce that the sportsman was seriously contemplating the necessity of artificially stocking the back fences of Thirty-fifth Street, when an unfortunate accident brought his beneficent occupation to a sudden end. An old gentleman, residing in a house in Thirty-sixth Street, the back-yard of which adjoined the fence where the young man

practised his sport, noticed one evening that something attached to a string was dangling over his back fence. As he had a pretty daughter, he immediately suspected that it was a surreptitious note, and stole softly out to seize and confiscate it. Mounting on a barrel he clutched the supposed note, and was instantly hooked. The tackle was strong, and he would perhaps have been landed had

"THE YOUNG MAN BECAME GREATLY FASCINATED WITH HIS NEW
OCCUPATION."

not the hook torn out when he was about forty feet from the ground. After he had recovered from his injuries caused by the fall, and the weakness consequent upon the amputation of his legs, he showed so much annoyance at the so-called outrage which had been inflicted upon him, that the young man, who was a person of most

delicate feelings, promised to give up cat-fishing. Of course, had the old gentleman been thoroughly gaffed, he would not have fallen, and perhaps the young man felt that his failure to properly gaff him was an inexcusable error, which really called for his graceful retirement from cat-fishing.

This example ought to bear fruit. At a very small expense for tackle, any resident of this city who occupies a back room can secure excellent sport, and at the same time can render a great service to humanity by reducing the number of cats. The sport ought speedily to become a very popular one, and there can be but little doubt that in time cat-fishing will rival trout-fishing in the estimation of American sportsmen.

W. L. Alden.

CAPTAIN STICK AND TONY.

OLD Captain Stick was a remarkably precise old gentleman and conscientiously just man. He was, too, very methodical in his habits, one of which was to keep an account in writing of the conduct of his servants, from day to day. It was a sort of account-current, and he settled by it every Saturday afternoon. No one dreaded these hebdomadal balancings more than Tony, the boy of all-work, for the captain was generally obliged to write a receipt, for a considerable amount, across his shoulders.

One settling afternoon, the captain, accompanied by Tony, was seen "toddling" down to the old stable, with his little account book in one hand and a small rope in the other. After they had reached the "Bar of Justice," and Tony had been properly "strung up," the captain proceeded to state his accounts as follows :—

"Tony, *Dr.*

"*Sabbath*, to not half blacking my boots, etc., five stripes.

"*Tuesday*, to staying four hours at mill longer than necessary, ten stripes.

"*Wednesday*, to not locking the hall door at night, five stripes.

"*Friday*, to letting the horse go without water, five stripes.

"Total, twenty-five stripes.

"Tony, *Cr.*

"*Monday*, by first-rate day's work in the garden, ten stripes.

"Balance due, fifteen stripes."

The balance being thus struck, the captain drew his cow-hide and remarked—"Now, Tony, you black scamp, what say you, you lazy villain, why I shouldn't give you fifteen lashes across your back, as hard as I can draw?"

"Stop, ole mass," said Tony; "dar's de work in de garden, sir—dat ought to tek some off."

"You black dog," said the captain, "haven't I given you the proper credit of ten stripes for that? Come, come!"

"Please, ole massa," said Tony, rolling his eyes about in agony of fright—"dar's—you forgot—dar's de scourin ob de floor—ole missus say nebber been scour as good before."

"Soho, you saucy rascal," quoth Captain Stick, "you're bringing in more offsets, are you? Well, now, there!" Here the captain made an entry upon his book. "You have a credit of five stripes, and the balance must be paid."

"Gor a mity, massa, don't hit yet—dar's sumpen else—oh, Lord! please don't—yes, sir—got um now—ketchin de white boy and fetchin' um to ole missus, what trow rock at de young duck."

"That's a fact," said the captain; "the outrageous young vagabond—that's a fact, and I'll give you credit of *ten* stripes for it. I wish you had brought him to *me*. Now, we'll settle the balance."

" 'STOP, OLE MASS,' SAID TONY; 'DAR'S DE WORK IN DE GARDEN, SIR.' "

"Bress de Lord, ole massa," said Tony, "*dat's all.*" Tony grinned extravagantly. The captain adjusted his tortoise-shell spectacles with great exactness, held the book close to his eyes, and ascertained that the fact was as stated by Tony. He was not a little irritated.

"You swear off the account, you infernal rascal—you swear off the account, do you?"

"All de credit is fair, ole massa," answered Tony.

"Yes, but"—said the disappointed captain—"but—but,"—still the captain was sorely puzzled how to give Tony a *few licks* anyhow; "but——" An idea popped into his head.

"*Where's my costs*, you incorrigible, abominable scoundrel? You want to swindle me, do you, out of my costs, you black deceitful rascal? And," added Captain Stick, chuckling as well at his own ingenuity as the perfect justice of the sentence, "I enter judgment against you for costs—ten stripes," and forthwith administered the stripes and satisfied the judgment. "Ki' nigger!" said Tony, "ki' nigger! What dis judgmen' for coss ole massa talk 'bout. Done git off 'bout not blackin' de boot, git off 'bout stayin' long time at de mill, and ebery ting else, but dis judgmen' for coss gim me de debbil. Bress God, nigger must keep out ob de ole stable, or, I'll tell you what, dat *judgmen' for coss* make e back feel mighty warm, for true!"

Johnson T. Hooper.

*"ITEMS" FROM THE PRESS OF INTERIOR
CALIFORNIA.*

A LITTLE bit of romance has just transpired to relieve the monotony of our metropolitan life. Old Sam Choggins, whom the editor of this paper has so often publicly thrashed, has returned from Mud Springs with a young wife. He is said to be very fond of her, and the way he came to get her was this :

Some time ago we courted her, but finding she was "on the make" threw her off, after shooting her brother and two cousins. She vowed revenge, and promised to marry any man who would horsewhip us. This Sam agreed to undertake, and she married him on that promise.

We shall call on Sam to-morrow with our new shot-gun, and present our congratulations in the usual form.—*Hangtown Gibbet.*

THERE was considerable excitement in the street yesterday, owing to the arrival of Bust-Head Dave, formerly of this place, who came over on the stage from Pudding Springs. He was met at the hotel by Sheriff Knogg, who leaves a large family, and whose loss will be universally deplored.

Dave walked down the street to the bridge, and it reminded one of old times to see the people go away as he heaved in view. It was not through any fear of the man, but from knowledge that he had made a threat (first published in this paper) to clean out the town. Before leaving the place Dave called at our office to settle for a year's subscription (invariably in advance), and was informed, through a chink in the logs, that he might leave his dust in the tin cup at the well.

Dave is looking very much larger than at his last visit just previous to the funeral of Judge Dawson. He left for Injun Hill at five o'clock amidst a good deal of shooting at rather long range, and there will be an election for sheriff as soon as a stranger can be found who will accept the honour.—*Yankee Flat Advertiser.*

THE superintendent of the May Davis Mine requests us to state that the custom of pitching Chinamen and Injuns down the shaft will have to be stopped, as he has resumed work in the mine. The old well-huck of Jo. Bowman's is just as good, and is more centrally located.—*New Jerusalem Courier.*

A STRANGER wearing a stove-pipe hat arrived in town yesterday, putting up at the Nugget House. The boys are having a good time with that hat this morning, and the funeral will take place at two o'clock.—*Spanish Camp Flag.*

THERE is some dispute about land titles at Little Bilk Bar. About half-a-dozen cases were temporarily decided Wednesday, but it is supposed the widows will renew the litigation. The only proper way to prevent these vexatious law-suits is to hang the Judge of the County Court.—*Cow County Outcropper*.

Ambrose Bierce ("Dod Grile").

AN AVALANCHE OF DRUGS.

"THE JUDGE WAS GRATIFIED TO FIND THAT HIS HAIR HAD RETURNED."

I HAVE been the victim of a somewhat singular persecution for several weeks past. When we came here to live, Judge Pitman was partially bald. Somebody induced him to apply to his head a hair restorative made by a Chicago man named Pulsifer. After using this liquid for a few months the judge was gratified to find that his hair had

returned ; and as he naturally regarded the remedy with admiration, he concluded that it would be simply fair to give expression to his feelings in some form. As I happened to be familiar with all the facts of the case, the judge induced me to draw up a certificate affirming them over my signature. This he mailed to Pulsifer. I have not yet ceased to regret the weakness which permitted me to stand sponsor for Judge Pitman's hair. Of course, Pulsifer immediately inserted the certificate, with my name and residence attached to it, in half the papers in the country, as a displayed advertisement, beginning with the words, "*Hope for the bald-headed ; the most remarkable cure on record,*" in the largest capital letters.

I have had faith in advertising since that time ; and Pulsifer had confidence in it too, for he wrote to me to know what I would take to get him up a series of similar certificates of cures performed by his other patent medicines. He had a Corn Salve which dragged a little in its sales, and he was prepared to offer me a commission if I would write him a strong letter to the effect that six or eight frightful corns had been eradicated from my feet with his admirable preparation. He was in a position also to do something handsome if I could describe a few miraculous cures that had been effected by his Rheumatic Lotion, or if I would name certain ruined stomachs which had, as it were, been born again through the influence of Pulsifer's Herb Bitters ; and from the manner in which he wrote, I think he would have taken me into partnership if I had consented to write an assurance that his Ready Relief had healed a bad leg of eighteen years standing ; and that I could never feel that my duty was honourably performed until he sent me a dozen bottles more for distribution among my friends whose legs were in that defective and tiresome condition. I was obliged to decline Pulsifer's generous offer.

I heard with singular promptness from other medical

men. Fillemup & Killem forwarded some of their Hair Tonic, with a request for me to try it on any bald heads I happened to encounter, and report. Doser & Co. sent on two packages of their Capillary Pills, with a suggestion to the effect that if Pitman lost his hair again he would get it back finally by following the enclosed directions. I also heard from Brown & Bromley, the agents for Johnson's Scalp Awakener. They sent me twelve bottles for distribution among my bald friends. Then Smith & Smithson wrote to say that a cask of their Vesuvian Wash for the hair would be delivered in my cellar by the Express Company; and a man called on me from Jones, Butler, & Co., with a proposition to pump out my vinegar barrel, and fill it with Balm of Peru for the gratuitous use of the afflicted in the vicinity.

But this persecution was simply unalloyed felicity when compared with the suffering that came in other forms. I will not attempt to give the number of the letters I received. I cherish a conviction that the mail received at our post-office doubled the first week after Judge Pitman's cure was announced to a hairless world. I think every bald-headed man in the Tropic of Cancer must have written to me at least twice upon the subject of Pulsifer's Renovator and Pitman's hair. Persons dropped me a line to inquire if Pitman's baldness was hereditary; and if so, if it came from his father's or his mother's side. One man, a phrenologist, sent on a plaster head mapped out into town-lots, with a suggestion that I should ink over the bumps that had been barest and most fertile in the case of Pitman. He said he had a little theory which he wanted to demonstrate. A man in San Francisco wrote to inquire if my Pitman was the same Pitman who came out to California in 1849 with a bald head; and if he was, would I try to collect two dollars Pitman had borrowed from him in that year? The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Vermont forwarded

.

eight pages of foolscap covered with an argument supporting the theory that it was impious to attempt to force hair to grow upon a head which had been made bald, because, although Elisha was bald, we find no record in the Bible that he used renovator of any kind. He warned Pitman to beware of Absalom's fate, and to avoid riding mules out in the woods. A woman in Snyder County, Pennsylvania, sent me a poem inspired by the incident, and entitled "Lines on the Return of Pitman's Hair." A party in Kansas desired to know whether I thought Pulsifer's Renovator could be used beneficially by a man who had been scalped. Two men in New Jersey wrote, in a manner totally irrelevant to the subject, to inquire if I could get each of them a good hired girl.

I received a confidential letter from a man who was willing to let me into a "good thing" if I had five hundred dollars cash capital. Mrs. Singerly, of Frankford, related that she had shaved her dog, and shaved him too close, and she would be relieved if I would inform her if the Renovator would make hair grow on a dog. A devoted mother in Rhode Island said her little boy had accidentally drank a bottle of the stuff, and she would go mad unless I could assure her that there was no danger of her child having his stomach choked up with hair. And over eleven hundred boys inquired what effect the Renovator would have on the growth of whiskers which betrayed an inclination to stagnation.

But the visitors were a more horrible torment. Bald men came to see me in droves. They persecuted me at home and abroad. If I went to church, the sexton would call me out during the prayers to see a man in the vestibule who wished to ascertain if Pitman merely bathed his head or rubbed the medicine in with a brush. When I went to a party, some bald-headed miscreant would stop me in the midst of the dance to ask if Pitman's hair began to grow in

1792.

"SOME BALD-HEADED MISCREANT WOULD STOP ME IN THE MIDST OF
THE DANCE."

the full of the moon or when it was new. While I was being shaved, some one would bolt into the shop and insist, as the barber held me by the nose, upon knowing whether Pitman wore ventilators in his hat. If I attended a wedding, as likely as not a bare-headed outlaw would stand by me at the altar and ask if Pitman ever slept in nightcaps; and more than once I was called out of bed at night by wretches who wished to learn, before they left the town, if I thought it hurt the hair to part it behind.

It became unendurable. I issued orders to the servants to admit to the house no man with a bald head. But that very day a stranger obtained admission to the parlour; and when I went down to see him, he stepped softly around, closed all the doors mysteriously, and asked me, in a whisper, if any one could hear us. Then he pulled off a wig; and handing me a microscope, he requested me to examine his scalp and tell him if there was any hope. I sent him over to see Pitman; and I gloat over the fact that he bored Pitman for two hours with his baldness.

I am sorry now that I ever wrote anything upon the subject of his hair. A bald Pitman, I know, is less fascinating than a Pitman with hair; but rather than have suffered this misery, I would prefer a Pitman without an eye-winker, or fuzz enough on him to make a camel's-hair pencil. But I shall hardly give another certificate of cure in any event. If I should see a patent medicine man take a mummy which died the year Joseph was sold into Egypt, and dose it until it kicked off its rags and danced the polka mazurka while it whistled the tune, I would die at the stake sooner than acknowledge the miracle on paper. Pitman's hair winds me up as far as medical certificates are concerned.

Chas. H. Clark ("Max Adeler").

MUSIC.

"ENDING BY SHINNING UP A TREE."

A WILD cat was listening with rapt approval to the melody of distant hounds tracking a remote fox.

"Excellent! *bravo!*" she exclaimed at intervals. "I could sit and listen all day to the like of that. I am passionately fond of music. *Ong core!*"

Presently the tuneful sounds drew near, whereupon she began to fidget, ending by shinning up a tree, just as the dogs burst into view below her, and stifling their songs upon the body of their victim before her eyes—which protruded.

"There is an indefinable charm," said she—"a subtle and tender spell—a mystery—a conundrum, as it were—in the sounds of an unseen orchestra. This is quite lost when the performers are visible to the audience. Distant music (if any) for your obedient servant!"

Ambrose Bierce ("Dod Grile")

MAXIMS.

NEVER spare the parson's wine, nor the baker's pudding.

A house without woman or firelight, is like a body without soul or sprite.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

Light purse, heavy heart.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

To lengthen thy life lessen thy meals.

He that drinks fast pays slow.

He is ill-clothed who is bare of virtue.

Beware of meat twice boil'd, and an old foe reconcil'd.

The heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.

Benjamin Franklin.

*MODEL OF A LETTER OF
RECOMMENDATION OF A PERSON YOU
ARE UNACQUAINTED WITH.*

PARIS, *April 2, 1777.*

SIR,—The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown, to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another! As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the favour that, on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honour to be, etc.

Benjamin Franklin.

ECHO-SONG.

I.

WHO can say where Echo dwells?
 In some mountain-cave methinks,
 Where the white owl sits and blinks;
 Or in deep sequestered dells,
 Where the foxglove hangs its bells,
 Echo dwells.
 Echo!
 Echo!

"WHO CAN SAY WHERE ECHO DWELLS?"

II.

Phantom of the crystal air,
 Daughter of sweet mystery !
 Here is one has need of thee ;
 Lead him to thy secret lair,
 Myrtle brings he for thy hair—
 Hear his prayer—
 Echo !
 Echo !

III.

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
 And repeat each charm'd word
 Thou must needs have overheard
 Yestere'en ere, rosy-red,
 Daphne down the valley fled—
 Words unsaid,
 Echo !
 Echo !

IV.

Breathe the vows she since denies !
 She hath broken every vow ;
 What she would she would not now—
 Thou didst hear her perjuries.
 Whisper, whilst I shut my eyes,
 Those sweet lies,
 Echo !
 Echo !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

COLONEL MULBERRY SELLERS.

COLONEL MULBERRY SELLERS was in his "library," which was his "drawing-room," and was also his "picture gallery," and likewise his "workshop." Sometimes he called it by one of these names, sometimes by another, according to occasion and circumstance. He was constructing what seemed to be some kind of a frail mechanical toy, and was apparently very much interested in his work. He was a white-headed man now, but otherwise he was as young, alert, buoyant, visionary, and enterprising as ever. His loving old wife sat near by, contentedly knitting and thinking, with a cat asleep in her lap. The room was large, light, and had a comfortable look—in fact, a home-like look—though the furniture was of a humble sort, and not over-abundant, and the knick-knacks and things that go to adorn a living-room not plenty and not costly. But there were natural flowers, and there was an abstract and unclassifiable something about the place which betrayed the presence in the house of somebody with a happy taste and an effective touch.

Even the deadly chromos on the walls were somehow without offence; in fact, they seemed to belong there, and to add an attraction to the room—a fascination, anyway; for whoever got his eye on one of them was like to gaze and suffer till he died—you have seen that kind of pictures. Some of these terrors were landscapes, some libelled the sea, some were ostensible portraits, all were crimes. All the portraits were recognisable as dead Americans of distinction, and yet, through labelling, added by a daring hand, they were all doing duty here as "Earls of Rossmore." The newest one had left the works as Andrew Jackson, but was doing its best now as "Simon Lathers Lord Rossmore, Present Earl." On one wall was a cheap old railroad map of Warwickshire.

This had been newly labelled, "The Rossmore Estates." On the opposite wall was another map, and this was the most imposing decoration of the establishment, and the first to catch a stranger's attention, because of its great size. It had once borne simply the title SIBERIA ; but now the word "FUTURE" had been written in front of that word. There were other additions, in red ink—many cities, with great populations set down, scattered over the vast country at points where neither cities nor populations exist to-day. One of these cities, with population placed at 1,500,000, bore the name "Libertyorloffskoizalinski," and there was a still more populous one, centrally located and marked "Capitol," which bore the name "Freedomslovnaivenovich."

The mansion—the Colonel's usual name for the house—was a rickety old two-storey frame of considerable size, which had been painted, some time or other, but had nearly forgotten it. It was away out in the ragged edge of Washington, and had once been somebody's country place. It had a neglected yard around it, with a paling fence that needed straightening up, in places, and a gate that would stay shut. By the door-post were several modest tin signs. "Col. Mulberry Sellers, Attorney-at-Law and Claim Agent," was the principal one. One learned from the others that the Colonel was a Materialiser, a Hypnotiser, a Mind-cure dabbler, and so on. For he was a man who could always find things to do.

A white-headed negro man, with spectacles and damaged white cotton gloves, appeared in the presence, made a stately obeisance, and announced—

"Marse Washington Hawkins, suh."

"Great Scott! Show him in, Dan'l, show him in."

The Colonel and his wife were on their feet in a moment, and the next moment were joyfully wringing the hands of a stoutish, discouraged-looking man, whose general aspect

"A STOUTISH, DISCOURAGED-LOOKING MAN."

suggested that he was fifty years old, but whose hair swore to a hundred.

"Well, well, well, Washington, my boy, it *is* good to look at you again. Sit down, sit down, and make yourself at home. There now—why, you look perfectly natural; ageing a little, just a little, but you'd have known him anywhere, wouldn't you, Polly?"

"Oh, yes, Berry, he's *just* like his pa would have looked if he'd lived. Dear, dear, where have you dropped from? Let me see, how long is it since——"

"I should say it's all of fifteen years, Mrs. Sellers."

"Well, well, how time does get away with us. Yes, and oh, the changes that——"

There was a sudden catch of her voice and a trembling of the lip, the men waiting reverently for her to get command of herself and go on; but, after a little struggle, she turned away with her apron to her eyes, and softly disappeared.

"Seeing you made her think of the children, poor thing—dear, dear, they're all dead but the youngest. But banish care, it's no time for it now—on with the dance, let joy be unconfided, is my motto—whether there's any dance to dance or any joy to unconfide, you'll be the healthier for it every time—every time, Washington—it's my experience, and I've seen a good deal of this world. Come, where have you disappeared to all these years, and are you from there now, or where are you from?"

"I don't quite think you would ever guess, Colonel. Cherokee Strip."

"My land!"

"Sure as you live."

"You can't mean it. Actually *living* out there?"

"Well, yes, if a body may call it that; though it's a pretty strong term for 'dobies and jackass rabbits, boiled beans and slap-jacks, depression, withered hopes, poverty in all its varieties——"

" Louise out there ? "

" Yes, and the children. "

" Out there now ? "

" Yes, I couldn't afford to bring them with me. "

" Oh, I see—you had to come—claim against the Government. Make yourself perfectly easy—I'll take care of that. "

" But it isn't a claim against the Government. "

" No? Want to be a postmaster? *That's* all right. Leave it to me. I'll fix it. "

" But it isn't postmaster—you're all astray yet. "

" Well, good gracious, Washington, why don't you come out and tell me what it is? What do you want to be so reserved and distrustful with an old friend like me for? Don't you reckon I can keep a se——" "

" There's no secret about it—you merely don't give me a chance to——" "

" Now, look here, old friend, I know the human race ; and I know that when a man comes to Washington, I don't care if it's from heaven, let alone Cherokee Strip, it's because he *wants* something. And I know that as a rule he's not going to get it ; that he'll stay and try for another thing and won't get that ; the same luck with the next and the next and the next ; and keeps on till he strikes bottom, and is too poor and ashamed to go back, even to Cherokee Strip ; and at last his heart breaks and they take up a collection and bury him. There—don't interrupt me, I know what I'm talking about. Happy and prosperous in the Far West, wasn't I? *You* know that. Principal citizen of Hawkeye, looked up to by everybody, kind of an autocrat, actually a kind of an autocrat, Washington. Well, nothing would do but I must go as Minister to St. James's, the Governor and everybody insisting, you know, and so at last I consented—no getting out of it, *had* to do it, so here I came. *A day too late,*

Washington. Think of that—what little things change the world's history—yes, sir, the place had been filled. Well, there I was, you see. I offered to compromise and go to Paris. The President was very sorry and all that, but that place, you see, didn't belong to the West, so there I was again. There was no help for it, so I had to stoop a little—we all reach the day some time or other when we've got to do that, Washington, and it's not a bad thing for us, either, take it by and large all around—I had to stoop a little and offer to take Constantinople, Washington, consider this—for it's perfectly true—within a month I *asked* for China; within another month I *begged* for Japan; one year later I was away down, down, down, supplicating with tears and anguish for the bottom office in the gift of the Government of the United States—Flint-picker in the cellars of the War Department. And by George I didn't get it."

"Flint-picker?"

"Yes. Office established in the time of the Revolution, last century. The musket-flints for the military posts were supplied from the capitol. They do it yet; for although the flint-arm has gone out and the forts have tumbled down, the decree hasn't been repealed—been overlooked and forgotten, you see—and so the vacancies where old Ticonderoga and others used to stand still get their six quarts of gun-flints a year just the same."

Washington said musingly after a pause:

"How strange it seems—to start for Minister to England at twenty thousand a year and fail for flint-picker at——"

"Three dollars a week. It's human life, Washington—just an epitome of human ambition, and struggle, and the outcome; you aim for the palace and get drowned in the sewer."

There was another meditative silence. Then Washington said, with earnest compassion in his voice—

"And so, after coming here, against your inclination, to

satisfy your sense of patriotic duty and appease a selfish public clamour, you get absolutely nothing for it."

"Nothing?" The Colonel had to get up and stand, to get room for his amazement to expand. "*Nothing*, Washington? I ask you this: to be a Perpetual Member and the *only* Perpetual Member of a Diplomatic Body accredited to the greatest country on earth—do you call that nothing?"

It was Washington's turn to be amazed. He was stricken dumb; but the wide-eyed wonder, the reverent admiration expressed in his face, were more eloquent than any words could have been. The Colonel's wounded spirit was healed, and he resumed his seat, pleased and content. He leaned forward and said, impressively—

"What was due to a man who had become for ever conspicuous by an experience without precedent in the history of the world?—a man made permanently and diplomatically sacred, so to speak, by having been connected, temporarily, through solicitation, with every single diplomatic post in the roster of this government, from Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James all the way down to Consul to a guano rock in the Straits of Sunda—salary payable in guano—which disappeared by volcanic convulsion the day before they got down to my name in the list of applicants. Certainly something august enough to be answerable to the size of this unique and memorable experience was my due, and I got it. By the common voice of this community, by acclamation of the people, that mighty utterance which brushes aside laws and legislation, and from whose decrees there is no appeal, I was named Perpetual Member of the Diplomatic Body, representing the multifarious sovereignties and civilisations of the globe near the republican court of the United States of America. And they brought me home with a torchlight procession."

"It is wonderful, Colonel—simply wonderful."

"It's the loftiest official position in the whole earth."

"I should think so—and the most commanding."

"You have named the word. Think of it. I frown, and there is war; I smile, and contending nations lay down their arms."

"It is awful. The responsibility, I mean."

"It is nothing. Responsibility is no burden to me; I am used to it; have always been used to it."

"And the work—the work! Do you have to attend all the sittings?"

"Who, I? Does the Emperor of Russia attend the conclaves of the governors of the provinces? He sits at home and indicates his pleasure."

Washington was silent a moment, then a deep sigh escaped him.

"How proud I was an hour ago; how paltry seems my little promotion now! Colonel, the reason I came to Washington is—I am Congressional Delegate from Cherokee Strip!"

The Colonel sprang to his feet and broke out with prodigious enthusiasm—

"Give me your hand, my boy—this is immense news! I congratulate you with all my heart. My prophecies stand confirmed. I always said it was in you. I always said you were born for high distinction and would achieve it. You ask Polly if I didn't."

Washington was dazed by this most unexpected demonstration.

"Why, Colonel, there's nothing *to* it. That little, narrow, desolate, unpeopled, oblong streak of grass and gravel, lost in the remote wastes of the vast continent—why, it's like representing a billiard table—a discarded one."

"Tut-tut, it's a great, it's a staving preferment, and just opulent with influence here."

"Shucks, Colonel, I haven't even a vote."

"That's nothing, you can make speeches."

"No, I can't. The population only two hundred——"

"That's all right, that's all right——"

"And they hadn't any right to elect me; we're not even a territory, there's no Organic Act, the government hasn't any official knowledge of us whatever."

"Never mind about that; I'll fix that. I'll rush the thing through, I'll get you organised in no time."

"*Will* you, Colonel?—it's *too* good of you; but it's just your old sterling self, the same old, ever-faithful friend," and the grateful tears welled up in Washington's eyes.

"It's just as good as done, my boy, just as good as done. Shake hands. We'll hitch teams together, you and I, and we'll make things hum!"

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain").

THE OWL-CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS.

"**W**HO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:

The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding.
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?"

I make no apology ;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over the town ! ”
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true :
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed ;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so !
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears.
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !

"THE OWL, VERY GRAVELY, GOT DOWN FROM HIS PERCH."

To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business ! ”
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass ;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down ;
Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark
I would stuff in the dark
An owl better than that,
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather.”

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :
“ Your learning's at fault *this* time, any way ;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir critic, good-day ! ”
And the barber kept on shaving.

Jas. T. Fields.

ANNIHILATES AN OBERLINITE.

COLUMBUS, O.,
June the 21, '62.

I WUZ onto my way to Columbus to attend the annoal gatherin uv the fatheful at that city, a dooty I hev religusly performed fer over 30 yeres. Ther wuz but wun seet vakent in the car, and onto that I sot down. Presently a gentleman carryin uv a karpit bag, sot down beside me, and we towunst commenst conversashen. After discussin the crops, the wether, et settry, I askt wher he resided.

"In Oberlin," sez he.

"Oberlin!" shriekt I. "Oberlin! wher Ablishnism runs rampant—wher a nigger is 100 per cent. better ner a white man—wher a mulatto is a obgik uv pitty on account uv hevin white blood. Oberlin! that stonest the Dimekratik prophets, and woodent be gathered under Vallandygum's wings as a hen hawk gathereth chickens, at no price—Oberlin, that gives all the profits uv her college to the support uv the underground ralerode——"

"But," sez he.

"Oberlin," continyood I, "that reskoos niggers, and sets at defians the benifisent laws fer takin on em back to their kind and heavenly-minded masters—Oberlin——"

"My jentle frend," sez he, "Oberlin don't do nuthin uv the kind. Yoo've bin misinformed. Oberlin respex the laws, and hez now a body uv her galyent sons in the feeld a fightin to manetane the Constooshn."

"A fightin to manetane the Constooshn," retordid I. "My frend" (and I spoke impressively), "no Oberlin man is a doin any sich thing. Oberlin never fit for no Constooshn. Oberlin commenst this war, Oberlin wuz the prime cause uv all the trubble. Wat wuz the beginnin uv it. Our Suthrin brethrin wantid the territories—Oberlin objectid. They wantid Kansas fer ther blessid instooshn—Oberlin agin objects. They sent colonies with muskits and sich, to hold the terrytory—Oberlin sent 2 thowsand armed with Bibles and Sharp's rifles—two instooshns Dimocrisy cood never stand afore—and druv em out. They wantid Breckinridge fer President—Oberlin refused and elektid Linkin. Then they seceded, and why is it that they still hold out?"

He made no anser.

"Becoz," continyood I, transfixin him with my penetratin gaze, "Oberlin won't submit. We mite 2-day hev peese, ef Oberlin wood say to Linkin, 'Resine!' and to Geff Davis, 'Come up higher!' When I say Oberlin,

understand it ez figgerative fer the entire Ablishn party, uv wich Oberlin is the fountin hed. There's wher the trubble is. Our Suthern brethren wuz reasonable. So long ez the dimocrisy controid things, and they got all they wanted, they wuz peeceable. Oberlin ariz—the dimocrisy wuz beet down, and they riz up agin it."

Jest eggsactly 80-six yeres ago, akordin to Jayneses almanac, a work wich I perooz annually with grate delite, the Amerykin Eagle (whose portrate any wun who possessis a 5 cent peece kin behold) wuz born, the Goddis uv Liberty bein its muther, the Spirit uv Freedom its sire, Tomas Gefferson actin ez physician on the occasion. The proud bird growd ez tho it slept on guano—its left wing dipt into the Pasific, its rite into the Atlantic, its beek thretened Kanady, while his magestik tale cast a shadder ore the Gulf. Sich wuz the Eagle up to March, '61. Wat is his condishn now? His hed hangs, his tale droops, ther's no strength in his talons. Wat's the trubble? Oberlin. He hed bin fed on nigger fer yeres, and hed thrived on the diet. Oberlin got the keepin uv him—she withholds his nateral food—and onless Oberlin is whaled this fall, down goes the Eagle.

Petroleum V. Nasby.

AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT.

To the Authors of the Journal of Paris.

MESSIEURS,—You often entertain us with accounts of new discoveries. Permit me to communicate to the public, through your paper, one that has lately been made by myself, and which I conceive may be of great utility.

I was the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced

and much admired for its splendour ; but a general inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded, in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments, when every other article of family expense was so much augmented.

I was pleased to see this general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly.

I went home, and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental sudden noise waked me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light ; and I imagined at first that a number of those lamps had been brought into it ; but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived the light came in at the windows. I got up and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted, the preceding evening, to close the shutters.

I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was but six o'clock ; and still thinking it something extraordinary that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanac, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward, too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till towards the end of June ; and that at no time in the year he retarded his rising so long as till eight o'clock. Your readers who, with me, have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regarded the astronomical part of the almanac, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early, and especially when I assure them, *that he gives light as soon as he rises*. I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own

eyes. And, having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result.

Yet so it happens that when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive by their countenances, though they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One, indeed, who is a learned natural philosopher, has assured me that I must certainly be mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming into my room ; for it being well known, as he says, that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows that none could enter from without, and that of consequence, my windows being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness ; and he used many ingenious arguments to show me how I might, by that means, have been deceived. I owned that he puzzled me a little, but he did not satisfy me ; and the subsequent observations I made, as above mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion.

This event has given rise in my mind to several serious and important reflections. I consider that if I had not been awakened so early in the morning I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived six hours the following night by candle-light ; and the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculations, which I shall give you, after observing that utility is, in my opinion, the test of value in matters of invention, and that a discovery which can be applied to no use, or is not good for something, is good for nothing.

I took for the basis of my calculation the supposition that there are 100,000 families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of *bougies*, or candles, per hour. I think this is a moderate allowance,

"WHEN I SPEAK OF THIS DISCOVERY TO OTHERS."

taking one family with another ; for though I believe some consume less, I know that many consume a great deal more. Then estimating seven hours per day, as the medium quantity between the time of the sun's rising and ours, he rising during the six following months from six to eight hours before noon, and there being seven hours of course per night in which we burn candles, the account will stand thus :—

In the six months between the 20th of March and the 20th of September there are—

Nights	183
Hours of each night in which we burn candles	7

Multiplication gives for the total number of hours	1281
--	------

These 1281 hours multiplied by 100,000, the number of inhabitants, give	128,100,000
---	-------------

One hundred twenty-eight millions and one hundred thousand hours, spent at Paris by candle-light, which, at half a pound of wax and tallow per hour, gives the weight of	64,050,000
--	------------

Sixty-four millions and fifty thousand of pounds, which, estimating the whole at the medium price of thirty sols the pound, makes the sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand <i>livres tournois</i>	96,075,000
---	------------

An immense sum ! that the city of Paris might save every year, by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles.

If it should be said that people are apt to be obstinately attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to induce them to rise before noon, consequently my discovery can be of little use ; I answer, *Nil desperandum*. I believe all who have common sense, as soon as they have learned from this paper that it is daylight when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him ; and to compel the rest, I would propose the following regulations :—

First. Let a tax be laid of a louis per window on every

window that is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun.

Second. Let the same salutary operation of police be made use of, to prevent our burning candles, that inclined us last winter to be more economical in burning wood ; that is, let guards be placed in the shops of the wax and tallow chandlers, and no family be permitted to be supplied with more than one pound of candles per week.

Third. Let guards also be posted to stop all the coaches, etc., that would pass the street after sunset, except those of physicians, surgeons, and midwives.

Fourth. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing ; and if that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to see their true interest.

All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days, after which the reformation will be as natural and easy as the present irregularity, for *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable he will go willingly to bed at eight in the evening ; and, having had eight hours sleep, he will rise more willingly at four in the morning following. But this sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres is not the whole of what may be saved by my economical project. You may observe that I have calculated upon only one-half of the year, and much may be saved in the other, though the days are shorter. Besides, the immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed during the summer will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue them cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported.

For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other

reward whatever. I expect only to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little envious minds who will, as usual, deny me this, and say that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people that the ancients knew not the sun would rise at certain hours—they possibly had, as we have, almanacs that predicted it—but it does not follow thence that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose*. This is what I claim as my discovery. If the ancients knew it, it might have been long since forgotten, for it certainly was unknown to the moderns, at least to the Parisians, which to prove I need use but one plain, simple argument. They are as well instructed, judicious, and prudent a people as exist anywhere in the world, all professing, like myself, to be lovers of economy; and, from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the state, have surely an abundant reason to be economical. I say it is impossible that so sensible a people, under such circumstances, should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing.

Benjamin Franklin.

THE CASE OF SILAS JAFFREY.

A MAN with a passion for *bric-à-brac* is always stumbling over antique bronzes, intaglios, mosaics, and daggers of the time of Benvenuto Cellini; the bibliophile finds creamy vellum folios and rare Alduses and Elzevirs waiting for him at unsuspected bookstalls; the numismatist has but to stretch forth his palm to have priceless coins drop into it. My own weakness is odd people, and I am constantly

encountering them. It was plain I had unearthed a couple of very queer specimens at Bayley's Four Corners. I saw that a fortnight afforded me too brief an opportunity to develop the richness of both, and I resolved to devote my spare time to Mr. Jaffrey alone, instinctively recognising in him an unfamiliar species.

My professional work in the vicinity of Greenton left my evenings and occasionally an afternoon unoccupied; these intervals I purposed to employ in studying and classifying my fellow-boarder. It was necessary, as a preliminary step, to learn something of his previous history, and to this end I addressed myself to Mr. Sewell that same night.

"I do not want to seem inquisitive," I said to the landlord, as he was fastening up the bar, which, by the way, was the *salle à manger* and general sitting-room. "I do not want to seem inquisitive, but your friend Mr. Jaffrey dropped a remark this morning at breakfast which—which was not altogether clear to me."

"About Mehetabel?" asked Mr. Sewell uneasily

"Yes."

"Well, I wish he wouldn't!"

"He was friendly enough in the course of conversation to hint to me that he had not married the young woman, and seemed to regret it."

"No, he didn't marry Mehetabel."

"May I inquire *why* he didn't marry Mehetabel?"

"Never asked her. Might have married the girl forty times. Old Elkin's daughter over at K——, she'd have had him quick enough. Seven years off and on, he kept company with Mehetabel, and then she died."

"And he never asked her?"

"He shilly-shallied. Perhaps he didn't think of it. When she was dead and gone, then Silas was struck all of a heap,—and that's all about it."

Obviously Mr. Sewell did not intend to tell me any-

thing more, and obviously there was more to tell. The topic was plainly disagreeable to him for some reason or other, and that unknown reason of course piqued my curiosity.

As I had been absent from dinner and supper that day, I did not meet Mr. Jaffrey again until the following morning at breakfast. He had recovered his bird-like manner, and was full of a mysterious assassination that had just taken place in New York, all the thrilling details of which were at his fingers' ends. It was at once comical and sad to see this harmless old gentleman, with his naïve, benevolent countenance, and his thin hair flaming up in a semicircle like the foot-lights at a theatre, revelling in the intricacies of the unmentionable deed.

"You come up to my room to-night," he cried with horrid glee, "and I'll give you my theory of the murder. I'll make it as clear as day to you that it was the detective himself who fired the three pistol-shots."

It was not so much the desire to have this point elucidated as to make a closer study of Mr. Jaffrey that led me to accept his invitation.

Mr. Jaffrey's bedroom was in an L of the building, and was in no way noticeable except for the numerous files of newspapers neatly arranged against the blank spaces of the walls, and a huge pile of old magazines which stood in one corner, reaching nearly up to the ceiling, and threatening each instant to topple over like the Leaning Tower at Pisa. There were green paper shades at the windows, some faded chintz valances about the bed, and two or three easy-chairs covered with chintz. On a black walnut shelf between the windows lay a choice collection of meerschaum and brier-wood pipes.

Filling one of the chocolate-coloured bowls for me, and another for himself, Mr. Jaffrey began prattling; but not about the murder, which appeared to have flown out of his

mind. In fact, I do not remember that the topic was even touched upon, either then or afterwards.

"Cosy nest this," said Mr. Jaffrey, glancing complacently over the apartment. "What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and bluebirds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last spring. In summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit trees under the window; so I have singing birds all the year round. I take it very easy here, I can tell you, summer and winter. Not much society. Tobias is not, perhaps, what one would term a great intellectual force, but he means well. He's a realist, believes in coming down to what he calls 'the hard pan;' but his heart is in the right place, and he's very kind to me. The wisest thing I ever did in my life was to sell out my grain business over at K——, thirteen years ago, and settle down at the Corners. When a man has made a competency, what does he want more? Besides, at that time an event occurred which destroyed any ambition I may have had,—Mehetabel died."

"The lady you were engaged to?"

"N-o, not precisely engaged. I think it was quite understood between us, though nothing had been said on the subject. Typhoid," added Mr. Jaffrey, in a low tone.

For several minutes he smoked in silence, a vague, troubled look playing over his countenance. Presently this passed away, and he fixed his grey eyes speculatively upon my face.

"If I had married Mehetabel," said Mr. Jaffrey, slowly, and then he hesitated.

I blew a ring of smoke into the air, and, resting my pipe on my knee, dropped into an attitude of attention.

"If I had married Mehetabel, you know, we should have had—ahem!—a family."

"Very likely," I assented, vastly amused at this unexpected turn.

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Jaffrey, explosively.

"By all means, certainly, a son."

"Great trouble about naming the boy Mehetabel's family want him named Elkanah Elkins, after her grandfather; I want him named Andrew Jackson. We compromise by christening him Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey. Rather a long name for such a short little fellow," said Mr. Jaffrey, musingly.

"Andy isn't a bad nickname," I suggested.

"Not at all. We call him Andy in the family. Somewhat fractious at first,—colic and things. I suppose it is right, or it wouldn't be so; but the usefulness of measles, mumps, croup, whooping-cough, scarlatina, and fits is not visible to the naked eye. I wish Andy would be a model infant, and dodge the whole lot."

This supposititious child, born within the last few minutes, was clearly assuming the proportions of a reality to Mr. Jaffrey. I began to feel a little uncomfortable. I am, as I have said, a civil engineer, and it is not strictly in my line to assist at the births of infants, imaginary or otherwise. I pulled away vigorously at the pipe and said nothing.

"What large blue eyes he has," resumed Mr. Jaffrey, after a pause; "just like Hetty's; and the fair hair, too, like hers. How oddly certain distinctive features are handed down in families! sometimes a mouth, sometimes a turn of the eyebrow. Wicked little boys, over at K——, have now and then derisively advised me to follow my nose. It would be an interesting thing to do. I should find my nose flying about the world, turning up unexpectedly here and there, dodging this branch of the family and reappearing

in that, now jumping over one great-grandchild to fasten itself upon another, and never losing its individuality. Look at Andy. There's Elkanah Elkin's chin to the life. Andy's chin is probably older than the Pyramids. Poor little thing," he cried, with a sudden, indescribable tenderness, "to lose his mother so early!"

And Mr. Jaffrey's head sunk upon his breast, and his shoulders slanted forward, as if he were actually bending over the cradle of the child.

The whole gesture and attitude was so natural that it startled me. The pipe slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Jaffrey, with a deprecating motion of his hand. "Andy's asleep!"

He rose softly from the chair, and, walking across the room on tiptoe, drew down the shade at the window through which the moonlight was streaming. Then he returned to his seat, and remained gazing with half-closed eyes into the drooping embers.

I refilled my pipe and smoked in profound silence, wondering what would come next. But nothing came next. Mr. Jaffrey had fallen into so brown a study, that, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when I wished him good-night and withdrew, I do not think he noticed my departure. I am not what is called a man of imagination; it is my habit to exclude most things not capable of mathematical demonstration; but I am not without a certain psychological insight, and I think I understood Mr. Jaffrey's case.

I could easily understand how a man with an unhealthy, sensitive nature, overwhelmed by sudden calamity, might take refuge in some forlorn place like this old tavern, and dream his life away. To such a man—brooding for ever on what might have been, and dwelling only in the realm of his fancies—the actual world might indeed become as a dream, and nothing seem real but his illusions.

I daresay that thirteen years of Bayley's Four Corners would have its effect upon me; though instead of conjuring up golden-haired children of the Madonna, I should probably see gnomes and kobolds and goblins engaged in hoisting false signals and misplacing switches for midnight express trains.

"No doubt," I said to myself that night, as I lay in bed, thinking over the matter, "this once possible but now impossible child is a great comfort to the old gentleman,—a greater comfort, perhaps, than a real son would be. Maybe Andy will vanish with the shades and mists of

"MR. JAFFREY WHISPERED TO ME."

night, he's such an unsubstantial infant; but if he doesn't, and Mr. Jaffrey finds pleasure in talking to me about his son, I shall humour the old fellow. It wouldn't be a Christian act to knock over his harmless fancy."

I was very impatient to see if Mr. Jaffrey's illusion would stand the test of daylight. It did. Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey was, so to speak, alive and kicking the next morning. On taking his seat at the breakfast table, Mr. Jaffrey whispered to me that Andy had had a comfortable night.

"Silas!" said Mr. Sewell, sharply, "what are you whispering about?"

Mr. Sewell was in an ill humour; perhaps he was jealous because I had passed the evening in Mr. Jaffrey's room; but surely Mr. Sewell could not expect his boarders to go to bed at eight o'clock every night, as he did. From time to time during the meal Mr. Sewell regarded me unkindly out of the corner of his eye, and in helping me to the parsnips he poniarded them with quite a suggestive air. All this, however, did not prevent me from repairing to the door of Mr. Jaffrey's snugery when night came.

"Well, Mr. Jaffrey, how's Andy this evening?"

"Got a tooth!" cried Mr. Jaffrey, vivaciously.

"No!"

"Yes, he has! Just through. Gave the nurse a silver dollar. Standing reward for first tooth."

It was on the tip of my tongue to express surprise that an infant a day old should cut a tooth, when I suddenly recollected that Richard III. was born with teeth.

Feeling myself to be on unfamiliar ground, I suppressed my criticism. It was well I did so, for in the next breath I was advised that half a year had elapsed since the previous evening.

"Andy's had a hard six months of it," said Mr. Jaffrey, with the well-known narrative air of fathers. "We've brought him up by hand. His grandfather, by the way, was brought up by the bottle"—and brought down by it, too, I added mentally, recalling Mr. Sewell's account of the old gentleman's tragic end.

Mr. Jaffrey then went on to give me a history of Andy's first six months, omitting no detail however insignificant or irrelevant. This history I would in turn inflict upon the reader, if I were only certain that he is one of those dreadful parents who, under the ægis of friendship, bore you at a

street-corner with that remarkable thing which Freddy said the other day, and insist on singing to you at an evening party the Iliad of Tommy's woes.

But to inflict this *enfantillage* upon the unmarried reader would be an act of wanton cruelty. So I pass over that part of Andy's biography, and, for the same reason, make no record of the next four or five interviews I had with Mr. Jaffrey. It will be sufficient to state that Andy glided from extreme infancy to early youth with astonishing celerity,—at the rate of one year per night, if I remember correctly; and—must I confess it?—before the week came to an end, this invisible hobgoblin of a boy was only little less of a reality to me than to Mr. Jaffrey.

At first I had lent myself to the old dreamer's whim with a keen perception of the humour of the thing; but by-and-by I found I was talking and thinking of Miss Mehetabel's son as though he were a veritable personage. Mr. Jaffrey spoke of the child with such an air of conviction!—as if Andy were playing among his toys in the next room, or making mud-pies down in the yard. In these conversations, it should be observed, the child was never supposed to be present, except on that single occasion when Mr. Jaffrey leaned over the cradle. After one of our séances I would lie awake until the small hours, thinking of the boy, and then fall asleep only to have indigestible dreams about him. Through the day, and sometimes in the midst of complicated calculations, I would catch myself wondering what Andy was up to now! There was no shaking him off; he became an inseparable nightmare to me; and I felt that if I remained much longer at Bayley's Four Corners I should turn into just such another bald-headed, mild-eyed visionary as Silas Jaffrey.

Then the tavern was a gruesome old shell anyway, full of unaccountable noises after dark,—rustlings of garments along unfrequented passages, and stealthy footfalls in

unoccupied chambers overhead. I never knew of an old house without these mysterious noises.

Next to my bedroom was a musty, dismantled apartment, in one corner of which, leaning against the wainscot, was a crippled mangle, with its iron crank tilted in the air like the elbow of the late Mr. Clem Jaffrey. Sometimes,

“In the dead vast and middle of the night,”

I used to hear sounds as if some one were turning that rusty crank on the sly. This occurred only on particularly cold nights, and I conceived the uncomfortable idea that it was the thin family ghosts, from the neglected graveyard in the cornfield, keeping themselves warm by running each other through the mangle. There was a haunted air about the whole place that made it easy for me to believe in the existence of a phantasm like Miss Mehetabel's son, who, after all, was less unearthly than Mr. Jaffrey himself, and seemed more properly an inhabitant of this globe than the toothless ogre who kept the inn, not to mention the silent witch of Endor that cooked our meals for us over the bar-room fire.

In spite of the scowls and winks bestowed upon me by Mr. Sewell, who let slip no opportunity to testify his disapprobation of the intimacy, Mr. Jaffrey and I spent all our evenings together—those long autumnal evenings, through the length of which he talked about the boy, laying out his path in life, and hedging the path with roses. He should be sent to the High School at Portsmouth, and then to college; he should be educated like a gentleman, Andy.

“When the old man dies,” said Mr. Jaffrey, rubbing his hands gleefully, as if it were a great joke, “Andy will find that the old man has left him a pretty plum.”

“What do you think of having Andy enter West Point when he's old enough?” said Mr. Jaffrey, on another

occasion. "He needn't necessarily go into the army when he graduates; he can become a civil engineer."

This was a stroke of flattery so delicate and indirect, that I could accept it without immodesty.

There had lately sprung up on the corner of Mr. Jaffrey's bureau a small tin house, Gothic in architecture, and pink in colour, with a slit in the roof, and the word "Bank" painted on one façade. Several times in the course of an evening Mr. Jaffrey would rise from his chair, without interrupting the conversation, and gravely drop a nickel through the scuttle of the bank. It was pleasant to observe the solemnity of his countenance as he approached the edifice, and the air of triumph with which he resumed his seat by the fireplace. One night I missed the tin bank. It had disappeared, deposits and all. Evidently there had been a defalcation on rather a large scale. I strongly suspected that Mr. Sewell was at the bottom of it; but my suspicion was not shared by Mr. Jaffrey, who, remarking my glance at the bureau, became suddenly depressed. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I have failed to instil into Andrew those principles of integrity—which—which——" And the old gentleman quite broke down.

Andy was now eight or nine years old, and for some time past, if the truth must be told, had given Mr. Jaffrey no inconsiderable trouble. What with his impishness and his illnesses, the boy led the pair of us a lively dance. I shall not soon forget the anxiety of Mr. Jaffrey the night Andy had the scarlet fever,—an anxiety which so affected me that I actually returned to the tavern the following afternoon earlier than usual, dreading to hear the little spectre was dead, and greatly relieved on meeting Mr. Jaffrey on the door-step with his face wreathed in smiles. When I spoke to him of Andy, I was made aware that I was inquiring into a case of scarlet fever that had occurred the year before!

It was at this time, towards the end of my second week at Greenton, that I noticed what was probably not a new trait,—Mr. Jaffrey's curious sensitiveness to atmospherical changes. He was as sensitive as a barometer. The approach of a storm sent his mercury down instantly. When the weather was fair he was hopeful and sunny, and Andy's prospects were brilliant. When the weather was overcast and threatening he grew restless and despondent, and was afraid the boy wasn't going to turn out well.

On the Saturday previous to my departure, which had been fixed for Monday, it had rained heavily all the afternoon, and that night Mr. Jaffrey was in an unusually excitable and unhappy frame of mind. His mercury was very low indeed.

"That boy is going to the dogs just as fast as he can go," said Mr. Jaffrey, with a woful face. "I can't do anything with him."

"He'll come out all right, Mr. Jaffrey. Boys will be boys. I wouldn't give a snap for a lad without animal spirits."

"But animal spirits," said Mr. Jaffrey, sententiously, "shouldn't saw off the legs of the piano in Tobias's best parlour. I don't know what Tobias will say when he finds it out."

"What, has Andy sawed off the legs of the old spinet?" I returned, laughing.

"Worse than that."

"Played upon it, then?"

"No, sir. He has lied to me!"

"I can't believe that of Andy."

"Lied to me, sir," repeated Mr. Jaffrey, severely. "He pledged me his word of honour that he would give over his climbing. The way that boy climbs sends a chill down my spine. This morning, notwithstanding his solemn promise, he shinned up the lightning-rod attached to the extension,

and sat astride the ridge-pole. I saw him, and he denied it! When a boy you have caressed and indulged and lavished pocket-money on lies to you, and *will* climb, then there's nothing more to be said. He's a lost child."

"You take too dark a view of it, Mr. Jaffrey. Training and education are bound to tell in the end, and he has been well brought up."

"But I didn't bring him up on a lightning-rod, did I? If he is ever going to know how to behave, he ought to know now. To-morrow he will be eleven years old."

The reflection came to me that if Andy had not been brought up by the rod, he had certainly been brought up by the lightning. He was eleven years old in two weeks!

I essayed to tranquillise Mr. Jaffrey's mind, and to give him some practical hints on the management of youth, with that perspicacious wisdom which seems to be the peculiar property of bachelors and elderly maiden ladies.

"Spank him," I suggested, at length.

"I will!" said the old gentleman.

"And you'd better do it at once!" I added, as it flashed upon me that in six months Andy would be a hundred and forty-three years old!—an age at which parental discipline would have to be relaxed.

The next morning, Sunday, the rain came down as if determined to drive the quicksilver entirely out of my poor friend. Mr. Jaffrey sat bolt upright at the breakfast-table, looking as woe-begone as a bust of Dante, and retired to his chamber the moment the meal was finished. As the day advanced, the wind veered round to the north-east, and settled itself down to work. It was not pleasant to think, and I tried not to think, what Mr. Jaffrey's condition would be if the weather did not mend its manners by noon; but so far from clearing off at noon, the storm increased in violence, and as night set in the wind whistled in a spiteful falsetto key, and the rain lashed the old tavern as if it were

a balky horse that refused to move on. The windows rattled in the worm-eaten frames, and the doors of remote rooms, where nobody ever went, slammed-to in the maddest way. Now and then the tornado, sweeping down the side of Mount Agamenticus, bowled across the open country and struck the ancient hostelry point-blank.

Mr. Jaffrey did not appear at supper. I knew he was expecting me to come to his room as usual, and I turned over in my mind a dozen plans to evade seeing him that night.

The landlord sat at the opposite side of the chimney-place, with his eye upon me. I fancy he was aware of the effect of this storm on his other boarder; for at intervals, as the wind hurled itself against the exposed gable, threatening to burst in the windows, Mr. Sewell tipped me an atrocious wink, and displayed his gums in a way he had not done since the morning after my arrival at Greenton. I wondered if he suspected anything about Andy. There had been odd times during the past week when I felt convinced that the existence of Miss Mehetabel's son was no secret to Mr. Sewell.

In deference to the gale, the landlord sat up half-an-hour later than was his custom. At half-past eight he went to bed, remarking that he thought the old pile would stand till morning.

He had been absent only a few minutes when I heard a rustling at the door. I looked up and beheld Mr. Jaffrey standing on the threshold, with his dress in disorder, his scant hair flying, and the wildest expression on his face.

"He's gone!" cried Mr. Jaffrey.

"Who? Sewell! Yes, he just went to bed."

"No, not Tobias,—the boy!"

"What, run away?"

"No,—he is dead! He has fallen off a step-ladder in the red chamber and broken his neck!"

"AN ATROCIOUS WINK."

Mr. Jaffrey threw up his hands with a gesture of despair and disappeared. I followed him through the hall, saw him go into his own apartment, and heard the bolt of the door drawn to. Then I returned to the bar-room and sat for an hour or two in the ruddy glow of the fire, brooding over the strange experience of the last fortnight.

On my way to bed I paused at Mr. Jaffrey's door, and, in a lull of the storm, the measured respiration within told me that the old gentleman was sleeping peacefully.

Slumber was coy with me that night. I lay listening to the souging of the wind and thinking of Mr. Jaffrey's illusion. It had amused me at first with its grotesqueness; but now the poor little phantom was dead. I was conscious that there had been something pathetic in it all along. Shortly after midnight the wind sunk down, coming and going fainter and fainter, floating around the eaves of the tavern with a gentle, murmurous sound, as if it were turning itself into soft wings to bear away the spirit of a little child.

Perhaps nothing that happened during my stay at Bayley's Four Corners took me so completely by surprise as Mr. Jaffrey's radiant countenance the next morning. The morning itself was not fresher or sunnier. His round face literally shone with geniality and happiness. His eyes twinkled like diamonds, and the magnetic light of his hair was turned on full. He came into my room while I was packing my valise. He chirped and prattled and carolled, and was sorry I was going away,—but never a word about Andy. However, the boy had probably been dead several years then!

The open waggon that was to carry me to the station stood at the door; Mr. Sewell was placing my case of instruments under the seat, and Mr. Jaffrey had gone up to his room to get me a certain newspaper containing an account

of a remarkable shipwreck on the Auckland Islands. I took the opportunity to thank Mr. Sewell for his courtesies to me, and to express my regret at leaving him and Mr. Jaffrey.

"I have become very much attached to Mr. Jaffrey," I said; "he is a most interesting person; but that hypothetical boy of his, that son of Miss Mehetabel's——"

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Mr. Sewell, testily, "fell off a step-ladder and broke his dratted neck. Eleven year old, wasn't he? Always does, jest at that point. Next week Silas will begin the whole thing over again if he can get anybody to listen to him."

"I see; our amiable friend is a little queer on that subject."

Mr. Sewell glanced cautiously over his shoulder, and, tapping himself significantly on the forehead, said in a low voice—

"Room to let. Unfurnished!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

*PECK'S BAD BOY.**"PA TAKING HIS DEGREE."*

"**S**AY, are you a Mason, or a Nodfellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am; but what set you to thinking of that?" asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with a half-pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Oddfellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin', only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, Pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd-fellers did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big ; and I asked Pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room, and purtend to nishiate, and Pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable. Say, did you know they keep a goat in a livery stable so the horses won't get sick? They get used to the smell of the goat, and after that nothing can make them sick but a glue factory. You see my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when Ma and Pa was out riding, and he blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his hoofs.

"Well, my chum and me practised with that goat until he could bunt the picture of a goat every time. We borried a bock beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night Pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds ; and Pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked Pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and Pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime that was so improving to our intellex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blatting ; so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps. We

went upstairs, and told Pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say, 'A pilgrim, who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side-saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason's lodge you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and Pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a laffing, and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right towards the closet sign, and I put the bock beer sign right against Pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked Pa in low bass tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for bear, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole bizness, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to Pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him Bump.'

"Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the

kyan pepper on the goat's moustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the lager beer goat rearing up, and he started for it just like a crow-catcher, and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he got hit, and he grunted and said, 'What you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and Pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat; and Ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters Pa and Ma and the goat were all in a heap, and Pa was yelling murder, and Ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting, and sneezing, and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat reared up and blatted, and Pa and Ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see Ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell, and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiased too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the side walk, blatting, and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlour and said he was stabbed, and then Pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and he didn't know the minister was there, and he said cuss words, and Ma cried and told Pa he would go to the bad place sure, and Pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat afore he went, and I told Pa the minister was in the parlour, and he and Ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed, and none of them sot down but Ma, cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they were talking relidgin with their mouths, and kussin' the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and

I went and stayed with him all night, and I haven't been home since. But I don't believe Pa will lick me, 'cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat hisself, and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way, and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, 'cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good-bye, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

George W. Peck.

BRITISH KNOCK

LONDON, *October 30, 1802.*

I HAVE lately made a most important discovery which has disclosed one of the great secrets of English rank. You, in the United States, knowing nothing of this, will consider the following authentic history of rank a singular curiosity.

They have confined the several species of man within

such definite limits, in this country, that the moment they hear a knocking at the doors, they can tell you whether it be a servant, a postman, a milkman, a half or whole gentleman, a very great gentleman, a knight, or a nobleman.

A servant is bound to lift the knocker once; should he usurp a nobleman's knock he would hazard his situation. A postman knocks twice, very loudly. A milkman knocks once, at the same time sending forth an artificial noise, not unlike the yell of an American Indian. A mere gentleman usually knocks three times, moderately; a terrible fellow feels authorised to knock thrice, very loudly, generally adding to these two or three faint knocks, which seem to run into each other; but there is considerable art in doing this elegantly, therefore it is not always attempted; but it is a valuable accomplishment. A stranger who should venture at an imitation would undoubtedly be taken for an upstart. A knight presumes to give a *double knock*, that is six raps, with a few faint ones at the end. I have not yet ascertained the various peculiarities which distinguish the degrees between the baronet and the nobleman; but this I know too well, that a nobleman, at any time of night, is allowed to knock so long and loud, that the whole neighbourhood is frequently disturbed; and although fifty people may be deprived of their night's rest, there is no redress at law or at equity. Nor have I learned how long and loud a prince of the blood presumes to knock, though doubtless he might knock an hour or two by way of distinction.

You may hold your sides if you please, but I assure you I am perfectly serious. These people are so tenacious of their prerogative, that a true-blooded Englishman goes near to think it a part of British liberty. Indeed, I am convinced I could place certain Englishmen in a situation, in which, rather than knock at a door but once, they would fight a duel every day in the week. Good heavens, how

would a fine gentleman appear if obliged to knock but once at the door of a fashionable lady to whose party he had been invited, while at the same moment a number of his everyday friends, passing by, might observe the circumstance! I cannot conceive of a more distressing occurrence. The moment he entered the room the eyes of the whole company would be turned on him; he would believe himself disgraced for ever, he would feel himself annihilated, for all his imaginary consequence, without which an Englishman feels himself to be nothing, would have forsaken him.

You may imagine it a very easy matter to pass from the simple *rap* of the servant to that of the nobleman; but let me inform you these little monosyllables stand in the place of Alpine mountains, which neither vinegar nor valour can pass. Hercules and Theseus, those vagabond but respectable bullies, who govern by personal strength instead of a standing army, would have hesitated an enterprise against these raps. They have, by prescription, risen nearly to the dignity of Common Law, of which strangers as well as natives are bound to take notice. I was lately placed in a pleasant position through ignorance of this. Soon after my arrival I received an invitation to dine with a gentleman, and in my economical way, with the greatest simplicity, I gave one reasonable rap; after a considerable time a servant opened the door and asked me *what I wanted!* I told him Mr. ——. He replied “His *master* has company, but will see if he can be spoken with.” In the meantime I was left in the entry. Presently Mr. — came, who, a little mortified, began to reprove the servant; but it appeared in the sequel he was perfectly right, for on telling Mr. — “*I knocked but once,*” he burst into a laugh, and said he would explain that at dinner.

Should an honest fellow, ignorant of the consequences of these raps, come to London in search of a place, and unfortunately knock at a gentleman’s door, after the manner

of noblemen, it might prejudice him as much as a prayer-book once prejudiced a certain person in Connecticut. The anecdote is this :—

A young adventurer, educated Church-of-England-wise, on going forth to seek his fortune, very naturally put his prayer-book in his pocket. Wandering within the precincts of Connecticut, he offered his service to a farmer, who, after asking him a thousand questions (a New England custom), gave him employment ; but in the evening, the unlucky prayer-book being discovered, he fairly turned the poor wight out of doors to get a lodging where he could.

You know the Connecticut *Blue Laws* made it death for a priest, meaning a clergyman of the Church of England, to be found within that State. Thank heaven, those days are past. “God, liberty, and toleration,” whether a man prefers a prayer-book to the missal, or the Koran to a prayer-book, or a single rap at a door to the noise of a dozen.

Adieu.

N.B.—You must keep this letter a profound secret, as we have certain gentlemen on our side of the Atlantic who would, in imitation of the noblemen here, disturb their neighbours.

William Austin.

A CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

"WHILE PITMAN SEIZED THE SUFFERER BY ONE ARM, I GRABBED
THE OTHER."

IT is extremely probable that we shall lose our servant-girl. She was the victim of a very singular catastrophe a night or two since, in consequence of which she has acquired a prejudice against the house of Adeler. We were troubled with dampness in our cellar, and in order to remove the difficulty we got a couple of men to come and dig the earth out to the depth of twelve or fifteen inches, and fill it in with a cement and mortar floor. The material was, of course, very soft, and the workmen laid boards upon the

surface, so that access to the furnace and the coal-bin was possible. That night, just after retiring, we heard a woman screaming for help ; but after listening at the open window, we concluded that Cooley and his wife were engaged in an altercation, and so we paid no more attention to the noise. Half-an-hour afterwards there was a violent ring at the front door bell, and upon going to the window again I found Pitman standing upon the door step below. When I spoke to him he said—

“Max,”—the judge is inclined sometimes, especially during periods of excitement, to be unnecessarily familiar,—“there’s somethin’ wrong in your cellar. There’s a woman down there screechin’ and carryin’ on like mad. Sounds ’s if somebody’s a-murderin’ her.”

I dressed and descended ; and securing the assistance of Pitman, so that I would be better prepared in the event of burglars being discovered, I lighted a lamp and we went into the cellar.

There we found the maid-servant standing by the refrigerator, knee-deep in the cement, and supporting herself with the handle of a broom, which was also half-submerged. In several places about her were air-holes marking the spot where the milk-jug, the cold veal, the Lima beans, and the silver-plated butter-dish had gone down. We procured some additional boards, and while Pitman seized the sufferer by one arm I grasped the other. It was for some time doubtful if she would come to the surface without the use of more violent means, and I confess that I was half inclined to regard with satisfaction the prospect that we would have to blast her loose with gunpowder. After a desperate struggle, during which the girl declared that she would be torn in pieces, Pitman and I succeeded in getting her safely out, and she went upstairs with half a barrel of cement on each leg, declaring that she would leave the house in the morning.

The cold veal is in there yet. Centuries hence some antiquarian will perhaps grub about the spot whereon my cottage once stood, and will blow that cold veal out in a petrified condition, and then present it to a museum as the fossil remains of some unknown animal. Perhaps, too, he will excavate the milk-jug and the butter-dish, and go about lecturing upon them as utensils employed in bygone ages by a race of savages called "The Adellers." I should like to be alive at the time to hear that lecture. And I cannot avoid the thought that if our servant had been completely buried in the cement, and thus carefully preserved until the coming of that antiquarian, the lecture would be more interesting, and the girl more useful than she is now. A fossilised domestic servant of the present era would probably astonish the people of the twenty-eighth century.

Chas. H. Clark ("Max Adeler").

MRS. PARTINGTON IN COURT.

"I TOOK my knitting-work and went up into the gallery," said Mrs. Partington, the day after visiting one of the city courts; "I went up into the gallery, and, after I had adjusted my specs, I looked down into the room, but I couldn't see any courting going on. An old gentleman seemed to be asking a good many impertinent questions,—just like some old folks,—and people were sitting around making minuets of the conversation. I don't see how they made out what was said, for they all told different stories. How much easier it would be to get along if they were all made to tell the same story! What a sight of trouble it would save the lawyers! The case, as they call it, was given to the jury, but I couldn't see it, and a gentleman with a long pole was made to swear that he'd keep an eye

on 'em, and see that they didn't run away with it. Bimeby in they came agin, and then they said somebody was guilty of something, who had just said he was innocent, and didn't know nothing about it no more than the little baby that had never subsistence. I come away soon afterwards; but I couldn't help thinking how trying it must be to sit there all day, shut out from the blessed air!"

Benjamin Penhallon Shillaber
 ("Mrs. Partington").

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
 One's money from his purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains;
 A fellow jumps from out a bush,
 And takes your horse's reins,
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends,
 In such a lonely spot;
 It's very hard to lose your cash,
 But harder to be shot;
 And so you take your wallet out,
 Though you would rather not.

—
"IT'S HARD TO MEET SUCH PRESSING FRIENDS,
IN SUCH A LONELY SPOT."

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some odious creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come ;
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb

Poor "Home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place ;
Your "Auld Acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round !

No ! pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But, if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And, if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MISS CRUMP'S SONG.

MISS CRUMP was inexorable. She declared that she was entirely out of practice. "She scarcely ever touched the piano;" "Mamma was always scolding her for giving so much of her time to French and Italian, and neglecting her music and painting; but she told mamma the other day that it really was so irksome to her to quit Racine and Dante, and go to thrumming upon the piano, that, but for the obligations of filial obedience, she did not think she should ever touch it again."

Here Mrs. Crump was kind enough, by the merest accident in the world, to interpose, and to relieve the company from farther anxiety.

"Augusta, my dear," said she, "go and play a tune or two; the company will excuse your hoarseness."

Miss Crump rose immediately at her mother's bidding, and moved to the piano, accompanied by a large group of smiling faces.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Crump, as she went forward, "she is frightened to death. I wish Augusta could overcome her diffidence."

Miss Crump was educated in Philadelphia; she had been taught to sing by Madame Piggisqueaki, who was a pupil of Ma'm'selle Crokifroggietta, who had sung with Madame Catalani; and she had taken lessons on the piano from Signor Buzzifussi, who had played with Paganini.

She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now puts off to the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and the left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in

like manner. The right turned, and repeated its first movement; but the left outran it this time, hopped over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as I thought, fairly vanquished. But I was in the error against which Jack Randolph cautions us; "it had only fallen back to a stronger position." It mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of "snake charming" beyond dispute. The left rushed furiously towards it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the bass keys.

It continued its assaults, sometimes by the way of the naturals, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag through both; but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary, and expired.

Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano gave forth during the conflict. Certain it is, no one can describe them, and, therefore, I shall not attempt it. The battle ended, Miss Augusta moved as though she would have arisen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once.

"One song, my dear Aurelia," said Miss Small; "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing in Philadelphia, and which Madame Piggisqueaki was so fond of."

Miss Augusta looked pitifully at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Augusta; accordingly, she squared herself for a song.

She brought her hands to the campus this time in fine style, and they seemed now to be perfectly reconciled to each other. They commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and the left responding bass very loudly. The conference had been kept up until I began to desire a change of the subject, when my ear

"SOME VERY CURIOUS SOUNDS, WHICH APPEARED TO PROCEED FROM
THE LIPS OF MISS AUGUSTA."

caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Augusta; they seemed to be compounded of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and a whisper; and they were introduced, it

appeared to me, as interpreters between the right and the left.

Things progressed in this way for about the space of fifteen seconds, when I happened to direct my attention to Mr. Jenkins, from Philadelphia. His eyes were closed, his head rolled gracefully from side to side; a beam of heavenly complacency rested upon his countenance; and his whole man gave irresistible demonstration that Miss Crump's music made him feel good all over. I had just turned from the contemplation of Mr. Jenkins' transports, to see whether I could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Crump made a fly-catching grab at half-a-dozen keys in a row and at the same instant she fetched a long, dunghill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grabbed as many keys with her left. This came over Jenkins like a warm bath, and over me like a rake of bamboo briers.

My nerves had not recovered from this shock before Miss Augusta repeated the movement. and accompanied it with a squall of a pinched cat. This threw me into an ague fit; but, from respect to the performer, I maintained my position.

She now made a third grasp with the right, boxed the faces of six keys in a row with the left, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of a human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all her reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed it, she raked it, she scraped it. Her neck-vein swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eye glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl, when I took the St. Vitus's dance, and rushed out of the room. "Good Lord," said a bystander, "if this be her *singing*, what must her *crying be!*" As I reached the door I heard

a voice exclaim, "By heavens! she's the most enchanting performer I ever heard in my life!" I turned to see who was the author of this ill-timed compliment, and who should it be but Nick Truck, from Lincoln, who seven years before was dancing "Possum up the Gumtree" in the chimney-corner of his father's kitchen. Nick had entered the counting-room of a merchant in Charleston some five or six years before, had been sent out as supercargo of a vessel to Bordeaux, and while the vessel was delivering one cargo and taking in another, had contracted a wonderful relish for French music.

As for myself, I went home in convulsions; took sixty drops of laudanum, and fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in a beautiful city, the streets of which intersected each other at right angles; that the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest had gathered there for battle, the former led on by a Frenchman, the latter by an Italian; that I was looking on their movements towards each other, when I heard the cry of "Hecate is coming!" I turned my eye to the north-east, and saw a female flying through the air toward the city, and distinctly recognised in her the features of Miss Crump. I took the alarm, and was making my escape, when she gave command for the beasts and birds to fall on me. They did so, and, with all the noises of the animal world, were in the act of tearing me to pieces, when I was waked by the stepping of Hall, my room-mate, into bed.

"Oh, my dear sir," exclaimed I, "you have waked me from a horrible dream. What o'clock is it?"

"Ten minutes after twelve," said he.

"And where have you been to this late hour?"

"I have just returned from the party."

"And what kept you so late?"

"Why, I disliked to retire while Miss Crump was playing."

"In mercy's name!" said I, "is she playing yet?"

"Yes," said he; "I had to leave her playing at last."

"And where was Jenkins?"

"He was there, still in ecstasies, and urging her to play on."

"And where was Truck?"

"He was asleep."

"And what was she playing?"

"An Italian——"

Here I swooned, and heard no more.

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet.

A POLYGLOT BARBER.

CEB. 1192

MY first tonsorial experience is in a barber shop of the old town of Prinkipo. Most of the barbers are polyglotically inclined. My particular barber is either a Greek, a Maltese, a Slav, a Bulgarian, or a Montenegrin. It is impossible at first to tell his native tongue. He has French glibly. He speaks a "leetle Inglis," and understands less. He is well up in Italian, as many of the families in this vicinage are. He had some knowledge of Spanish, as kindred to the Italian. This extraordinary learning always gives me a shudder, and especially when under his razor or shears. Being a stranger on the island, and having no very pronounced national features, it was

equally difficult for him to ascertain my nationality, except by inquisition long and pitiless. All I could do was to arm myself with the affirmatives and negatives of various languages. With these I made myself complaisant, to save my face from bloodshed. My first conversation with this artist confirmed the general reputation as to the gossip quality of the Barber of Seville. He had all the gossip of the isles, including its languages. The conversation ran somewhat after this style—

Barber: "You have been here long?"

I reply in Bohemian, "*Ne!*"

He easily understood that.

"You are here for your health?"

I reply in Danish, affirmatively and negatively, "*Ja!*" "*Nei, minherre!*" "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." This puzzled him.

"An army gentleman, perhaps?"

I reply in German, "*Nein, mein herr.*"

"Oh, then you are a navy officer?"

Having in view my position as admiral of the launch, I reply in Hungarian; because, *lucus a non lucendo*, Hungary is an inland country, and, like our own, without a navy.

"*Igen!*" "Yes."

"Your vessel is at Constantinople?"

Remembering that there was an Italian emigrant named Christopher Columbus of naval renown, I reply: "*Sì, signore.*"

"You will bring your vessel to Prinkipo?"

Ah! here was my opportunity. It is the modern Greek in which I reply: "*Nae vevayos.*"

He is thunderstruck. It is evidently his mother-tongue. Likely he has a Polish father; who knows? When he asks me in French—

"Will your vessel touch at Athens?"

I respond in Polish, "*Tak!*" "No." And then, with some hesitation, I add the French word, "*Petêtre.*" "Perhaps."

"You will visit Egypt?"

"*Sim, senhor.*" This is Portuguese for "Yes, sir."

The gesture or the manner with which these responses are made encourages him, for he immediately asks whether I have ever been in Alabania. I have no negative or affirmative in any of the languages of the Adriatic. My Dalmatian servitor, Pedro, is absent, and my next best affirmative is in Russian.

"*Do prawda.*" Perhaps, being affiliated with the Slav, he understands this language.

"You have never been in Egypt?"

As the pine and the palm are associated in my mind, and having connected the Polar midnight sun with the Pyramids of the Pharaohs, I respond in Swedish, making it intense—

"*Ja!*" adding a little affirmative in Roumanian, to give intensity to the remark, "*Gie.*"

After a pause in the conversation he resumes. He believes that he has my nationality fixed. He surmises that I am from some Balkan province, and he asks—

"Have you been in Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Herzegovina?"

Knowing that I could not answer this truthfully, and not being able to answer it partially, I give him back in Roumanian an emphatic negative—

"*Na canna, bucca.*"

"You have been quite a traveller!"

This suggests the Chinese as the fitting language for the affirmative, and I say—

"*She!*"

Having no reference to Haggard's novel, for it was not then out. To make the "*she*" expressive I add another affirmative, which I had carefully studied while boarding with the Chinese Legation in Washington.

"*Ta Jin!*"

"You like the Chinese, Monsieur?"

Having succeeded so well with the Chinese, I answer promptly in the negative—

"*Puh!*"

This monosyllable disgusts him. His subordinates gather around the chair where I was being shaved, interested in this composite conversation. The artist then asks if I had visited Jerusalem. Here was my great breakdown. Notwithstanding I had represented a Hebrew community in New York, with more synagogues than Jerusalem had in the time of Solomon, I was at a loss for a Hebrew affirmative. Happy thought! I respond promptly in the Arabic tongue, with its guttural peculiarity—

"*Na'am.*"

It sounded to me after I uttered it like profanity, and I fell back as gracefully as I could, waiting for the next attack, and equipped with a Japanese expletive.

"You like Constantinople?"

I respond in a sweet Japanese accent—

"*Sama, san!*"

"How long have you been in Constantinople?"

I give it to him in English—

"I arrived there in the year 1851—thirty-six years ago."

"*Mon Dieu!—mon Dieu!—mon Dieu!*" he exclaims, "Have you lived there ever since that time?"

"*Beaucoup, Monsieur!*"

He has not yet learned my nationality. I am afraid every moment that he will strike America. It comes—

"Perhaps you have been in America?"

"Wa'al, yaas, I guess!"

He could not understand this, for he had not been educated at Robert College, nor had he abided in Vermont. I ask him in French which America he means. He says—

"South America. I have a cousin of my wife's there, and I would like to know how the country looks."

"*Le nom du cousin de votre femme ?*" I ask.

"Pierre Moulka Pari Michipopouli. He is like you, Monsieur—quite a traveller."

Then began a fusillade of questions and rattling replies.

"You have lived in Paris, Monsieur?"

"*Jamais !*" "Never." "Been to Genoa?" "*Si, Signore.*" "Ah, you are English, are you not?" With the intense Turkish negative I respond, "*Yok !*" "French?" "*Non.*" "German?" "*Nein.*" "Sclav?" "*Nee.*" "Italian?" "*No, Signore.*" "Ah! Espagnol? You look like one."

"Pardon, Monsieur, I am not."

"Well," said he, taking breath, "will you tell me, Monsieur, where you do come from?"

"Don't you remember the only nation in the world where the barber is as good as a king?" I said proudly.

"Oh, Switzerland. *Sapristi! Corpo de Bacco!*"

Understanding that last remark perfectly, I offer him a cigarette, and say, "No, I am not Swiss."

"Brazeel?" "*Jamais.*"

The way that barber rubs the unguent into my hairless scalp and hirsute beard shows that he is a disappointed man.

The next time I visit the shop I receive marked attention. The hands all rise up. They pick up the earth in a Turkish *salaam*. They distribute it in courtesy to the American minister, whom they have meanwhile discovered. As I have been frequently turned away from the doors of our American Congress after twenty-five years' service, because I did not act or look like a member, so I was unrecognised here, by the "*Oi Barberoi,*" as having no national characterisation. America was the last race or people to which this Greek barber assigned me.

Samuel S. Cox.

AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"YIS, sur. It's many a wan av yure countrymin Oi've taken over the Causeway, sur."

"How do you know what countryman I am?"

"Thrust me fur knowing the American accent, sur."

"I haven't the American accent. You have it. Go to New York if you don't believe me."

"There's many an Oirishman there, I'm tould, sur."

"More than in Dublin."

"De ye tell me thot, sur? Well, sur, Oi took Ginerall Grant himsilf over the Causeway, and a foine mawn he was. An' Ginerall Sheridan, too, sur. Many's the great mawn Oi've taken over the Causeway, sur."

"Besides me?"

"Well, sur, ye may be the greatest av thim all, sur; fur, as Oi've often noticed, them that's laste like it is sometimes bether than they look, sur."

"True. So we won't pursue *that* subject any further."

"Oi took the Duke av Connaught himsilf down this very road, sur, an' do you know what he says to me, sur? He says, 'Pat,' says he, 'have ye had anything to ate the day?' 'Saving yer presence, sur,' says Oi, 'except a bite at breakfast'—an' before the words were out of my mout', says the Duke to me, says he, 'Sit down wid us,' says he; an' no sooner said than done, and Oi had moy lunch with the Duke av Connaught. De ye moind *thot*, now?"

"That was a great honour—for the Duke."

"It was—what's that, sur? It was a great honour fur *me*, sur."

"Just depends on how a man looks at it. If you think it was a great honour for you, it was."

"An' Oi've taken great professors over the Causeway, sur

—min that knew more in wan minute, sur, than you and Oi wud know in all our loives, sur. An' they've tould me that this was the greatest soight in the whole wurrold."

"Curious how education develops the power of lying."

"Loying is it, sur? Don't you know that there's nothing in the whole wurrold loike the Goiant's Causeway, sur?"

"What for? For mud?"

"The road *is* a troifle muddy at this toime av the year, sur. It's not many comes to see it in the winther toime, sur; indade, yure the first wan this week. There's a power av rain in the nort' av Oireland in the winter toime, sur."

"How much further away is this Causeway?"

"Is it the Causeway, sur? But a troifle, sur. Ye'll see it the minute we turn that bit av rock, sur. Sure an' begorra it's well worth the walk, for there is no place that is as noted as the Causeway, sur."

"Yes. They told me about it at Derry. That's why I came."

"De ye mane to say, sur, that ye niver heard av the Goiant's Causeway till ye came to Derry? Well, sur, Oi've taken tins av thousands av people over this ground, sur, and yure the first wan that iver tould me he never heard av the Causeway. Where were ye brought up, sur?"

"I'm a Belfast man."

"De ye mane thot? Troth! Oi don't think the professors are the biggest loiers, saving yer prisince, sur."

"Where's your old Causeway? We're round that rock now."

"Where's the Causeway is it, sur? Where should it be but just before yer two eyes?"

"You don't mean that foundation, do you?"

"What foundation, sur?"

"Looks like as if a building society had started a big stone tabernacle, and went bankrupt when the foundation was laid."

"The greatest min in this wurrold, sur, tould me that——"

"Never mind what the greatest men said. *Is* that the Causeway? That's what I want settled."

"It is, sur."

"Let's get back."

"Back, is it, sur? Troth, ye'r not there yet. Divil a fut will Oi go back till ye've seen what ye paid for, sur."

"All right, I'll go on—under protest—merely to please you, you know."

"Oi'm afraid ye'r hard to plaze yersilf, sur. It's wan av the siven wondhers av the wurrold, sur."

"That people come here? It *is* a wonder, as you say. I'll bet they don't come a second time."

"Now, beggin' ye'r pardon, ye'r wrong there, sur. Not the sickond toime, but the twintieth toime have Oi known educated min to come, sur. And the aftener a man av sinse sees it, sur, the more wondherful he thinks it. Now, sur, ye'r fut is on the smaller Causeway, and be careful how you stip, fur it's moighty slippery undherfut. There are three Causeways, sur, the Great Causeway bein' in the centhre, and that we'll come to in a minute, sur."

"What is it used for?"

"The Causeway, is it?"

"Yes."

"It's used for nothin' at all, sur."

"Then why did they go to all this expense?"

"What expinse, sur?"

"The building of it."

"Be all the powers, sur, it's surely not running through your hid that the Goiant's Causeway was built by the hand av man, sur!"

"How was it built, then? By contract?"

"Oi see plainly Oi'll hav to begin at the beginnin' wid you, sur. It was built by a mighty convulsion av nathure, sur."

"Oh, yes, I remember reading about it in the papers at the time. It was the beginning of the Irish troubles."

"It was at the beginning av toime, sur. Professor Gneiss, av Edinburgh, tould me its origin was volcanic, and that——"

"Oh, you can't believe what a professor says. Was *he* there?"

"He was not."

"Well, then!"

"If you, sur, will excuse the liberty Oi'll take, sur, in recommending you to kape silence fur a few minutes, sur, ye'll know a good dale more whin ye lave here than ye did whin ye came, sur."

"All right; go ahead."

"These columns, sur, are basaltic."

"What's that?"

"It's a term used by Professor Gneiss. Now Oi'll call ye'r attention to the ind av this column. That we call octagon, meaning eight-sided, as ye can see. And if yer measure the eight sides, sur, yer'll foind them the same to a hair's breadth."

"And yet you say nobody chiselled it?"

"Oi do, sur."

"You evidently think I'll believe anything. But no matter. Go on, go on."

"Now, if ye'll notice, around this octagon are eight other pillars, forming an octagon group, as we call thim here, sur, all the columns being aqual in size. Now, sur, if ye follow me here, ye will see a septagon column, from the Latin word maning siven, and around that there are siven columns."

"Is there any sixtogan one?"

"There is not, sur."

"It's a sort of seven-by-eight Causeway then?"

"There, sur, Oi tould ye ye would slip down, sur. A man broke his leg there once. Are ye hurt, sur?"

"Not in the least."

"Thank the powers for that, sur! Oi always notice that the quieter a man kapes, the more attention he can pay to his futin'."

"And you're paid to do the talking, too. I hadn't thought about that."

"Now, sur, ye see from here the Great Causeway. Isn't that a grand soight, sur?"

"Well, that depends on what you call a——"

"Oh! tare an' 'owns, sur, ye've kilt yerself entoirely this toime. Don't attempt to roise, sur, till Oi get down to ye. Dear! dear!! Are ye badly hurt, sur?"

"Groggy, but still in the ring. Say, are my trousers——"

"They *are* torn a little, sur, Oi regret to say."

"Why the Old Harry didn't you tell me this place was so slippery? Do you want to break a man's neck over this Causeway of yours?"

"Sure, sur, Oi warned ye the very first afgo. Beggin' your pardon, sur, if ye'd pay as much attintion to ye'r fut as you do to your tongue——"

"Who's been doing all the talking? Have I opened my mouth since we started? Well, now that we're down here, what's there to see?"

"Ye see these columns, sur. They're the tallest in the Causeway. Ye can see their formation now, sur. They're all in short lengths of three or four feet, and every joint is a perfect ball and socket wan."

"What's the object of the ball and socket?"

"Ah, who can tell that, sur?"

"Hadn't the professor some pet fiction about it?"

"He *did* say, sur——"

"I was sure of it."

"——That it was on account of the uneven cooling of the lava. Now, look at this, sur. This is—*be* careful, sur. Ye were nearly aff that toime again. This is the Goiant's

"DON'T ATTEMPT TO ROISE, SUR, TILL OI GET DOWN TO YE."

Wishin' Chair. If ye sit down here, ye can have three wishes, sur."

"I won't sit down."

"Have ye nothing to wish, sur?"

"No. All I wanted was to meet the biggest liar in the world, but I don't need to wish for that now."

"Then ye've met him, sur. Well, Oi suppose ye like company, sur?"

"Anything else to be seen around here?"

"Do ye see those basaltic columns on the face av the cliff, sur? That's the Goiant's Organ, sur."

"Who plays on it?"

"Well, sur, the storms do. When the wind comes dhiving in from the Atlantic, and the waves lash up the Causeway, they do be sayin' that whin the timpast is at its hoight all the grand tones av an organ can be heard comin' from thim pipes."

"Good enough. That's worth the money. Here you are. I must be going now to catch my train. Good-bye."

"Here's a very dacent mon, sur, that sells picturs av the Causeway."

"I don't care for any."

"They're very chape, sur."

"I want to forget the Causeway."

"Then good-bye, sur, an' thank ye, sur."

"Good-bye."

The Guide (to the Picture-seller): "De ye see thot mon sprawlin' over the Causeway? Well, thot's the dombdest fule Oi iver tuk over these racks. Oi wouldn't take that mon over the Causeway agin fur all the money in the North av Oireland. De ye mind *thot* now?"

Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp").

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;
Dey had b'ano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a 'Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und every dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house ;

"VENT SHFINNEN' ROUND UND ROUND,"

Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane.
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit dapple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dot barty now ?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dot float on de moundain's prow ?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All gonied afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de Ewigkeit.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

OUR NEW BEDSTEAD.

"WE HAD TO TURN OUT EVERY HOUR."

I HAVE bought me a new patent bedstead, to facilitate early rising, called a "wake-up." It is a good thing to rise early in the country. Even in the winter time it is conducive to health to get out of a warm bed by lamplight ; to shiver into your drawers and slippers ; to wash your face in a basin of ice-flakes ; and to comb out your frigid hair with an uncompromising comb, before a frosty looking-glass. The only difficulty about it lies in the impotence of human will. You will deliberate about it and argue the point. You will indulge in specious pretences, and lie still

with only the tip end of your nose outside the blankets ; you will pretend to yourself that you *do* intend to jump out in a few minutes ; you will tamper with the good intention, and yet indulge in the delicious luxury. To all this the “wake-up” is inflexibly and triumphantly antagonistic. It is a bedstead with a clock scientifically inserted in the head-board. When you go to bed you wind up the clock, and point the index-hand to that hour on the dial at which you wish to rise in the morning. Then you place yourself in the hands of the invention and shut your eyes.

You are now, as it were, under the guardianship of King Solomon and Doctor Benjamin Franklin. There is no need to recall those beautiful lines of the poet’s—

“ Early to bed and early to rise,
Will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Science has forestalled them. The “wake-up” is a combination of hard wood, hinges, springs, and clock-work, against sleeping late o’ mornings. It is a bedstead with all the beautiful vitality of a flower—it opens with the dawn. If, for instance, you set the hand against six o’clock in the morning, at six the clock at the bed’s head solemnly strikes a demi-twelve on its sonorous bell. If you pay no attention to the monitor, or idly, dreamily endeavour to compass the coherent sequence of sounds, the invention, within the succeeding two minutes, drops its tail-board and lets down your feet upon the floor. While you are pleasantly defeating this attempt upon your privacy by drawing up your legs within the precincts of the blankets, the virtuous head-board and the rest of the bed suddenly rise up in protest ; and the next moment, if you do not instantly abdicate, you are launched upon the floor by a blind elbow that connects with the crank of an eccentric, that is turned by a cord that is wound around a drum, that is moved by an endless screw, that revolves within the body of the

machinery. So soon as you are turned out, of course, you waive the balance of the nap and proceed to dress.

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, contemplatively, after the grimy machinists had departed, "this machine is one of the most remarkable evidences of progress the ingenuity of man has yet developed. In this bedstead we see a host of cardinal virtues made practical by science. To rise early one must possess courage, prudence, self-denial, temperance, and fortitude. The cultivation of these virtues, necessarily attended with a great deal of trouble, may now be dispensed with, as this engine can entirely set aside, and render useless, a vast amount of moral discipline. I have no doubt in a short time we shall see the finest attributes of the human mind superseded by machinery. Nay, more; I have very little doubt that, as a preparatory step in this great progress, we shall have physical monitors of cast-iron and wheel-work to regulate the ordinary routine of duty in every family."

Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she did not precisely understand what I meant.

"For instance," said I, in continuation, "we dine every day; as a general thing, I mean. Now sometimes we eat too much, and how easy, how practicable it would be to regulate our appetites by a banquet-dial. The subject, having had the superficial area of his skull and the cubic capacity of his body worked out respectively by a licensed craniologist and by a licensed corporalogist, gets from each a certificate, which certificates are duly registered in the county clerk's office. From the county clerk he received a permit, marked, we will say, ten."

"Not ten pounds, I hope," said Mrs. S.

"No, my dear," I replied, "ten would be the average of his capacity. We will now suppose the chair, in which the subject is seated at dinner, rests upon a pendulous platform, over a delicate arrangement of levers, connected

with an upright rod, that runs through the section of table in front of his plate, and this rod, we will suppose, is toothed into a ratchet-wheel, that moves the index of the banquet-dial. You will see at once that, as he hangs balanced in this scale, any absorption of food would be instantly indicated by the index. All then he is called upon to do is to watch the dial until the hand points to 'ten,' and then stop eating."

"But," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "suppose he shouldn't be half through?"

"Oh!" said I, "that would not make any difference. When the dial says he has had enough, he must quit."

"But," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "suppose he *would not* stop eating?"

"Then," said I, "the proper way to do would be to inform against him, and have him brought immediately before a justice of the peace, and if he did not at once swear that he had eaten within his limits, fine him, and seize all the victuals on his premises."

"Oh!" said Mrs. S., "you would have a law to regulate it, then?"

"Of course," said I, "a statute—a statutory provision, or provisionary act. Then, the principle once being established, you see how easily and beautifully we could be regulated by the simplest motive powers. All the obligations we now owe to society and to ourselves could be dispensed with, or rather transferred to, or vested in, some superior machine, to which we would be accountable by night and day. Nay, more than that, instead of sending representatives to legislate for us, how easy it would be to construct a legislature of bronze and wheel-work—an incorruptible legislature. I would suggest a hydraulic or pneumatic congress as being less liable to explode, and more easily graduated than one propelled by steam simply. All that would be required of us then would be to elect a

state engineer annually, and he, with the assistance of a few underlings, could manage the automata as he pleased."

"I do not see," replied Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "how that would be an improvement upon the present method, from all I hear."

This unexpected remark of Mrs. S. surprised me into silence for a moment, but immediately recovering, I answered, that a hydraulic or pneumatic legislature would at least have this advantage—it would construct enactments for the State at, at least, one-fiftieth part of the present expense, and at the same time do the work better and quicker.

"Now, my dear," said I, as I wound up the ponderous machinery with a huge key, "as you are always an early riser, and as, of course, you will be up before seven o'clock, I will set the indicator at that hour, so that you will not be disturbed by the progress of science. It is getting to be very cold, my dear, but how beautiful the stars are to-night. Look at Orion and the Pleiades! Intensely lustrous in the frosty sky."

The sensations one experiences in lying down upon a complication of mechanical forces are somewhat peculiar if they are not entirely novel. I once had the pleasure, for one week, of sleeping over the boiler of a high-pressure Mississippi steamboat; and, as I knew in case of a blow up I should be the first to hear of it, I composed my mind as well as I could under the circumstances. But this reposing upon a bed of statics and dynamics, with the constant chirping and crawling of wheel-work at the bed's head, with a thought now and then of the inexorable iron elbow below, and an uncertainty as to whether the clock itself might not be too fast, or too slow, caused me to be rather reflective and watchful than composed and drowsy.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed the lucent stars in their blue depths, and the midnight moon, now tipping the Palisades

with a fringe of silver fire, and was thinking how many centuries that lovely light had played upon those rugged ridges of trap and basalt, and so finally sinking from the reflective to the imaginative, and from the imaginative to the indistinct, at last reached that happy state of half consciousness, between half asleep and asleep, when the clock in the machine woke up, and suddenly struck eight. Of course I knew it was later, but I could not imagine why it should at all, as I presumed the only time of striking was in the morning by way of signal. As Mrs. S. was sound asleep, I concluded not to say anything to her about it; but I could not help thinking what an annoyance it would be if the clock should keep on striking the hours during the night. In a little while the bedclothes seemed to droop at the foot of the bed, to which I did not pay much attention, as I was just then engaged listening to the drum below, that seemed to be steadily engaged in winding up its rope and preparing for action. Then I felt the upper part of the patent bedstead rising up, and then I concluded to jump out, just as the iron elbow began to utter a cry like unto the cry of a steel Katydid, and did jump, but was accidentally preceded by the mattress, one bolster, two pillows, ditto blankets, a brace of threadbare linen sheets, one coverlid, the baby, one cradle (overturned), and Mrs. Sparrowgrass. To gather up these heterogeneous materials of comfort required some little time, and, in the meanwhile, the bedstead subsided. When we retired again, and were once more safely protected from the nipping cold, although pretty well cooled, I could not help speaking of the perfect operation of the bedstead in high terms of praise, although, by some accident, it had fulfilled its object a little earlier than had been desirable. As I am very fond of dilating upon a pleasant theme, the conversation was prolonged until Mrs. Sparrowgrass got sleepy, and the clock struck nine. Then we had to turn out again. We had to turn

out every hour during the long watches of the night for that wonderful epitome of the age of progress.

When the morning came we were sleepy enough, and the next evening we concluded to replace the "wake-up" with a common, old-fashioned bedstead. To be sure I had made a small mistake the first night, in not setting the "*indicator*" as well as the *index* of the dial. But what of that? Who wants his rest, that precious boon, subjected to contingencies? When we go to sleep, and say our prayers, let us wake up according to our natures, and according to our virtues; some require more sleep, some less; we are not mere bits of mechanism after all; who knows what world we may chance to wake up in? For my part, I have determined not to be a humming-top, to be wound up and to run down, just like that very interesting toy one of the young Sparrowgrassii has just now left upon my table, minus a string.

Frederick Swartout Cozzens.

A QUILTING.

I MUST tell you, however, of a quilting which I did not share with Mr. Sibthorpe, though I wished for him many times during the afternoon. It was held at the house of a very tidy neighbour, a Mrs. Boardman, the neatness of whose dwelling and its outworks I have often admired in passing. She invited all the neighbours, and, of course, included my unworthy self, although I had never had any other acquaintance than that which may be supposed to result from John and Sophy's having boarded with her for some time. The walking being damp, an ox cart was sent round for such of the guests as had no "team" of their own, which is our case as yet. This equipage was packed with hay, over which was disposed, by way of *musnud*, a blue and white

"CARRIED AT A STATELY PACE."

coverlet; and by this arrangement half-a-dozen goodly dames, including myself, found reclining room, and were carried at a stately pace to Mrs. Boardman's. Here we found a collection of women busily occupied in preparing the quilt, which you may be sure was a curiosity to me. They had stretched the lining on a frame, and were now laying fleecy cotton on it with much care; and I understood from several aside remarks, which were not intended for the ear of our hostess, that a due regard for etiquette required that this laying of the cotton should have been performed before the arrival of the company, in order to give them a better chance for finishing the quilt before tea, which is considered a point of honour.

However, with so many able hands at work, the preparations were soon accomplished. The "bats" were smoothly disposed, and now consenting hands on either side

Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red,

wherein stars and garters, squares and triangles, figured in every possible relation to each other, and produced, on the whole, a very pretty mathematical piece of work, on which the eyes of Mrs Boardman rested with no small amount of womanly pride.

Now needles were in requisition, and every available space round the frame was filled by a busy dame.

Several of the company, being left-handed, or rather, ambidextrous (no unusual circumstance here), this peculiarity was made serviceable at the corners, where common seamstresses could only sew in one direction, while these favoured individuals could turn their double power to double account. This beginning of the solid labour was a serious time. Scarcely a word was spoken beyond an occasional request for the thread, or an exclamation at the snapping of a needle. This last seemed of no unfrequent

occurrence, as you may well suppose, when you think of the thickness of the materials, and the necessity for making at least tolerably short stitches. I must own that the most I could accomplish for the first hour was the breaking of needles, and the pricking of my fingers in the vain attempt to do as I was bid, and take my stitches "clear through."

By-and-by it was announced that it was time to roll—and all was bustle and anxiety. The frame had to be taken apart at the corners, and two of the sides rolled several times with much care, and at this diminished surface we began again with renewed spirit. Now all tongues seemed loosened. The evidence of progress had raised everybody's spirits, and the strife seemed to be who should talk fastest without slackening the industry of her fingers. Some held *tête-à-tête* communications with a crony in an undertone; others discussed matters of general interest more openly; and some made observations at nobody in particular, but with a view to the amusement of all. Mrs. Vining told the symptoms of each of her five children through an attack of the measles; Mrs. Keteltas gave her opinion as to the party most worthy of blame in a late separation in the village; and Miss Polly Mittles said she hoped the quilt would not be "scant of stitches, like a bachelor's shirt."

Tea-time came before the work was completed, and some of the more generous declared they would rather finish it before tea. These offers fell rather coldly, however, for a real tea-drinker does not feel very good-humoured just before tea.

So Mr. Boardman drove four stout nails in the rafters overhead, corresponding in distance with the corners of the quilt, and the frame was raised and fastened to these, so as to be undisturbed, and yet out of the way during the important ceremony that was to succeed.

Is it not well said that "Necessity is the mother of invention"?

A long table was now spread, eked out by boards laid upon carpenters' "horses," and this was covered with a variety of table-cloths, all shining clean, however, and carefully disposed. The whole table array was equally various, the contributions, I presume, of several neighbouring log-houses. The feast spread upon it included every variety that ever was put upon a tea-table; from cake and preserves to pickles and raw cabbage cut up in vinegar.

Pies there were, and custards and sliced ham, and cheese, and three or four kinds of bread. I could do little besides look, and try to guess out the dishes. However, everything was very good, and our hostess must have felt complimented by the attention paid to her various delicacies.

The cabbage, I think, was rather the favourite; vinegar being one of the rarities of a settler's cabin.

I was amused to see the loads of cake and pie that accumulated upon the plates of the guests.

When all had finished, most of the plates seemed full. But I was told afterwards that it was not considered civil to decline any one kind of food, though your hostess may have provided a dozen. You are expected at least to try each variety. But this leads to something which I cannot think very agreeable.

After all had left the table, our hostess began to clear it away, that the quilt might be restored to its place; and, as a preliminary, she went all round to the different plates, selecting such pieces of cake as were but little *bitten*, and paring off the half-demolished edges with a knife, in order to replace them in their original circular position in the dishes. When this was accomplished, she assiduously scraped from the edges of the plates the scraps of butter that had escaped demolition, and wiped them back on the remains of the pat. This was doubtless a season of delectation to the economical soul of Mrs. Boardman; you may imagine its effects upon the nerves of your friend. Such is

the influence of habit ! The good woman doubtless thought she was performing a praiseworthy action, and one in no wise at variance with her usual neat habits ; and if she could have peeped into my heart, and there have read the resolutions I was tacitly making against breaking bread again under the same auspices, she would have pitied or despised such a lamentable degree of pride and extravagance. So goes this strange world.

The quilt was replaced, and several good housewives seated themselves at it, determined to "see it out." I was reluctantly compelled to excuse myself, my inexperienced fingers being pricked to absolute rawness. But I have since ascertained that the quilt was finished that evening, and placed on Mrs. Boardman's best bed immediately ; where indeed I see it every time I pass the door, as it is not our custom to keep our handsome things in the background. There were some long stitches in it, I know, but they do not show as far as the road ; so the quilt is a very great treasure, and will probably be kept as an heirloom.

I have some thoughts of an attempt in the "patchwork" line myself. One of the company at Mrs. Boardman's remarked that the skirt of the French cambric dress I wore would make a "splendid" quilt. It is a temptation, certainly.

Sam Slick.

A PATENTED CHILD.

THE town of Sussex, Pennsylvania, has lately been profoundly stirred by an extraordinary and romantic lawsuit. The case was an entirely novel one, and no precedent bearing upon it is to be found in the common or statute law. While it is necessarily a matter of great interest to the legal profession, its romantic side cannot fail to attract the attention of persons of all ages and every kind of sex. In fact, it is destined to be one of the most celebrated cases in the annals of American jurisprudence.

Some time last winter a lady whom we will call Mrs. Smith, who kept a boarding-house in Sussex, took her little girl, aged four, with her to make a call on Mrs. Brown, her near neighbour. Mrs. Brown was busy in the kitchen, where she received her visitor with her usual cordiality. There was a large fire blazing in the stove, and while the ladies were excitedly discussing the new bonnet of the local

Methodist minister's wife, the little girl incautiously sat down on the stove hearth. She was instantly convinced that the hearth was exceedingly hot, and on loudly bewailing the fact, was rescued by her mother and carried home for medical treatment. A few days later Mrs. Smith burst in great excitement into the room of a young law student, who was one of her boarders, and with tears and lamentations disclosed to him the fact that her child was indelibly branded with the legend, "Patented, 1872." These words in raised letters had happened to occupy just that part of the stove-hearth on which the child had seated herself, and being heated nearly to red heat they had reproduced themselves on the surface of the unfortunate child.

The law student entered into the mother's sorrow with much sympathy, but after he had in some degree calmed her mind he informed her that a breach of law had been committed. "Your child," he remarked, "has never been patented, but she is marked 'Patented, 1872.' This is an infringement of the statute. You falsely represent by that brand that a child for whom no patent was issued is patented. This false representation is forgery, and subjects you to penalty made and provided for that crime."

Mrs. Smith was, as may be supposed, greatly alarmed at learning this statement, and her first impulse was to beg the young man to save her from a convict's cell. With a gravity suited to the occasion, he explained the whole law of patents. He told her that had she desired to patent the child, she should have either constructed a model of it or prepared accurate drawings, with specifications showing distinctly what parts of the child she claimed to have invented. This model or these drawings she should have forwarded to the Patent Office, and she would then have received in due time a patent—provided, of course, the child was really patentable—and would have been authorised to label it "Patented." "Unfortunately," he pursued, "it is now too

late to take this course, and we must boldly claim that a patent was issued, but that the record was destroyed during the recent fire in the Patent Office."

This suggestion cheered the spirits of Mrs. Smith, but they were again dashed by the further remarks of the young man. He reminded her that the child might find it very inconvenient to be patented. "If we claim," he went on to say, "that she has been regularly patented, it follows that the ownership of the patent, including the child herself, belongs to you, and will pass at your death into the possession of your heirs. Holding the patent, they can prevent any husband taking possession of the girl by marriage, and they can sell, assign, transfer, and set over the patent right and the accompanying girl to any purchaser. If she is sold to a speculator or to a joint-stock company, she will find her position a most unpleasant one; and to sum up the case, madam, either your child is patented or she is not. If she is not patented, you are guilty of forgery. If she is patented, she is an object of barter and sale, or in other words a chattel."

This was certainly a wretched state of things, and Mrs. Smith, to ease her mind, began to abuse Mrs. Brown, whose stove had branded the unfortunate little girl. She loudly insisted that the whole fault rested with Mrs. Brown, and demanded to know if the latter could not be punished. The young man, who was immensely learned in the law, thereupon began a new argument. He told her that where there is a wrong there must, in the nature of things, be a remedy. "Mrs. Brown, by means of her stove, has done you a great wrong. In accordance with the maxim, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, Mrs. Brown, and not the stove, is the party from whom you must demand redress. She has wickedly and maliciously, and at the instigation of the devil, branded your child, and thus rendered you liable for an infringement of the patent law. It is my opinion,

madam, that an action for assault and an action for libel will both lie against Mrs. Brown, and '*semble*' that there is also ground for having her indicted for procurement of forgery." Finally, after much further argument, the young man advised her to apply to a magistrate and procure the arrest and punishment of Mrs. Brown.

Accordingly, Mrs. Smith applied to the Mayor, who, after vainly trying to comprehend the case, and to find out what was the precise crime alleged against Mrs. Brown, compromised the matter by unofficially asking the lady to appear before him. When both the ladies were in court Mrs. Smith, prompted by the clerk, put her complaint in the shape of a charge that Mrs. Brown had branded the youthful Smith girl. The latter was then marked "Exhibit A," and formally put in evidence, and both complainant and defendant told their respective stories.

The result was that the court, in a very able and voluminous opinion, decided that nobody was guilty of anything, but that, with a view of avoiding the penalty of infringing the patent law, the mother must apply to Congress for a special act declaring the child regularly and legally patented.

If Congress finds time to attend to this important matter, little Miss Smith will be the first girl ever patented in this country, and the legal profession will watch with unflagging interest the law-suits to which in future any infringement of the patent may lead.

W. L. Alden.

A TALK ABOUT TEA.

“SIR,” said our learned friend, Dr. Bushwhacker, “we are indebted to China for the four principal blessings we enjoy. Tea came from China, the compass came from China, printing came from China, and gunpowder came from China—thank God! China, sir, is an old country, a very old country. There is one word, sir, we got from China that is oftener in the mouths of American people than any other word in the language. It is *cash*, sir, cash! That we derive from the Chinese. It is the name, sir, of the small brass coin they use, the coin with a square hole in the middle. And then look at our Franklin; he drew the lightning from the skies with his kite; but who invented the kite, sir? The long-tailed Chinaman, sir. Franklin had no invention; he never would have invented a kite or a printing-press. But he could use them, sir, to the best possible advantage, sir; he had no genius, sir, but he had remarkable talent and industry.

“Then, sir, we got our umbrella from China. The first man that carried an umbrella, in London, in Queen Anne’s reign, was followed by a mob. That is only one hundred and fifty years ago. We get the art of making porcelain from China. Our ladies must thank the Celestials for their tea-pots.

“Queen Elizabeth never saw a tea-pot in her life. In 1664 the East India Company brought two pounds two ounces of tea as a present for his Majesty King Charles the Second. In 1667 they imported one hundred pounds of tea.

“Then, sir, rose the reign of scandal. Queen scandal, sir! Then, sir, rose the intolerable race of waspish spinsters who sting reputations and defame humanity over their dyspeptic

"OUR LEARNED FRIEND, DR. BUSHWHACKER."

cups. Then, sir, the astringent principle of the herb was communicated to the heart, and domestic troubles were brewed and fomented over the tea-table. Then, sir, the age of chivalry was over, and women grew acrid and bitter; then, sir, the first temperance society was founded, and high duties were laid upon wines, and in consequence they distilled whisky instead, which made matters a great deal better, of course; and all the abominations, all the difficulties of domestic life, all the curses of living in a country village; the intolerant canvassing of character, reputation, piety; the nasty, mean, prying spirit; the uncharitable, defamatory, gossiping, tale-bearing, whispering, unwomanly, unchristianlike behaviour of those who set themselves up for patterns over their vile decoctions, sir, arose with the introduction of tea. Yes, sir; when the wine-cup gave place to the tea-cup, then the devil, sir, reached his culminating point.

"The curiosity of Eve was bad enough; but, sir, when Eve's curiosity becomes sharpened by turgid tonics, and scandal is added to inquisitiveness, and innuendo supplies the place of truth, and an imperfect digestion is the pilot instead of charity; then, sir, we must expect to see human nature vilified, and levity condemned, and good fellowship condemned, and all good men, from Washington down, damned by Miss Tittle, and Miss Tattle, and the widow Blackleg, and the whole host of tea-drinking conspirators against social enjoyment."

Here Dr. Bushwhacker grew purple with eloquence and indignation. We ventured to remark that he had spoken of tea "as a blessing" at first.

"Yes, sir," responded Dr. Bushwhacker, shaking his bushy head, "that reminds one of Doctor Pangloss. Yes, sir, it is a blessing, but like all other blessings it must be used *temperately*, or else it is a curse! China, sir," continued the doctor, dropping the oratorical and taking up

the historical ; "China, sir, knows nothing of perspective, but she is great in pigments. Indian ink, sir, is Chinese, so are vermilion and indigo ; the malleable properties of gold, sir, were first discovered by this extraordinary people ; we must thank them for our gold leaf. Gold is not a pigment, but roast pig is, and Charles Lamb says the origin of roast pig is Chinese ; the beautiful fabric we call silk, sir, came from the Flowery Nation, so did embroidery, so did the game of chess, so did fans. In fact, sir, it is difficult to say what we have not derived from the Chinese. Cotton, sir, is our great staple, but they wove and spun, long staple and short staple, yellow cotton and white cotton, before Columbus sailed out of the port of Palos in the *Santa Maria*."

Frederick S. Cozzens.

WASN'T it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear to-day !
Though I am as bald as you are grey—
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's !

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old grey snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky,
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's !

And then in the dust of the road again ;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen ;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's !

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof!—and her face—ah, me !
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's !

And oh, my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to-day
To welcome us :—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come !" And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's !

James Whitcomb Riley.

A PETITION OF THE LEFT HAND.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE SUPERINTENDENCY OF
EDUCATION.

I ADDRESS myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us ; and the two eyes of man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education.

She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments ; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked ; and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her upon some occasions ; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity. No ; my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister,—and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents,—what would be the fate of our poor family ?

Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having

placed so great a difference between sisters who are so perfectly equal? Alas! we must perish from distress; for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honour to prefer to you.

Condescend, sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally. I am, with a profound respect, sirs, your obedient servant,

THE LEFT HAND.

Benjamin Franklin.

MY NORTH AND SOUTH.

I AM very, very fond
Of a blonde,
Mistress Maud, and so come here;
And yet, and yet, and yet
I like a gay brunette,
Therese, dear!

O what can a body do
With you two?—
Golden hair and rosy mouth!
Black hair and eyes of jet!
You blonde, and you brunette!
You North and South!

Now, I love you, eyes and curls,
Little girls!
Give me each a dainty hand;
New England's hand shall lie
On my heart, and yours near by—
You understand?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

WOMEN'S FASHIONS.

SHOULD I not keepe promise in speaking a little to Women's fashions, they would take it unkindly. I was loath to pester better matter with such stuffe ; I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the *Quæ Genus* in the Grammar, being Deficients, or Redundants, not to be brought under any Rule: I shall therefore make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose-tongued Liberty, and misspend a word or two upon their long-wasted, but short-skirted patience ; a little use of my stirrup will doe no harme.

Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet ?

Gray Gravity itselſe can well beteam,

That Language be adapted to the Theme.

He that to Parrots ſpeaks, muſt parrotize;

He that inſtructs a foole, may act th' unwiſe.

It is known more then enough, that I am neither Nigard, nor Cinick, to the due bravery of the true Gentry : if any man miſlikes a bully 'mong drossock more than I, let him take her for his labour ! I honour the woman that can honour her ſelfe with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair Margent : I am not much offended if I ſee a trimme, far trimmer than ſhe that wears it : in a word, whatever Chriſtianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* meaſure : but when I heare a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dresse the Queen is in this week : what the nudiustertian fashion of the court ; I meane the very neweſt : with egge to be in it in all haſte, what ever it be ; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if ſhee were of a kickable ſubſtance, than either honour'd or humour'd.

To ſpeak moderately, I truly confesse, it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how thoſe women

should have any true grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but trans-clouts them into gant bar-geese, ill-shapen-shotten-shell-fish, Egyptian hyeroglyphicks, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English-woman should scorne with her heels ; it is no marvell they weare drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore part, but a few Squirril's brains to help them frisk from one ill-favor'd fashion to another.

*These whimm-Crown'd shees, these fashion-fansying wits,
Are empty thin-brain'd shells, and fiddling Kits.*

The very troublers and impoverishers of mankind, I can hardly forbear to commend to the world a saying of a Lady living sometime with the Queen of *Bohemia*. I know not where shee found it, but it is a pitty it should be lost.

*The World is full of care, much like unto a bubble ;
Women and care, and care and women, and women and
care and trouble.*

The Verses are even enough for such odde pegma's. I can make myselfe sicke at any time, with comparing the dazling splendor wherewith our Gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits, with the goosdom wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. Wee have about five or six of them in our Colony ; if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my phansie of them for a moneth after. I have been a solitary widdower almost twelve yeares, purposed lately to make a step over to my Native Country for a yoke-fellow ; but when I consider how women there have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, least their nauseous shapes and the Sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly ; me thinkes it should breake the hearts of Englishmen to see so many goodly Englishwomen imprisoned in French

Cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and no body relieves them.

It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man; it were well if nineteene could make a woman to her minde; if Taylors were men indeed, well furnished, but with meer morall principles, they would disdain to be led about like Apes, by such mymick Marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing, for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futilous women's phansies; which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the gyblets of perquisquilian toys. I am so charitable to think, that most of that mystery would worke the cheerfuller while they live, if they might bee well discharged of the tiring slavery of mis-trying women; it is no little labour to be continually putting up English-women into Out-landish caskes; who if they be not shifted anew, once in a few moneths, grow too sowre for their Husbands. What this Trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of Taylors' consciences is beyond my skill to imagine. There was a time when

*The joyning of the Red-Rose with the White,
Did set our State into a Damask plight.*

But now our Roses are turned to *Flore de lices*, our Carnations to Tulips, our Gilliflowers to Dayzes, out City Dames, to indenominable Quæmalry of overturcas'd things. Hee that makes Coates for the Moone had need take measure every noone; and he that makes for women, as often, to keepe them from Lunacy.

I have often heard divers Ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargeable changes of fashions! I marvell themselves preferre not a Bill of redresse. I would *Essex* Ladies would lead the Chore, for the honour of their County and persons; or rather the thrice honourable Ladies of the Court, whom it best

beseemes; who ~~may~~ wel presume of a *Le Roy le Veult* from our sober King, a *Les Seigneurs ont Assentus* from our prudent Peers, and the like *Assentus* from our considerate, I dare not say wife-worne Commons! who I believe had much rather passe one such Bill, than pay so many Taylors' Bills as they are forced to doe.

Most deare and unparallel'd Ladies, be pleased to attempt it; as you have the precellency of the women of the world for beauty and feature; so assume the honour to give, and not take Law from any, in matter of attire; if ye can transact so faire a motion among yourselves unanimously I dare say, they that most renite, will least repent. What greater honour can your Honours desire, than to build a Promontory president to all foraigne Ladies, to deserve so eminently at the hands of all the English Gentry present and to come; and to confute the opinion of all the wise men in the world; who never thought it possible for women to doe so good a work?

If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than seriously, he is much mistaken. I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more than I ought. I confesse I veer'd my tongue to this kinde of Language *de industria* though unwillingly, supposing those I speak to are uncapable of grave and rationall arguments.

I desire all Ladies and Gentlewomen to understand that all this while I intend not such as through necessary modesty to avoyd morose singularity, follow fashions slowly, a flight shot or two off, showing by their moderation that they rather draw countermont with their hearts, than put on by their examples.

I point my pen only against the light-heel'd beagles that lead the chase so fast; that they run all civility out of breath, against these Ape-headed pullets, which invent Antique foole-fangles, meerly for fashion and novelty sake.

Nathaniel Ward.

THE NEWSBOY.

"I WISH YOU, SIR, TO CONTROL YOUR NEWSBOYS."

"IS this the office of the *National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet*?" inquired Sapid in sepulchral tones.

"Hey—what? Oh!—yes," gruffly replied the clerk, as he scrutinised the applicant.

"It is, is it?" was the response.

"H—umpse;" heaving a porcine affirmative, much in use in the city of brotherly love.

"I am here to see the editor, on business of importance," slowly and solemnly articulated Sapid. There must have been something professionally alarming in this announcement, if an opinion may be formed from the effect it produced.

"Editor's not come down yet, is he, Spry?" inquired the clerk, with a cautionary wink at the paste-boy.

"Guess he ain't more nor up yet," said Spry; "the mails was late last night."

"I'll take a seat till he does come," observed Sapid, gloomily.

Spry and the clerk laid their heads together in the most distant corner of the little office.

"Has he got a stick?" whispered one.

"No, and he isn't remarkable big, nuther."

"Any bit of paper in his hand—does he look like State House and a libel suit? It's a'most time—not had a new suit for a week."

"Not much; and, as we didn't have any scrouger in the *Gun* yesterday, perhaps he wants to have somebody tickled up himself. Send him in."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, Esq., the editor of *The National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet*, sat at a green table, elucidating an idea by the aid of a steel pen and whity-brown paper, and therefore St. Sebastian Sockdolager did not look up when Mr. Sapid entered the sanctum. The abstraction may, perhaps, have been a sample of literary stage effect; but it is certain that the pen pursued the idea with the speed and directness of a steeple-chase, straight across the paper, and direful was the scratching thereof. The luckless idea being at last fairly run down and its brush cut off, Mr. Sockdolager threw himself back into his chair with a smile of triumph.

"Tickletoby," said he, rumpling his hair into heroic expansiveness.

"What?" exclaimed Sapid, rather nervously.

"My dear sir, I didn't see you—a thousand pardons! Pray what can be done for you in our line?"

"Sir, there is a nuisance——"

"Glad of it, sir; *The Gun* is death on a nuisance. We circulate ten thousand deaths to any sort of a nuisance every day, besides the weekly and the country edition. We

are a regular smash-pipes in that line—surgical, surgical to this community—we are at once the knife and the sarsaparilla to human ills, whether financial, political, or social.”

“Sir, the nuisance I complain of lies in the circulation—in its mode and manner.”

“Bless me,” said Sockdolager, with a look of suspicion, “you are too literal in your interpretations. If your circulation is deranged, you had better try Brandreth, or the Fluid Extract of Quizembob.”

“It is not my circulation, but yours, that makes all the trouble. I never circulate—I can’t without being insulted.”

“Really, mister, I can’t say that this is clearly comprehensible to perception. Not circulate! Are you below par in the money article; or in what particular do you find yourself in the condition of ‘no go’? Excuse my facetiæ and be brief, for thought comes tumbling, bumping, booming——” and Sockdolager dipped his pen in the ink.

Mr. Sappington Sapid unravelled the web of his miseries. “I wish you, sir, to control your newsboys—to dismiss the saucy, and to write an article which shall make ’em ashamed of themselves. I shall call on every editor in the city, sir, and ask the same—a combined expression for the suppression of iniquity. We must be emancipated from this new and growing evil, or our liberties become a farce, and we are squashed and crushed in a way worse than fifty tea-taxes.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Whatcheecallem; it can’t be done—it would be suicidal, with the sharpest kind of a knife. Whatcheecallem, you don’t understand the grand movement of the nineteenth century—you are not up to snuff as to the vital principle of human progression—the propulsive force has not yet been demonstrated to your benighted optics. The sun is up, sir; the hill-tops of intellect glow with its brightness, and even the level plain of the world’s collective mediocrity is gilded by its beams; but you, sir, are yet in

the foggy valley of exploded prejudice, poking along with a tuppenny-ha'penny candle—a mere dip. Suppress sauciness! why, my dear bungletonian, sauciness is the discovery of the age—the secret of advancement! We are saucy now, sir, not by the accident of constitution—temperament has nothing to do with it. We are saucy by calculation, by intention, by design. It is cultivated, like our whiskers, as a superadded energy to our other gifts. Without sauciness, what is a newsboy? what is an editor? what are revolutions? what are people? Sauce is power. Sauce is spirit, independence, victory, everything. It is, in fact,—this sauce, or 'sass,' as the vulgar have it,—steam to the great locomotive of affairs. Suppress, indeed! No, sir; you should regard it as part of your duty as a philanthropist and as a patriot to encourage this essence of superiority in all your countrymen; and I've a great mind to write you an article on that subject instead of the other, for this conversation has warmed up my ideas so completely that justice will not be done to the community till they, like you, are enlightened on this important point."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, now having a leading article for *The National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet* clearly in his mind, was not a creature to be trifled with. An editor in this paroxysm, however gentle in his less inspired moments, cannot safely be crossed, or even spoken to. It is not wise to call him to dinner, except through the keyhole; and to ask for "more copy," in general a privileged demand, is a risk too fearful to be encountered. St. Sebastian's eye became fixed, his brow corrugated, his mouth intellectually ajar.

"But, sir, the nuisance," said Sappington.

"Don't bother!" was the impatient reply, and the brow of St. Sebastian Sockdolager grew black as his own ink.

"The boys, sir, the boys!—am I to be worried out of my life and soul?"

The right hand of St. Sebastian Sockdolager fell heavily upon the huge pewter inkstand—the concatenation of his ideas had been broken—he half-raised himself from his chair and glanced significantly from his visitor to the door. “Mizzle!” said he, in a hoarse, suppressed whisper.

The language itself was unintelligible—the word might have been Chaldaic, for all that Sapid knew to the contrary; but there are situations in which an interpreter is not needed, and this appeared to be one of them. Sapid never before made a movement so swiftly extemporaneous.

He intends shortly to try whether the Grand Jury is a convert to the new doctrine of sauciness.

Joseph C. Neal.

THE BOYS AROUND THE HOUSE.

SURELY you must have seen a boy of eight or ten years of age get ready for bed? His shoe-strings are in a hard knot, and after a few vain efforts to unlace them he rushes after a case-knife and saws each string in two. One shoe is thrown under the table, the other behind the stove, his jacket behind the door, and his stockings are distributed over as many chairs as they will reach.

The boy doesn’t slip his pants off; he struggles out of them, holding a leg down with his foot and drawing his limbs out after many stupendous efforts. While doing this his hands are clutched into the bedclothes, and by the time he is ready to get into bed the quilts and sheets are awry and the bed is full of humps and lumps. His brother has gone through the same motions, and both finally crawl into bed. They are good boys, and they love each other, but they are hardly settled on their backs when one cries out—

“Hitch along!”

“I won’t!” bluntly replies the other.

"Ma, Bill's got more'n half the bed!" cries the first.

"Hain't either, ma!" replies Bill.

There is a moment of silence, and then the first exclaims—

"Get yer feet off'n me!"

"They hain't touching you!" is the answer.

"Yes they be, and you're on my pillar, too!"

"Oh! my stars, what a whopper! You'll never go to heaven!"

The mother looks into the bed-room and kindly says—

"Come, children, be good, and don't make your mother any trouble."

"Well," replies the youngest, "if Bill 'll tell me a bear story 'll go to sleep."

The mother withdraws, and Bill starts out—

"Well, you know, there was an old bear who lived in a cave. He was a big black bear. He had eyes like coals of fire, you know, and when he looked at a feller he——"

"Ma, Bill's scaring me!" yells Henry, sitting on end.

"Oh, ma! that's the awfulest story you ever heard!" replies Bill.

"Hitch along, I say!" exclaims Henry.

"I am along!" replies Bill.

"Get yer knee out'n my back!"

"Hain't anywhere near ye!"

"Gimme some cloze!"

"You've got more'n half now!"

"Come, children, do be good and go to sleep," says the mother, entering the room and arranging the clothes.

They doze off after a few muttered words, to preserve the peace until morning, and it is popularly supposed that an angel sits on each bed-post to sentinel either curly head during the long, dark hours.

"Ho-hum!" yawns Bill.

"Ho-hum!" yawns Henry.

It is morning, and they crawl out of bed. After four or five efforts they get into their pants, and then reach out for stockings.

"I know I put mine right down here by this bed!" exclaims Bill.

"And I put mine right there by the end of the bureau!" adds Henry.

They wander around, growling and jawing, and the mother finally finds the stockings. Then comes the jackets. They are positive that they hung them on the hooks, and boldly charge that some maliciously wicked person removed them. And so it goes until each one is finally dressed, washed, and ready for breakfast, and the mother feels such a burden off her mind that she can endure what follows their leaving the table—a good half-hour's hunt after their hats, which they "positively hung up," but which are at last found under some bed, or stowed away behind the wood-box.

C. B. Lewis ("M Quad").

MR. DOTY MAD.

MR. HENRY K. DOTY, one of the most prominent citizens, and the leading hide and pelt dealer in the North-West, has just returned from a European tour. He has been absent about four months; and in that time he has made a visit to every European country, and has become thoroughly acquainted with the customs, manners, and languages of the different people. He spent about seventy-five thousand dollars on the trip; but this could not be called an extravagant sum when one takes into consideration the superb paintings, statuary, and other works of virtue that he brought back with him. In Paris, upon the Roo de Rivoly alone, he purchased fifteen thousand dollars' worth of pictures; and in Brussels he bought several

thousand dollars' worth of those elegant carpets from which that city derives its name. Mr. Doty says that he was well treated everywhere except in England. He is specially bitter against Mr. Phelps, our representative at the court of St. James.

"This man Phelps," says he, "is a little, dried-up, snobbish Vermont lawyer, with a soul no bigger than a huckleberry. I dyed my moustache, and put on my dress-suit and my twenty-thousand-dollar diamond bosom-pin, and called to see him. A fine specimen he is to represent our wealth and culture! I don't believe his clothes cost more than twenty dollars a suit.

"I suppose I ought to call on the queen," says I.

"He didn't say anything; and I continued, 'Would you mind introducing me?'

"Really, Mr. Doty," says he, 'I do not feel like presenting an entire stranger to her Majesty.'

"Oh! you needn't be scared," says I, 'for I carry as big a letter of credit as any American in London; and when it comes to culture, and that sort of thing, I can knock the socks off any of your lords and marqueezies.'

"Well, will you believe it? he had the impudence to shove a printed list of questions at me.

"You will have to answer these on oath before I can tell you whether I can present you to her Majesty," says he.

"I was as mad as a Texas steer. Here are some of the questions: 'Did you ever have a grandfather? and if so, what was his vocation?' 'Have you contracted the tooth-brush habit?' 'Are you addicted to the use of the double negative?' 'Spell phthisis, strychnine, pneumonia?' Fine questions these to put to a gentleman worth a cool million! I told him to go to — with his queen; and I'm going to have my private secretary write a letter to the President, complaining of Phelps, and demanding that he be discharged."

Eugene Field.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.

US two wuz boys when we fell out,—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now ;
Don't rec'lect what 't wuz about,
Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbours twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Court'd sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too ;
'tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
A-hatin' each other through 'nd through !
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day ;
'nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Seemed like we knew ther wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him ;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim !

He went *his* way 'nd *I* went *mine*,
'nd into the battle's roar went we,—
I havin' *my* opinyin uv Jim,
'nd *he* havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*.

"US TWO SHUCK HANDS."

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.

'nd after it all, it's soothin' to know
 That here *I* be 'nd yonder's Jim,—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
 'nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*.

Eugene Field.

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

To the Editor of the —.

SIR—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—'twould make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler, John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizness down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If its a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new-born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animal like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All

for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P.S.—You scratch my back & Ile sçratch your back.

Artemus Ward.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensely arter the object of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzom. I'd try to do it but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan, or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the wood-

chuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luviny round her waste.

"I CLEARED MY THROAT AND TREMBLINLY SED, 'BETSY, YOU'RE
A GAZELLE.'"

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed—

“ You’re a sheep ! ”

Sez I, “ Betsy, I think very muchly of you.”

“ I don’t b’leeve a word you say—so there now cum ! ”
with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

“ I wish thar was winders to my Sole,” said I, “ so that you could see some of my feelins. There’s fire enuff in here,” said I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, “ to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain’t a circumstans ! ”

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

“ Ar could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn’t dowl me. Gase on this wastin form and these ’ere sunken cheeks——”

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur kersmash, tearin my close and severly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she said:

“ I won’t listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you’re drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I’M IN ! ”

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson’s, and was made 1 that very nite.

(Notiss to the Printer . Put some stars here.)

* * * * *

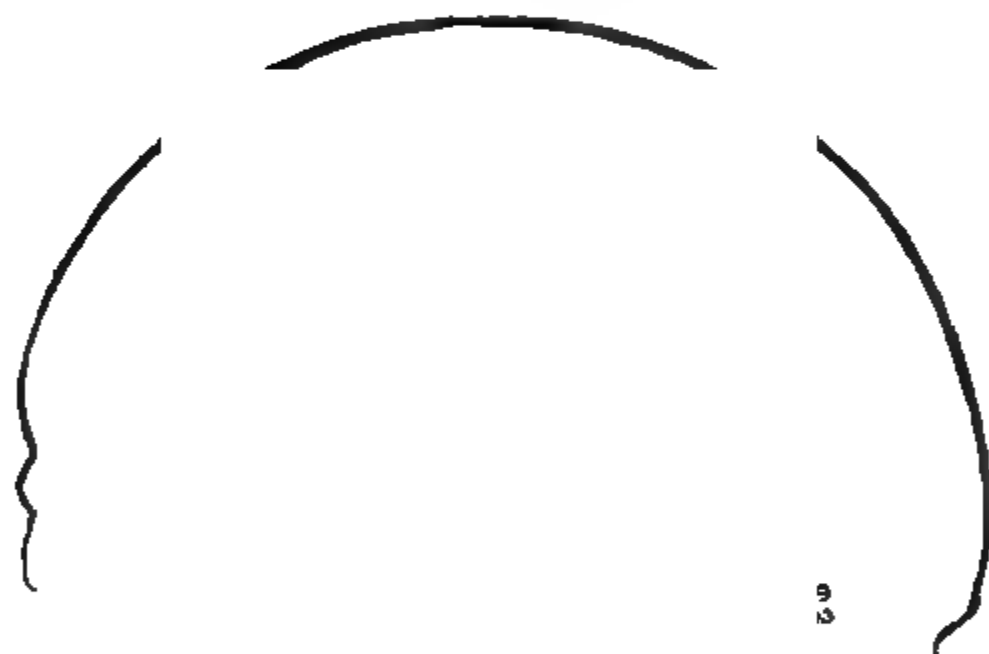
I’ve parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I’ve amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no

man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax-figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

Artemus Ward.

YE PEDAGOGUE.

A BALLAD



"AND STRAP YE URCHINS WELLE."

I.

RIGHTE learned is ye Pedagogue,
 Fulle apt to reade and spelle,
 And eke to teache ye parts of speeche,
 And strap ye urchins welle.

II.

For as 'tis meete to soake ye feete,
Ye ailinge heade to mende ;
Ye younker's pate to stimulate,
He beats ye other ende !

III.

Righte lordlie is ye Pedagogue,
As any turbaned Turke ;
For welle to rule ye District Schoole,
It is no idle worke.

IV.

For oft Rebellion lurketh there,
In breaste of secrete foes,
Of malice fulle, in waite to pulle
Ye Pedagogue his nose !

V.

Sometimes he heares with trembling feares
Of ye ungodlie rogue
On mischief bent, with felle intent
To licke ye Pedagogue !

VI.

And if ye Pedagogue be smalle,
When to ye battell led,
In such a plight, God sende him mighte
To break ye rogue his heade !

VII.

Daye after daye, for little paye,
He teacheth what he can,
And bears ye yoke, to please ye folke,
And ye committee-man.

VIII.

Ah ! many crosses hath he borne,
And many trials founde,
Ye while he trudged ye district through,
And boarded rounde and rounde !

IX.

Ah ! many a steake hath he devoured,
That, by ye taste and sighte,
Was in disdaine, 'twas very plaine,
Of Daye his patent righte !

X.

Fulle solemn is ye Pedagogue,
Amonge ye noisy churls,
Yet other while he hath a smile
To give ye handsome girls ;

XI.

And one,—ye fayrest mayde of all,—
To cheere his wayninge life,
Shall be, when Springe ye flowers shall bringe,
Ye Pedagogue his wife !

John Godfrey Saxe.

SETTLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

STRANGERS visiting the beautiful city of Burlington have not failed to notice that one of the handsomest young men they meet is very bald, and they fall into the usual error of attributing this premature baldness to dissipation. But such is not the case. This young man, one of the most exemplary Bible-class scholars in the city, went to a Baptist sociable out in West Hill one night about two years ago. He escorted three charming girls, with angelic countenances and human appetites, out to the refreshment table, let them eat all they wanted, and then found he had left his pocket-book at home, and a deaf man that he had never seen before at the cashier's desk. The young man with his face aflame, bent down, and said softly—

“I am ashamed to say I have no change with——”

“Hey——?” shouted the cashier.

“I regret to say,” the young man repeated in a little louder key, “that I have unfortunately come away without any change to——”

“Change two?” chirped the old man. “Oh, yes; I can change five if you want it.”

“No,” the young man explained in a terrible penetrating whisper, for half-a-dozen people were crowding up behind him, impatient to pay their bills and get away, “I don't want any change, because——”

“Oh, don't want no change?” the deaf man cried gleefully. “'Bleeged to ye, 'bleeged to ye. 'Taint often we get such generous donations. Pass over your bill.”

“No, no,” the young man explained, “I have no funds——”

“Oh, yes, plenty of fun,” the deaf man replied, growing tired of the conversation, and noticing the long line of

people waiting with money in their hands; "but I haven't got time to talk about it now. Settle, and move on."

"But," the young man gasped out, "I have no money——"

"Go Monday?" queried the deaf cashier. "I don't care when you go; you must pay, and let these other people come up."

"I have no money!" the mortified young man shouted, ready to sink into the earth, while the people all around him, and especially the three girls he had treated, were giggling and chuckling audibly.

"Owe money?" the cashier said; "of course you do; 2.75 dollars."

"I can't pay!" the youth screamed, and by turning his pockets inside out, and yelling 'his poverty to the heavens, he finally made the deaf man understand. And then he had to shriek his full name three times, while his ears fairly rung with the half-stifled laughter that was breaking out all around him; and he had to scream out where he worked, and roar when he would pay, and he couldn't get the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to see what the uproar was, and, recognising their young friend, made it all right with the cashier. And the young man went out into the night and clubbed himself, and shred his locks away until he was as bald as an egg.

Robert J. Burdette.

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees ; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favour he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock ; knowing well that the country lassies of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little grey mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to reach the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of a hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started

in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a grey hat over his eyes, and answered rather sullenly that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him—

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to a branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long-nines, and a great deal of pig-tail,

"AT LAST MOUNTING ON THE STEP OF THE CART, HE WHISPERED IN THE
EAR OF DOMINICUS."

ladies' twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; and yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when in all probability poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had just discovered his corpse hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece, who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much

delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half-an-hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horse-back a short time before, and was now seated in a corner smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco-smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar. "I don't say that I saw the thing done, so I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered the night before last, I drank a bottle of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbour of mine he called me into his store as I was riding by and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned if it was," said the old farmer, and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham!

The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the grey of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light waggon, chaise, horseman, nor foot-traveller, till just as he crossed Salmon River a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare; "if you come from Kimballton or that neighbourhood maybe you can tell me the real facts about the affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe at first that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while shaking and stammering he thus replied—

"No! no! There was no coloured man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a sharp trot. Dominicus stared after

him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances; on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder, since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger won't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting-mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it was perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any other person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk that nobody could tell whence it originated. Mr. Higginbotham was

as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part-owner of the slitting-mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement that the *Parker's Falls Gazette* anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasised with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed. There was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, mill-men and school-boys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and, mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just began

a new edition of the narrative with a voice like a field-preacher when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailed them with separate questions all propounded at once. The couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meanwhile, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet, pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lieves have heard a love-tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer to the shopkeepers, the mill-men, and the factory girls, "I can assure

you that some unaccountable mistake, or more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or—as some deemed the more probable case of two doubtful ones—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanations, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright, the same unhappy niece whom they had supposed, on the authority of the *Parker's Falls Gazette*, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellow had doubted all along whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my

support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My

"I AM MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S NIECE."

generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses.

He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady curtsied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible, and well-worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be Preceptress of the best Academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The mill-men resolved to bestow public honours on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The select-men, by the advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanour in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus either from mob law or a court of justice but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and drove out of town under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighbouring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty-pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump, for, though not meant in kindness, it would have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up ; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story excited. The handbills of the select-men would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State. The paragraph in the *Parker's Falls Gazette* would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers ; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bag and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler meditated with much fervour on the charms of the young school-mistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller it might have been considered as a hoax ; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact ; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumour tallied with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life ; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at nightfalls, the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiry along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr.

Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I believe old Higginbotham is unchanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man for an endorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whip-lash to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer; "he passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night he nodded, as if to say, 'Charge my toll,' and jogged on, for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognise the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; and through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and grey light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the grey old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered around the meeting-house steeple. On his left was a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard; further still, a mowing-field, and, last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike, and Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct, for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me I cannot get by this gate," said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the reins a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-

tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valour on this awful emergency. Certain it is,

"HE RUSHED FORWARD, PROSTRATED A STURDY IRISHMAN WITH THE
BUTT END OF HIS WHIP."

however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham.

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus tremulously,

"you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this coming event was made to cast its shadow before. Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them successively lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favour, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favours by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton and established a large tobacco factory in my native village.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

"**D**EAR me!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington sorrowfully, "how much a man will bear, and how far he will go, to get the soddered dross, as Parson Martin called it when he refused the beggar a sixpence, for fear it might lead him into extravagance! Everybody is going to California and Chagrin arter gold. Cousin Jones and the three Smiths have gone; and Mr. Chip, the carpenter, has left his wife and seven children, and a blessed old mother-in-law, to seek his fortin, too. This is the strangest yet, and I don't see

how he could have done it ; it looks so ongrateful to treat Heaven's blessings so lightly. But there we are told that the love of money is the root of all evil, and how true it is ! for they are now rooting arter it, like pigs arter ground-nuts. Why, it is a perfect money mania among everybody ! ”

“AS SHE PENSIVELY WATCHED A SMALL MUG OF CIDER.”

And she shook her head doubtingly, as she pensively watched a small mug of cider, with an apple in it, simmering by the winter fire. She was somewhat fond of drink made in this way.

Benjamin Penhallon Shillaber
(“*Mrs. Partington*”).

“*ROUGHING IT.*”

ANOTHER night of alternate tranquillity and turmoil. But morning came by-and-by. It was another glad awakening to fresh breezes, vast expanses of level green-sward, bright sunlight, an impressive solitude utterly without visible human beings or human habitations, and an atmosphere of such amazing magnifying properties that trees that seemed close at hand were more than three miles away. We resumed undress uniform, climbed a-top of the flying coach, dangled our legs over the side, shouted occasionally at our frantic mules, merely to see them lay their ears back and scamper faster, tied our hats on to keep our hair from blowing away, and levelled an outlook over the world-wide carpet about us for things new and strange to gaze at. Even at this day it thrills me through and through to think of the life, the gladness and the wild sense of freedom, that used to make the blood dance in my veins on those fine overland mornings!

Along about an hour after breakfast we saw the first prairie-dog villages, the first antelope, and the first wolf. If I remember rightly, this latter was the regular *cayote* (pronounced ky-o-te) of the farther deserts. And if it *was*, he was not a pretty creature or respectable either, for I got well acquainted with his race afterward, and can speak with confidence. The cayote is a long, slim, sick- and sorry-looking skeleton, with a grey wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The cayote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is *always* hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and

friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologising for it. And he is *so* homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and finally the grey of his gliding body blends with the grey of the sage-brush, and he disappears. All this is when you make no demonstration against him; but if you do, he develops a livelier interest in his journey, and instantly electrifies his heels, and puts such a deal of real estate between himself and your weapon that by the time you have raised the hammer you see that you need a minié rifle, and by the time you have got him in line you need a rifled cannon, and by the time you have "drawn a bead" on him you see well enough that nothing but an unusually long-winded streak of lightning could reach him where he is now. But if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think he knows something about speed. The cayote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and stick his tail out straighter behind, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader

and broader, and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain ! And all this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the cayote, and to save the soul of him he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer ; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the cayote glides along and never pants or sweats or ceases to smile ; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is ; and next he notices that he is getting fagged, and that the cayote actually has to slacken speed a little to keep from running away from him—and *then* that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain and weep and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the cayote with concentrated and desperate energy. This “spurt” finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the cayote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say : “ Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, bub—business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day ”—and forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude !

It makes his head swim. He stops and looks all around ; climbs the nearest sand-mound, and gazes into the distance ; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost waggon, and feels unspeakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And forasmuch as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a cayote, that

dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

The cayote lives chiefly in the most desolate and forbidding deserts, along with the lizard, the jackass-rabbit, and the raven, and gets an uncertain and precarious living, and earns it. He seems to subsist almost wholly on the carcasses of oxen, mules, and horses that have dropped out of emigrant trains and died, and upon windfalls of carrion, and occasional legacies of offal bequeathed to him by white men who have been opulent enough to have something better to butcher than condemned army bacon. He will eat anything in the world that his first cousins, the desert-frequenting tribes of Indians, will, and they will eat anything they can bite. It is a curious fact that these latter are the only creatures known to history who will eat nitroglycerine and ask for more if they survive.

The cayote of the deserts beyond the Rocky Mountains has a peculiarly hard time of it, owing to the fact that his relations, the Indians, are just as apt to be the first to detect a seductive scent on the desert breeze, and follow the fragrance to the late ox it emanated from, as he is himself; and when this occurs he has to content himself with sitting off at a little distance watching those people strip off and dig out everything edible, and walk off with it. Then he and the waiting ravens explore the skeleton and polish the bones. It is considered that the cayote, and the obscene bird, and the Indian of the desert, testify their blood kinship with each other in that they live together in the waste places of the earth on terms of perfect confidence and friendship, while hating all other creatures and yearning to assist at their funerals. He does not mind going a hundred miles to breakfast, and a hundred and fifty to dinner, because he is sure to have three or four days between meals, and he can just as well be travelling and looking at the

scenery as lying around doing nothing and adding to the burdens of his parents.

We soon learned to recognise the sharp, vicious bark of the cayote as it came across the murky plain at night to disturb our dreams among the mail-sacks ; and remembering his forlorn aspect and his hard fortune, made shift to wish him the blessed novelty of a long day's good luck and a limitless larder the morrow.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain").

THE HEAD-WRITER.

“‘AND YOU NOTICE MY CORPULENT BUILD?’”

IT was early in the morning when I heard a great puffing and blowing on the stairs, and pretty soon footsteps sounded in the hall, and a woman's voice said—

“Now, John Quincy, you want to look as smart as you can!”

The next moment the door opened, and a big fat woman and a small thin boy came into the room. She gave her dress a shake, snatched the boy's hat off, and then, looking at me, she inquired—

“Is the head-writer in?”

“He is, madam,” I replied.

“Be you him?” she asked.

I nodded.

“Oh, dear!” she exclaimed, as she sat down on a chair and fanned herself with her handkerchief; “I like to have never got upstairs.”

I smiled and nodded.

“You see that boy thar?” she inquired after a while.

“Your son, I suppose?” I answered; “nice-looking lad.”

“Yes, he's smart as a fox. There isn't a thing he don't know. Why, he isn't but eight, and he composes poetry, writes letters, and plays tunes on the fiddle!”

“You ought to be proud of him,” I said.

“Wall, we kinder hope he'll turn out well,” she answered. “Come up here, John Quincy, and speak that piece about that boy who stood on the busted deck.”

“I won't!” replied the boy in a positive tone.

“He's a little bashful, you see,” giving me an apologetical smile. “He's rid fourteen miles this morning, and he doesn't feel well, anyhow; I shouldn't wonder if he was troubled with worums.”

“Worms be blowed!” replied John Quincy, chewing away at his hat.

“He's awful skeard when he's among strangers,” she went on; “but he'll git over it in a short time. What I cum in for was to see if you wouldn't take him and make a head-writer of him.”

“I don't want to be a durned old bald-headed head-writer!” said John Quincy, picking his teeth with my scissors.

"The young never knows what's good for 'em," she went on. "He wants to be a preacher, or a great lawyer, or a big doctor; but he seems to take to writing, and we thought we'd make a head-writer of him. I don't sopose he'd earn over five or six dollars and board a week for the first year, but I've bin told that Gen'ral Jackson didn't get half that when he begun."

"Madam," I commenced, as she stopped for breath, "I'd like to take the boy. He looks as smart as a steel trap, and no doubt he'll turn out a great man."

"Then you'll take him?"

"If you agree as to terms."

"What is them ter-ums?"

"You see my left eye is out?"

"Yes."

"Well, your son can never become a great writer unless you put his left eye out. If you will think back you will remember that you never saw a great writer whose left eye was not out. This is a matter of economy. A one-eyed writer only needs half as much light as a man with two eyes, and he isn't half so apt to discover hair-pins in his butter, and buttons in his oyster soup. The best way to put his eye out is to jab a red-hot needle into it."

"Good grashus!" she exclaimed.

"And you observe that I am bald-headed? You may think that my baldness results from scalp disease, but such is not the case. When a head-writer is bothered to get an idea he scratches his head. Scratching the hair wouldn't do any good; it's the scalp he must agitate. The hair is therefore pulled out with a pair of pincers, in order that a man can get right down to the scalp at once, and save time."

"Can that be possible?"

"All this is strictly true, madam. You also observe that one of my legs is shorter than the other. Without an explanation on my part you would attribute this to some

accident. Such is not the case. Every head-writer is located in the fourth storey of the office, and his left leg is shortened three inches to enable him to run up and down stairs. You will have to have a doctor unjoint your son's leg at the hip, saw it off to the proper length, and then hook it back in its place "

" Did I ever hear the likes ! " she exclaimed.

" And you also observe, madam, that two of my front teeth are gone. You might think they decayed, but such was not the case. They were knocked out with a crowbar in order to enable me to spit ten feet. According to a law enacted at the last Session of Congress, any head-writer who can't spit ten feet is not entitled to receive Congressional reports free of postage."

" Can it be so ? " she said, her eyes growing larger every moment.

" And you notice my corpulent build ? " I went on ; " you might think this the result of high-living, but it is not. Every head-writer of any prominence has one of these big stomachs on him. They are all members of a secret society, and they tell each other outside of the lodge-room in this way: I am naturally very tall and thin, but I had to conform to the rules. They cut a hole in my chest and filled me out by stuffing in dry Indian meal. It took two bushels and a peck, and then it lacked a little, and they had to fill up with oatmeal. Now then, madam, you see what your son must go through with, and I leave you to judge whether you will have him learn the head-writer's trade or not. I like the looks of the boy very much, and if you desire to——"

" I guess we'll go hum ! " she exclaimed, lifting herself off the chair. " I kinder want him to be a head-writer, and yit I think I ought to have a little more talk with his father, who wants him to git to be boss in a saw-mill. I'm 'bleged to you, and if we conclude to have him——"

"Yes, bring him right in, day or night. The first thing will be to unhinge his left leg and——!"

But they were out in the hall, and I heard John Quincy remark: "Head-writer be blowed!"

C. B. Lewis ("M Quad").

*PELEG W. PONDER; OR, THE POLITICIAN
WITHOUT A SIDE.*

"HE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK."

IT is a curious thing—an unpleasant thing—a very embarrassing sort of thing—but the truth must be told—if not at all times, at least sometimes; and truth now compels the declaration that Peleg W. Ponder, whose

character is here portrayed, let him travel in any way, cannot arrive at a conclusion. He never had one of his own. He scarcely knows a conclusion, even if he should chance to see one belonging to other people, and, as for reaching a result, he would never be able to do it, if he could stretch like a giraffe. Results are beyond his compass. And his misfortune is, perhaps, hereditary, his mother's name having been Mrs. Perplexity Ponder, whose earthly career came to an end while she was in dubitation as to which of the various physicians of the place should be called in. If there had been only one doctor in the town, Perplexity Ponder might have been saved. But there was many—and what could Perplexity do in such a case?

Ponder's father was run over by a waggon, as he stood debating with himself, in the middle of the road, whether he should escape forward or retreat backward. There were two methods of extrication, and between them both old Ponder became a victim. How then could their worthy son, Peleg, be expected to arrive at a conclusion? He never does.

Yet, for one's general comfort and particular happiness, there does not appear to be any faculty more desirable than the power of "making up the mind." Right or wrong, it saves a deal of wear and tear; and it prevents an infinite variety of trouble. Commend us to the individual who chooses upon propositions like a nutcracker—whose promptness of will has a sledge-hammer way with it, and hits nails continually on the head. Genius may be brilliant—talent commanding! but what is genius, or what is talent, if it lack that which we may call the clinching faculty—if it hesitates, veers, and flutters—suffers opportunities to pass, and stumbles at occasion? To reason well is much, no doubt, but reason loses the race if it sits in meditation on the fence when competition rushes by.

Under the best of circumstances, something must be left

to hazard. There is a chance in all things. No man can so calculate odds in the affairs of life as to ensure a certainty. The screws and linchpins necessary to our purpose have not the inflexibility of fate; yet they must be trusted at some degree of risk. Our candle may be put out by a puff of wind on the stair, let it be sheltered ever so carefully. Betsy is a good cook, yet beefsteaks have been productive of strangulation. Does it then follow from this that we are never to go to bed, except in the dark, and to abstain from breaking our fast until dinner is announced?

One may pause and reflect too much. There must be action, conclusion, result, or we are a failure, to all intents and purposes—a self-confessed failure—defunct from the beginning. And such was the case with Peleg W. Ponder, who never arrived at a conclusion, or contrived to reach a result. Peleg is always “stumped”—he “don’t know what to think”—he “can’t tell what to say”—an unfinished gentleman, with a mind like a dusty garret, full, as it were, of rickety furniture, yet nothing serviceable—broken-backed chairs—three-legged tables—pitchers without handles—cracked decanters and fractured looking-glasses—that museum of mutilations in which housewifery rejoices, under the vague but never realised hope that these things may eventually “come in play.” Peleg’s opinions lie about the workshop of his brains, in every stage of progress but the last—chips, sticks, and sawdust enough, but no article ready to send home.

Should you meet Peleg in the street with “Good morning, Peleg—how do you find yourself to-day?”

“Well—I don’t know exactly—I’m pretty—no, not very—pray, how do you do yourself?”

Now if a man does not know exactly, or nearly, how he is after being up for several hours, and having had abundant time to investigate the circumstances of his case, it is useless to propound questions of opinion to such an

individual. It is useless to attempt it with Peleg. "How do you do?" puzzles him—he is fearful of being too rash, and of making a reply which might not be fully justified by after-reflection. His head may be about to ache, and he has other suspicious feelings.

"People are always asking me how I do, and more than half the time I can't tell. There's a good many different sorts of ways of feeling betwixt and between 'Very sick, I thank you,' and 'Half-dead, I'm obliged to you;' and people won't stop to hear you explain the matter. They want to know right smack, when you don't know right smack yourself. Sometimes you feel things a-coming, and just after you feel things a-going. And nobody's exactly prime all the while. I ain't, anyhow—I'm kinder so just now, and I'm sorter t'other way just after. Then, some people tell you that you look very well, when you don't feel very well—how then?"

At table Peleg is not exactly sure what he will take; and sits looking slowly up and down the board, deliberating what he would like, until the rest of the company have finished their repast, there being often nothing left which suits Peleg's hesitating appetite.

Peleg has never married—not that he is averse to the connubial state—on the contrary, he has a large share of the susceptibilities, and is always partially in love. But female beauty is so various. At one time Peleg is inclined to believe that perfection lies in queenly dignity—the majesty of an empress fills his dreams; and he looks down with disdain on little people. He calls them "squabs" in derogation. But anon, in a more domestic mood, he thinks of fireside happiness and quiet bliss, declining from the epic poetry of loveliness to the household wife, who might be disposed to bring him his slippers, and to darn the hole in his elbow. When in the tragic vein he fancies a brunette; and when the sunshine is on his soul, blue

eyes are at a premium. Should woman possess the slightness of a sylph, or should her charms be of the more solid architecture? Ought her countenance to beam in smiles, or will habitual pensiveness be the more interesting? Is sparkling brilliancy to be preferred to gentle sweetness?

"If there wasn't so many of them, I shouldn't be so bothered," said Peleg; "or if they all looked alike, a man couldn't help himself. But yesterday I wanted this one; to-day, I want that one; and to-morrow I'll want t'other one; and how can I tell, if I should get this, or that, or t'other, that it wouldn't soon be somebody else that I really wanted? That's the difficulty. It always happens so with me. When the lady's most courted, and thinks I ought to speak out, then I begin to be skeered, for fear I've made a mistake, and have been thinking I loved her, when I didn't. Maybe it's not the right one—maybe she won't suit—maybe I might do better—maybe I had better not venture at all. I wish there wasn't so many 'maybe's' about everything, especially in such affairs. I've got at least a dozen unfinished courtships on hand already."

But all this happened a long time ago; and Peleg has gradually lost sight of his fancy for making an addition to his household. Not that he has concluded, even yet, to remain a bachelor. He would be alarmed at the bare mention of such an idea. He could not consent to be shelved in that decisive manner. But he has subsided from active "looking around" in pursuit of his object, into that calm, irresponsible submissiveness, characteristic of the somewhat elderly bachelor, which waits until she may chance to present herself spontaneously, and "come along" of her own accord. "Some day—some day," says Peleg; "it will happen some day or other. What's the use of being in a hurry?"

Peleg W. Ponder's great object is now ambition. His personal affairs are somewhat embarrassed by his lack of

enterprise, and he hankers greatly for an office. But which side to join? Ay, there's the rub! Who will purvey the loaf and fish? for whom shall Peleg shout?

Behold him as he puzzles over the returns of the State elections, labouring in vain to satisfy his mind as to the result of the presidential contest. Stupefied by figures—perplexed by contradictory statements—bothered by the general hurrah; what can Peleg do?

“Who's going to win? That's all I want to know,” exclaims the vexed Peleg. “I don't want to waste my time a-blowing out for the wrong person, and never get a thank'e. What's the use of that? There's Simpkins—says I, Simpkins, says I, which is the party that can't be beat? And Simpkins turns up his nose and tells me every fool knows that—it's his side—so I hurrah for Simpkins' side as hard as I can. But then comes Timpkins—Timpkins' side is t'other side from Simpkins' side—and Timpkins offers to bet me three levies that his side is the side that can't be beat. Hurrah! says I, for Timpkins' side!—and then I can't tell which side.”

As for the newspapers, that's worse still. They not only crow all round, but they cipher it out so clear that both sides must win, if there's any truth in the ciphering-book; which there isn't about election time. What's to be done? I've tried going to all the meetings—I've hurrahed for everybody—I've been in all the processions, and I sit a little while every evening in all sorts of headquarters. I've got one kind of documents in one pocket, and t'other kind of documents in t'other pocket; and as I go home at night I sing one sort of song as loud as I can bawl half of the way, and try another sort of song the rest of the way, just to split the difference and show my impartiality. If I only had two notes—a couple of 'em—how nice it would be!

“But the best thing that can be done now, I guess, as my character is established both ways, is to turn in quietly

till the row is all over. Nobody will miss me when they are all so busy ; and afterwards, when we know all about it, just look for Peleg W. Ponder as he comes down the street, shaking people by the hand, and saying how we have used them up. I can't say so now, or I would, for I am not perfectly sure yet which is 'we' or which is 'them.' Time enough when the election is over."

It will thus be seen that Ponder is a remarkable person. Peter Schlemihl lost his shadow and became memorably unhappy in consequence ; but what was his misfortune when compared with that of the man who has no side ? What are shadows if weighed against sides ? And Peleg is almost afraid that he never will be able to get a side, so unlucky has he been heretofore. He begins to dread that both sides may be defeated ; and then, let us ask, what is to become of him ? Must he stand aside ?

Joseph C. Neal.

THE SHAKERS.

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats ; but I'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—least-ways, if they cum they was disguised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18— I got swamp't in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it

was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay!"

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be fasheshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N.B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm afraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here, we're shot out from the sinful world. Here, all is peas. Here, we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbands. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin

to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker ? ”

“No,” sez I, “it ain’t my stile.”

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn’t sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. “You’re a man of sin !” he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the old one I’d met previsly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear ; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, “My pretty dears, how air you ? ”

“We air well,” they solumly sed.

“Whar’s the old man ? ” sed I, in a soft voice.

“Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah ? ”

“I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn’t wonder if his name was Uriah.”

“He has retired.”

“Wall, my pretty dears,” sez I, “let’s have sum fun. Let’s play puss in the corner. What say ? ”

“Air you a Shaker, sir ? ” they axed.

“Wall, my pretty dears, I havn’t arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I’d jine ’em. As it is, I’m a Shaker pro-temporary.”

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt ’em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course

so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "My pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I *yay'd*.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd been snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeerel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seseshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits, and hain't got no command over hissself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfust my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I *nay'd*.

"'YAY,' THEY SED, AND I YAY'D."

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room, and the females on tother. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a double shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile and said. "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss."

"You're a man of sin!" he said, continnering his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers, and all was akal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What does it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. Wehn a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow

'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicts with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I give Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable, and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

Artemus Ward.

"EARLY RISING."

"**G**OD bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be abed"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;
 But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
 At ten o'clock A.M.—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
 But when, alas ! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
 Are those we passed in childhood or asleep !

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
 For the soft visions of the gentle night ;
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
 To live as only in the angels' sight,
 In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise,—
 I like the lad who, when his father thought
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
 Cried, "Served him right ! it's not at all surprising ;
 The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

John G. Saxe.

*HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S
BAR*

IT had been raining in the valley of Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable.

The few boulders that had marked the summer ford at Simpson's Crossing were obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills. The up stage was stopped at Granger's; the last mail had been abandoned in the *tules*, the rider swimming for his life.

"An area," remarked the *Sierra Avalanche* with pensive local pride, "as large as the State of Massachusetts is now under water."

Nor was the weather any better in the foothills.

The mud lay deep on the mountain road; waggons that neither physical force nor moral objurgation could move from the evil ways into which they had fallen, encumbered the track, and the way to Simpson's Bar was indicated by broken-down teams and hard swearing.

And farther on, cut-off and inaccessible, rained upon and bedraggled, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar, on the eve of Christmas Day, 1862, clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature and splintered capitals of Table Mountain, and shook in the blast.

As night shut down on the settlement, a few lights gleamed through the mist from the windows of cabins on either side of the highway now crossed and gullied by lawless streams and swept by marauding winds.

Happily most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that perhaps rendered conversation unnecessary.

Indeed most methods of diversion had long since been exhausted on Simpson's Bar; high water had suspended the regular occupations on gulch and on river, and a consequent lack of money and whisky had taken the zest from most illegitimate recreation.

Even Mr. Hamlin was fain to leave the Bar with fifty dollars in his pocket—the only amount actually realised of the large sums won by him in the successful exercise of his arduous profession.

"Ef I was asked," he remarked somewhat later—"ef I was asked to pint out a purty little village where a retired sport as didn't care for money could exercise hisself frequent and lively, I'd say Simpson's Bar; but for a young man with a large family depending on his exertions, it don't pay."

As Mr. Hamlin's family consisted mainly of female adults, this remark is quoted rather to show the breadth of his humour than the exact extent of his responsibilities.

Howbeit, the unconscious objects of this satire sat that evening in the listless apathy begotten of idleness and lack of excitement.

Even the sudden splashing of hoofs before the door did not arouse them.

Dick Bullen alone paused in the act of scraping out his pipe, and lifted his head; but no other one of the group indicated any interest in, or recognition of, the man who entered.

It was a figure familiar enough to the company, and known in Simpson's Bar as "The Old Man."

A man of perhaps fifty years, grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of complexion. A face full of ready, but not very powerful sympathy, with a chameleon-like aptitude for taking on the shade and colour of contiguous moods and feelings.

He had evidently just left some hilarious companions,

and did not at first notice the gravity of the group, but clapped the shoulder of the nearest man jocularly, and threw himself into a vacant chair.

"Jest heard the best thing out, boys! Ye know Smiley, over yar—Jim Smiley—funniest man in the Bar? Well, Jim was jest telling the richest yarn about——"

"Smiley's a —— fool," interrupted a gloomy voice.

"A particular —— skunk," added another, in sepulchral accents.

A silence followed these positive statements.

The Old Man glanced quickly around the group. Then his face slowly changed.

"That's so," he said reflectively, after a pause; "certainly a sort of a skunk and suthin' of a fool. In course."

He was silent for a moment, as in painful contemplation of the unsavouriness and folly of the unpopular Smiley.

"Dismal weather, ain't it?" he added, now fully embarked on the current of prevailing sentiment. "Mighty rough papers on the boys, and no show for money this season. And to-morrow's Christmas."

There was a movement among the men at this announcement, but whether of satisfaction or disgust was not plain.

"Yes," continued the Old Man in the lugubrious tone he had within the last few moments unconsciously adopted—"yes, Christmas, and to-night's Christmas-eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought—that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin like you know—that may be ye'd all like to come over to my house to-night and have a sort of tear round. But I suppose, now, you wouldn't? Don't feel like it, may be?" he added, with anxious sympathy, peering into the faces of his companions.

"Well, I don't know," responded Tom Flynn, with some cheerfulness. "P'r'aps we may. But how about your wife, Old Man? What does she say to it?"

The Old Man hesitated.

His conjugal experience had not been a happy one, and the fact was known to Simpson's Bar.

His first wife, a delicate, pretty little woman, had suffered keenly and secretly from the jealous suspicions of her husband, until one day he invited the whole Bar to his house to expose her infidelity.

On arriving, the party found the shy, *petite* creature quietly engaged in her household duties, and retired abashed and discomfited.

But the sensitive woman did not easily recover from the shock of this extraordinary outrage.

It was with difficulty she regained her equanimity sufficiently to release her lover from the closet in which he was concealed, and escape with him.

She left a boy of three years to comfort her bereaved husband.

The Old Man's present wife had been his cook. She was large, loyal, and aggressive.

Before he could reply, Joe Dimmick suggested with great directness that it was the "Old Man's house," and that, invoking the Divine Power, if the case were his own, he would invite who he pleased, even if in so doing he imperilled his salvation. The Powers of Evil, he further remarked, should contend against him vainly.

All this delivered with a terseness and vigour lost in this necessary translation.

"In course. Certainly. Thet's it," said the Old Man with a sympathetic frown. "Thar's no trouble about thet. It's my own house, built every stick on it myself. Don't you be afeared o' her, boys. She may cut up a trifle rough—ez wimmin do—but she'll come round."

Secretly the Old Man trusted to the exultation of liquor and the power of a courageous example to sustain him in such an emergency.

As yet, Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's

Bar, had not spoken. He now took his pipe from his lips.

“Old Man, how’s that yer Johnny gettin’ on? Seems to me he didn’t look so peart the last time I seed him on the bluff heavin’ rocks at Chinamen. Didn’t seem to take much interest in it. Thar was a gang of ’em by yar yesterday—drownded out up the river—and I kinder thought o’ Johnny, and how he’d miss ’em! May be now, we’d be in the way ef he was sick?”

The father, evidently touched not only by this pathetic picture of Johnny’s deprivation, but by the considerate delicacy of the speaker, hastened to assure him that Johnny was better, and that a “little fun might ’liven him up.”

Whereupon Dick arose, shook himself, and saying, “I’m ready. Lead the way, Old Man: here goes,” himself led the way with a leap, a characteristic howl, and darted out into the night.

As he passed through the outer room he caught up a blazing brand from the hearth.

The action was repeated by the rest of the party, closely following and elbowing each other, and before the astonished proprietor of Thompson’s grocery was aware of the intention of his guests, the room was deserted.

The night was pitchy dark. In the first gust of wind their temporary torches were extinguished, and only the red brands dancing and flitting in the gloom like drunken will-o’-the-wisps indicated their whereabouts.

Their way led up Pine Tree Cañon, at the head of which a broad, low bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountain-side.

It was the home of the Old Man, and the entrance to the tunnel in which he worked, when he worked at all.

Here the crowd paused for a moment, out of delicate deference to their host, who came up panting in the rear.

“P’raps ye’d better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go

in and see thet things is all right," said the Old Man, with an indifference he was far from feeling.

The suggestion was graciously accepted, the door opened and closed on the host, and the crowd, leaning their backs against the wall, and cowering under the eaves, waited and listened.

For a few moments there was no sound but the dripping of water from the eaves, and the stir and rustle of wrestling boughs above them.

Then the men became uneasy, and whispered suggestion and suspicion passed from the one to the other.

"Reckon she's caved in his head the first lick!"

"Decoyed him inter the tunnel, and barred him up, likely."

"Got him down, and sittin' on him."

"Prob'ly biling suthing to heave on us; stand clear the door, boys!"

For just then the latch clicked, the door slowly opened, and a voice said—

"Come in out o' the wet."

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor of his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give.

It was the face of a small boy that looked up at theirs—a face that might have been pretty and even refined, but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without.

He had a blanket around his shoulders, and had evidently just risen from his bed.

"Come in," he repeated, "and don't make no noise. The Old Man's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a kitchen, from which the Old Man's voice came in deprecating accents.

"Let me be," he added, querulously to Dick Bullen, who had caught him up, blanket and all, and was affecting to toss him into the fire; "let go o' me, you d—d old fool, d'ye hear?"

Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered Johnny to the ground with a smothered laugh, while the men, entering quietly, ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the centre of the room.

"'NOW WADE IN, AND DON'T BE AFRAID.'"

Johnny then gravely proceeded to a cupboard, and brought out several articles which he deposited on the table.

"Thar's whisky and crackers, and red herons and cheese." He took a bite of the latter on his way to the table. "And sugar." He scooped up a mouthful *en route* with a small and very dirty hand. "And terbacker. Thar's dried appils too on the shelf, but I don't admire 'em. Appils is swellin'. Thar," he continued; "now wade in,

and don't be afeared. I don't mind the old woman. She don't b'long to me. S'long."

He had stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed.

He stood there a moment looking at the company, his bare feet peeping from the blanket, and nodded.

"Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick.

"Yes, I are," responded Johnny, decidedly.

"Why, wot's up, old fellow?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"I've got a fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bed-clothes—"And biles!"

There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other and at the fire.

Even with the appetising banquet before them, it seemed as if they might again fall into the despondency of Thompson's grocery, when the voice of the Old Man, incautiously lifted, came deprecatingly from the kitchen.

"Certainly! Thet's so. In course they is. A gang o' lazy drunken loafers, and that ar Dick Bullen's the ornariest of all. Didn't hev no more sabe than to come round yar with sickness in the house and no provision. Thet's what I said: 'Bullen,' sez I, 'it's crazy drunk you are, or a fool,' sez I, 'to think o' such a thing.' 'Staples,' I sez, 'be you a man, Staples, and 'spect to raise h—ll under my roof and invalids lyin' round?' But they would come—they would. Thet's wot you must 'spect o' such trash as lays round the Bar."

A burst of laughter from the men followed this unfortunate exposure.

Whether it was overheard in the kitchen, or whether the Old Man's irate companion had just then exhausted all other modes of expressing her contemptuous indignation, I cannot say, but a back door was suddenly slammed with great violence.

A moment later and the Old Man reappeared, haply unconscious of the cause of the late hilarious outburst, and smiled blandly.

"The old woman thought she'd jest run over to Mrs. McFadden's for a sociable call," he explained, with jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

Oddly enough, it needed this untoward incident to relieve the embarrassment that was beginning to be felt by the party, and their natural audacity returned with their host.

I do not propose to record the convivialities of that evening. The inquisitive reader will accept the statement that the conversation was characterised by the same intellectual exaltation, the same cautious reverence, the same fastidious delicacy, the same rhetorical precision, and the same logical and coherent discourse somewhat later in the evening, which distinguish similar gatherings of the masculine sex in more civilised localities, and under more favourable auspices.

No glasses were broken in the absence of any; no liquor was uselessly spilt on floor or table in the scarcity of that article.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted.

"Hush," said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand.

It was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet.

"Oh, dad."

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared.

"His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'."

He lifted the demijohn of whisky from the table and shook it. It was empty.

Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others.

The Old Man examined their contents, and said, hopefully—

"I reckon that's enough; he don't need much. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back;" and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whisky.

The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible:—

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yer and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny—

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer's Chrissmiss, ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little fuder down. Wot's Chrissmiss, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

"Oh, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again—

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrissmiss, and then she just waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrissmiss and gives things to chillern—boys likes me. Puts 'em in their butes! Thet's

what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop; whar are you rubbin' to—thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, didn't she, jest to aggrewate me and you? Don't rub thar—— Why, dad!"

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct.

Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on—

"Don't you take on now, fur I'm gettin' all right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through.

His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins in a lean buckskin purse on the table.

"Bettin' on suthin',—some little game or 'nother. They're all right," he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

"I'd like to take a hand and win some money," said Johnny, reflectively, after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of money, etc., etc.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't. And whether you strike it or I win it, it's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty cur'o's about Chrissmiss—ain't it? Why do they call it Chrissmiss?"

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I've heard o' him before. Thar, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go asleep."

To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket, and grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently.

Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room.

To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted.

But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily towards him.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon on a little *pasear*. They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man?" he added with a forced laugh; "do you think I'm drunk?"

The old man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed.

He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed.

"Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued, as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jist whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door.

Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "good night" to his host, and disappeared.

The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it; it was small, weak, and emaciated.

But perhaps because it was small, weak, and emaciated, he changed his mind, and drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him—asleep.

Meantime, Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions.

“Are you ready?” said Staples.

“Ready!” said Dick; “what’s the time?”

“Past twelve,” was the reply; “can you make it?—it’s nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon.”

“I reckon,” returned Dick, shortly. “Whar’s the mare?”

“Bill and Jack’s holdin’ her at the crossin’.”

“Let ’em hold on a minit longer,” said Dick.

He turned and re-entered the house softly.

By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open.

He stepped toward it on tiptoe and looked in.

The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his hat pulled over his eyes.

Beside him, on a narrow wooden bedstead, lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration.

Dick Bullen made a step forward, hesitated, and glanced over his shoulder into the deserted room.

Everything was quiet.

With a sudden resolution he parted his huge moustaches with both hands, and stooped over the sleeping boy.

But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chimney, rekindling the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow, from which Dick fled in bashful terror.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing.

Two of them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which, as Dick came nearer, took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

It was the mare.

She was not a pretty picture.

From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine, hidden by the stiff *machillas* of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace.

In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding under lip, in her monstrous colour, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup quick. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness.

"All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back onless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill! We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Mula! Go!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Bullen! Sing, O Muse, of chivalrous men! the sacred quest, the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and gruesome perils of the flower of Simpson's Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will have none of this buck-

ing brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him, in prose, afoot !

It was one o'clock; and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practised all her vices.

Thrice had she stumbled.

Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country.

Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again.

And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek.

Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression.

Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill.

Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentatious objurgation and well-feigned cries of alarm.

It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away.

Nor need I state the time made in the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar.

Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek.

As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking; and holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly-flowing current.

A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level.

Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits.

Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new freshly-painted meeting-house at the crossing of the county road.

Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly-springing grasses flew from beneath her rattling hoofs.

She began to smell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed.

By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the plain.

Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto hoss"—an event sufficiently notable for remark.

At half-past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout.

Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flag-staff, and a straggling line of black objects.

Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *riata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville, and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record.

Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy hostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town.

Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses; but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry

roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares.

Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink.

It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small water-proof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders, Dick returned to the hotel.

But here he was waylaid by Beauty—Beauty opulent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent !

In vain she repeated the invitation in "Excelsior," happily scorned by all Alpine-climbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras—a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh and his last gold coin.

And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires and the flag-staff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half-past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the country road.

To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound.

It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more; but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek.

Another half-hour would bring him to the creek.

He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider.

Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider.

"Throw up your hands," commanded this second apparition with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him.

He knew what it meant, and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know you, you d—d thief. Let me pass, or——"

He did not finish the sentence.

Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged her deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her.

An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away.

But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slackening his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand.

But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset.

This in his crippled condition took some time.

He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky.

Day was upon him.

Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on towards Rattlesnake Creek.

But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky

Ride, Richard ; run, Jovita ; linger, O day !

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears.

Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what ?

He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognise his surroundings.

Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek ?

"WAS THIS RATTLESNAKE CREEK !"

It was.

But the brawling creek he had swum a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill.

For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him.

The river, the mountain, the quickening east swam before his eyes.

He shut them to recover his self-control.

In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar, and the figures of the sleeping father and son, rose upon him.

He opened his eyes widely, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and, with a shout, dashed into the yellow water.

A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away, amid uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

The Old Man started and awoke.

The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door.

He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping half-naked figure that reeled against the door-post.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No,—but Dick——?"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whisky *quick!*"

The Old Man flew and returned with—an empty bottle!

Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion.

He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick!"

He did so with trembling fingers.

It contained only a few poor toys—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel.

One of them was broken ; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water ; and on the other, ah me ! there was a cruel spot.

“It don’t look like much, that’s a fact,” said Dick ruefully. . . . “But it’s the best we could do. . . . Take ’em, Old Man, and put ’em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man.”

The Old Man caught at his sinking figure.

“Tell him,” said Dick, with a weak little laugh—“tell him Sandy Claus has come.”

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson’s Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold.

The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love.

And it looked so tenderly on Simpson’s Bar that the whole mountain, as it caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

Bret Harte.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

AMOS DIXON had not been long gone from the elegant house when Miss Sophia Garr, caparisoned in a jaunty hat and a ready-made cloak, sallied forth on a little business of her own.

She took the nearest way to Montgomery Street, and proceeded almost to the head of that thoroughfare. Ascending a very wide flight of steps, she turned to the right, and went up a narrower flight ; turning again to the left, she went up a narrower flight still. Without pausing to take breath, Miss Sophia proceeded, by the help

of the skylight, to read the names on a whole army of doors. Making nearly the whole circuit of the long hall, she arrived finally at a door which seemed to meet with her approval, for she nodded her head, knocked, and walked briskly in.

"What a horrid-looking man!" she said, as she threw herself upon a well-worn lounge, and breathed heavily.

"What an ugly old vixen!" replied the gentleman thus apostrophised, looking up from the desk at which he sat writing.

"Hem!" rejoined Miss Sophia, eyeing him wickedly, and still labouring for her breath, after her unwonted exertion.

"Well, madam?"

"How dare you, sir—but this is Mr. Beanson, no doubt?"

"Yes, madam."

"I called, sir," pronounced Miss Garr, in an angry tone, "to have you explain to me explicitly, and without reservation, what constitutes a breach of promise."

Now two different persons had been harassing Mr. Beanson that very morning with unpaid bills. Yet it was a characteristic of this remarkable man that all his greatest troubles were in the future—that undiscovered country of his first brief, and the presidency. He was possessed of a wonderful talent at apprehending evil; and he had not heard Miss Sophia this long without exerting it. He thought instantly of the snares laid for unsuspecting young men by designing females, and did not grow calmer as his visitor repeated—

"Come, sir; you profess to be a lawyer, if you are not. Can you tell me, sir?"

"M—madam, I don't know you!" exclaimed Mr. Beanson, feeling very much confused, but looking, as he always did, very aggressive.

“I found your card in my card-case, and I want to know, sir, what constitutes a breach of promise.”

“Madam, I tell you I don’t know you *at all!*”

“But did you not leave your card in my card-case at Mrs. Clayton’s?”

“I did, madam, but that does not constitute a breach of promise; and I warn you now,” said Mr. Beanson, raising his voice and his forefinger, and shaking both at her simultaneously, “I warn you now, madam, that you cannot ground an action for breach of promise on a little skilful advertising!”

“What do you mean, sir?”

Mr. Beanson observed a sudden and marked change coming over the features of his visitor, and took it for the herald of her discomfiture and his own triumph.

“What do I mean?” iterated Mr. Beanson. “I mean, madam, that in this latter stage of juridical enlightenment a man cannot be held for breach of promise, or prosecuted for breach of promise, by a woman whom he never saw before in his life—and, for that matter, never wishes to see again—just because he put his business card in her card-case.” Here the speaker, seeing the remarkable effect of his philippic, launched himself upon his feet, the better to enjoy the ovation he was preparing for himself. As he undoubled his exceeding length before Sophia, he had the satisfaction of seeing the additional effect he was producing, even apart from his oratory. It was the very yellow jaundice of tones in which Mr. Beanson concluded—

“No, madam, you would not get any intelligent court in the land, in these premises, to find cause of action. It was nothing but a skilful advertisement—in short, an act of commercial and legal genius. You, I suppose, would make it a crime punishable by marriage with such as you. The thing is simply ridiculous! Madam, I have done. Have you?”

Mr. Beanson resumed his seat triumphantly, and eyed the astonished Garr with an expression that made his head look older than common.

Miss Sophia could not have interrupted the foregoing forensic display if she had tried. In her bewilderment she was mutely deciding whether she, Sophia Garr, or all the men were going stark mad. George Lang had offered himself to Amelia, after being accepted by herself. Then this impudent red-headed wretch—whom she had never attempted to marry—either he or she was certainly crazy. The question was too complicated for a prompt decision.

The two had sat for some moments, glaring at each other, in profound silence, when Miss Garr suddenly exclaimed, "You long-waisted vagabond, shut up!"

This might have been effectual in a contest with a person of her own sex; since it might have shocked into silence or proved an *Ultima Thule* of feminine virulence. When, however, Mr. Beanson, having taken some time to consider, remembered that he was not talking at all when he was requested to "shut up," the thing struck him as laughable. Accordingly Mr. Beanson laughed—laughed loud and long, till Mr. Beanson had laughed out all the fun there was in the occurrence, and some of his own anger to boot.

"Now, madam," said he facetiously, "I am prepared to part with you."

Miss Garr was more angry than ever.

"I say, madam, I am prepared to part with you. I will not detain you further."

"You ugly, hateful, impudent wretch!" remarked Sophia, finding speech at last. "You may insult me here as much as you please, since I am without a protector; but you shall not drive me away till you have answered my question. I would as soon marry a keg of nails as you, sir; so you may set your mind at rest! It is somebody else that my outraged feelings are interested in—somebody else of more

consequence than you, though I verily believe he is as big a villain——”

“Oh!” exclaimed Mr. Beanson, as any other drowning man might have done before he was swallowed up by any other flood.

“Do you suppose, sir, I would walk all the way here from Folsome Street, and up these interminable stairs, and then go away, without knowing what constitutes a breach of promise? I would have you know, sir, that my case is urgent.”

“Then you did not intend to prosecute me at all?” asked Mr. Beanson, opening his eyes very wide.

“Have I not told you once? Would I prosecute a keg of nails, you ninny?”

As strange as it may seem, a bland smile, which spread over the entire face of Mr. Beanson, was the result of this last poisoned arrow of Miss Garr. The *ignis fatuus* of his first brief was again rising over the marshes of his present embarrassments. “Well, well, madam,” rejoined Mr. Beanson, “I will do anything in the world to serve you. Who is it, by the way, that you wish to prosecute?”

“I don’t know as that is any of your business at present, sir; I first want an answer to the question I have asked about forty times: What constitutes a breach of promise?”

“To tell the truth, madam, there are so many conditions to a breach of promise that an abstract definition of it would not do the least good in the world; and I could not give one without consulting my books—but do you absolutely insist on mentioning no names?”

“I do, sir.”

“Will you state the case, then, without names?”

“You must see, sir, that my natural delicacy revolts against any revelations to strangers.”

“Why, madam, counsellor and client should never be strangers. Besides, you must be aware that a breach of

promise depends on so many things. As I have said before, there are so many conditions that we cannot proceed at all unless you answer certain questions; such as, for instance, whether you—I mean the lady, the plaintiff, in fact—has any proof of a promise, express or implied.”

Miss Garr looked about the room in silent uncertainty.

“Have you—I mean, has the lady—for example, any witnesses—any one who has heard the defendant that is to be,” pursued Mr. Beanson, in the language of the future, “express or imply a promise?”

She could not say that the lady had.

“Had she any letters to show which contained a promise either expressed or implied?”

“The lady,” responded Miss Garr mysteriously; “the lady has not.”

“Has the plaintiff been injured in any way by the defendant?”

“Yes, grossly.”

“Ah, then, I begin to see a case. Set the damages heavy—set the damages heavy. By-the-bye, is the defendant rich?”

“Yes.”

“Good,” said Mr. Beanson, rubbing his hands. “We will make the villain suffer.”

“Thank you, Mr. Beanson. Fifty thousand dollars will be little enough. Thank you, Mr. Beanson.” And Miss Garr actually shook hands with Mr. Beanson on the spot.

“Hem, ah! what was—the—nature of—these injuries—that you say the defendant had inflicted upon you—the lady, I should say, the plaintiff?”

Miss Garr feigned an uneasy look.

“Must I tell?” she demanded, dropping her eyes.

“I am sorry, madam, it is absolutely necessary, since the whole case seems to hang upon that injury, or those injuries alone.”

"Well, then," said Sophia, riveting her maidenly orbs meekly upon a broken coal-scuttle; "well, then, sir, he kissed her in the dark!"

"Is that all?"

"Is it not enough, sir?"

"It might have been enough," replied Mr. Beanson, in the stumbling innocence which had been the bane of his life; "it might have been enough, madam, for the defendant, or for the plaintiff even, but it is hardly enough to ground an action of breach of promise upon."

Miss Garr was angry; Mr. Beanson puzzled; and both were silent. If he had seen a possible chance of securing his first brief in any other way, Mr. Archibald Beanson would most certainly have dismissed Sophia instant.

Running his long fingers in vainly through his red hair, "Madam!" he said at last, "I think I shall be obliged to consult Bishop on Marriage."

"Now look here, sir," observed Miss Sophia, wrapping her ready-made cloak tighter around her, "if you keep on, I shall lose my patience and my good manners. Who in the world wants to consult the bishop on marriage? An ordinary minister, or even a justice of the peace, will do me. I am not proud, sir."

Mr. Beanson, trying to look learned, succeeded in looking confused. Undoubling himself again—this time with abstruse deliberation—he went to a meagre bookcase, and returned to his desk. "It was this book," said he, "that I had reference to—'Bishop on Marriage and Divorce!'"

"Well, now you begin to get sensible," remarked Miss Garr, in a tone and manner which, expressed in words, would have read, "I grant your pardon, sir, for your trivial mistake about ministers and bishops."

Mr. Beanson opened the book, and, glancing over the table of contents, his eye rested on the heading of a chapter, which read thus—"Want of age."

In his utter helplessness, Archibald looked up again at Sophia and asked, "Is there any want of age in the parties?"

"Now look here, sir; I did not come here to be insulted. You think I do not understand your irony. I would have you to know that I do."

"I asked that question," said Mr. Beanson, soothingly, "with all due reverence for your age. This is the first time you have openly acknowledged that you are the plaintiff in the contemplated suit. I have known it all along, however; and I therefore assure you that the question about age was suggested wholly by my ignorance as to the other party—the defendant."

Mr. Beanson, without perusing the commentary on this speech written in the face of his client, now glanced his eye back to the table of contents again. The question suggested this time seemed to that astute pundit an honest one, and based on sufficient grounds. "Want of mental capacity," he read. "That's it," he exclaimed.

"There may be a want of mental capacity in one of the parties. Do you think the defence would make that out?" inquired Mr. Beanson.

"It might be," replied Miss Garr, still pursuing the thought into which she had been drifted, and in which she had gradually drowned some of her indignation at the unsuspecting Archibald. Lang's late conduct may have been dictated by insanity—proposing to Amelia after engaging himself to her, Sophia Garr! "Really, Mr. Beanson, it might be."

"Indeed, madam? Then we must guard against that!"

The client looked inquiringly at the lawyer, who was for a moment wrapped in a mute study. "Can the defence, madam," demanded Mr. Beanson at last, "can—can they prove that you have ever been in Stockton, or any private insane asylum?"

Here the reader who has visited the Sandwich Islands may pause to congratulate himself. Remembering the crater of Mauna Loa, he will have a more vivid idea of Miss Garr's feelings than anything but that molten sea of lava could possibly suggest. Sophia jumped indignantly to her feet, and poured a tide of epithets, so seething-hot, over the head of the astonished Archibald, that for a

“‘YOU WRETCH!’”

moment he succumbed before it, blank and still as some patriarchal porpoise, lava-cooked and cast upon the beach of Hawaii.

“You wretch!” was the comparatively calm peroration of Miss Garr, “you—you horrid wretch! I have a mind to sue you for slander. How dare you put such a stigma on my character when you know, or ought to know, that George Lang is the one that is insane!”

“Oh, ah! George Lang, my employer?” exclaimed Mr.

Beanson, coming to life. "That's the gentleman you would prosecute. Well, now!"

To the intense astonishment of Archibald an increasing bitterness of manner succeeded, and he said, "If you are not insane, madam, you are certainly in your dotage. Why, look at this desk, here! Every one of these papers is a deed made out by order of the gentleman you would rob. Go along with your breach of promise! The court would send you to an asylum as sure as guns!"

Mr. Beanson's face grew brighter as his indignation grew, and his entire head was girt about with an unwonted appearance of youth. Sophia's rough handling, like sand-paper upon an antique bust, had rubbed some of the yellow mould away—had lifted that mysterious veil woven by the semblance of years, and had opened up to her eyes and ours, the perfect glories of Mr. Beanson's Golden Age.

"You came here, no doubt, madam," continued Archibald, with no such interruption as the foregoing paragraph; "in fact, I feel sure, madam, you came here to prevail on me to enter into a plot against my only present employer, and may be (here Mr. Beanson was very bitter in the curl of his lip and his general tone), may be?—no, I am sure, too, that you would attempt to marry me at last, as a meet punishment for being your accomplice. Oh! I see it in your eye, madam; you need not deny it!"

Miss Garr, at one time or another, since she had read Mr. Beanson's name on his card, might have thought vaguely of "prospecting" him for a husband, in case of the failure of all other claims; but to do her justice, it was only ineffable rage that Archibald saw in her eye, as he repeated—though Sophia had not attempted to speak—"You need not deny it, for I tell you I see it in your eye! and as for Mr. Lang, I am doing his notary business, and a great deal of it, too, especially of late. He is selling hosts of property—hosts of property, madam, in the name and

with the written consent of the Claytons. Why, the very heaviest sale is to be made to-day. Now what does this mutual confidence presuppose? Madam," said Mr. Beanson, rising and assuming an air of mock politeness, "if you were as sure that you are sane, as I am that he is going to marry the daughter of Mrs. Clayton, you would not have taken up so much of my valuable time from Mr. Lang's business. But, madam, this is the door," concluded Mr. Beanson with an urbane wave of the hand, as he resumed his seat and began silently to arrange the papers before him.

Miss Sophia, white with rage, did not stir or speak.

Involuntarily the hands of Mr. Beanson paused in the labours they had undertaken, and fell heavily, one on each side of his chair, almost to the floor. As he sat and gazed at the still shape before him, the idea of the ghost in *Hamlet* was suddenly suggested to the fertile mind of Mr. Beanson. This was not a remarkable conception, taken apart from its consequences; yet Mr. Beanson, forgetting the matter of gender, not only congratulated himself on the aptness of the allusion, though not expressed in words, but actually chuckled, and at last, laughed outright, as an encouragement to his own genius.

Had it not been for this fatal laugh, Miss Garr could have spoken, and her speech might have been terrible. But something came perversely up into her throat. Turning briskly upon her heel, she darted through the door to be in advance of her own tears; and she and the first brief of Mr. Archibald Beanson disappeared together.

Ralph Keeler.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING)
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

Benjamin Franklin.

THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

ONE of these fellows was about seventy, or upwards, and had a bald head and very grey whiskers. He had an old battered-up slouch hat on, and a greasy blue woollen shirt, and ragged old blue jeans britches stuffed into his boot-tops, and home-knit galluses—no, he only had one. He had an old long-tailed blue jeans coat, with slick brass buttons, flung over his arm, and both of them had big, fat, ratty-looking carpet-bags.

The other fellow was about thirty, and dressed about as ornery. After breakfast we all laid off and talked, and the first thing that come out was that these chaps didn't know one another.

"What got you into trouble?" says the baldhead to t'other chap.

“Well, I’d been selling an article to take the tartar off the teeth—and it does take it off, too, and generly the enamel along with it—but I stayed about one night longer than I ought to, and was just in the act of sliding out when I ran across you on the trail this side of town, and you told me they were coming, and begged me to help you to get off. So I told you I was expecting trouble myself, and would scatter out *with* you. That’s the whole yarn—what’s yourn?”

“Well, I’d ben a-runnin’ a little temperance revival thar, ’bout a week, and was the pet of the women-folks, big and little, for I was makin’ it mighty warm for the rummies, I *tell* you, and takin’ as much as five or six dollars a night—ten cents a head, children and niggers free—and business a growin’ all the time; when somehow or another a little report got around, last night, that I had a way of puttin’ in my time with a private jug, on the sly. A nigger roused me out this mornin’, and told me the people was getherin’ on the quiet, with their dogs and horses, and they’d be along pretty soon and give me ’bout half-an-hour’s start, and then run me down, if they could; and if they got me they’d tar and feather me, and ride me on a rail, sure. I didn’t wait for no breakfast—I warn’t hungry.”

“Old man,” says the young one, “I reckon we might double-team it together; what do you think?”

“I ain’t undisposed. What’s your line—mainly?”

“Jour printer, by trade; do a little in patent medicines; theatre-actor—tragedy, you know; take a turn at mesmerism and phrenology when there’s a chance; teach singing geography school for a change; sling a lecture, sometimes—oh, I do lots of things—most anything that comes handy, so it ain’t work. What’s your lay?”

“I’ve done considerble in the doctoring way in my time. Layin’ on o’ hands is my best holt—for cancer, and paralysis, and sich things; and I k’n tell a fortune pretty

good, when I've got somebody along to find out the facts for me. Preachin's my line, too; and workin' camp-meetin's; and missionaryin' around."

Nobody never said anything for a while; then the young man hove a sigh and says—

"Alas!"

"What're you alassin' about?" says the baldhead.

"To think I should have lived to be leading such a life, and be degraded down into such company." And he begun to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag.

"Dern your skin, ain't the company good enough for you?" says the baldhead, pretty pert and uppish.

"Yes, it *is* good enough for me; it's as good as I deserve; for who fetched me so low, when I was so high? *I* did myself. I don't blame *you*, gentlemen—far from it; I don't blame anybody. I deserve it all. Let the cold world do its worst; one thing I know—there's a grave somewhere for me. The world may go on just as it's always done, and take everything from me—loved ones, property, everything—but it can't take that. Some day I'll lie down in it and forget it all, and my poor broken heart will be at rest." He went on a-wiping.

"Drot your pore broken heart," says the baldhead; "what are you heaving your pore broken heart at *us* f'r? *We* hain't done nothing."

"No, I know you haven't. I ain't blaming you, gentlemen. I brought myself down—yes, I did it myself. It's right I should suffer—perfectly right—I don't make any moan."

"Brought you down from whar? Whar was you brought down from?"

"Ah, you would not believe me; the world never believes—let it pass—'tis no matter. The secret of my birth——"

"The secret of your birth? Do you mean to say——"

"Gentlemen," says the young man, very solemn, "I will reveal it to you, for I feel I may have confidence in you. By rights I am a duke!"

Jim's eyes bugged out when he heard that; and I reckon mine did, too. Then the baldhead says: "No! you can't mean it?"

"Yes. My great-grandfather, eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater, fled to this country about the end of the last century, to breathe the pure air of freedom; married here, and died, leaving a son, his own father dying about the same time. The second son of the late duke seized the title and estates—the infant real duke was ignored. I am the lineal descendant of that infant—I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater; and here am I, forlorn, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn, heart-broken, and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft!"

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it warn't much use, he couldn't be much comforted; said if we was a mind to acknowledge him, that would do him more good than most anything else; so we said we would, if he would tell us how. He said we ought to bow, when we spoke to him, and say, "Your Grace," or "My Lord," or "Your Lordship"—and he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain "Bridgewater," which he said was a title, anyway, and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner, and do any little thing for him he wanted done.

Well, that was all easy, so we done it. All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on him, and says, "Will yo' Grace have some o' dis, or some o' dat?" and so on, and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him.

But the old man got pretty silent, by-and-by—didn't have much to say, and didn't look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke. He

seemed to have something on his mind. So, along in the afternoon, he says—

“Looky here, Bilgewater,” he says, “I’m nation sorry for you, but you ain’t the only person that’s had troubles like that.”

“No?”

“No, you ain’t. You ain’t the only person that’s ben snaked down wrongfully out’n a high place.”

“Alas!”

“No, you ain’t the only person that’s had a secret of his birth.” And by jings, *he* begins to cry.

“Hold! What do you mean?”

“Bilgewater, kin I trust you?” says the old man, still sort of sobbing.

“To the bitter death!” He took the old man by the hand and squeezed it, and says, “The secret of your being: speak!”

“Bilgewater, I am the late Dauphin!”

You bet you Jim and me stared, this time. Then the duke says—

“You are what?”

“Yes, my friend, it is too true—your eyes is lookin’ at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette.”

“You! At your age! No! You mean you’re the late Charlemagne; you must be six or seven hundred years old, at the very least.”

“Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these grey hairs and this premature balditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin’, exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin’ rightful King of France.”

Well, he cried and took on so, that me and Jim didn’t know hardly what to do, we was so sorry—and so glad and

proud we'd got him with us, too. So we set in, like we done before with the duke, and tried to comfort *him*. But he said it warn't no use, nothing but to be dead and done

with it all could do him any good; though he said it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights, and got down on one knee to speak to him, and always called him "Your Majesty," and waited on him first at meals, and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them. So Jim and me set to majestyng him, and doing this and that and t'other for him, and standing up till he told us we might set down. This done him heaps of good, and so he got cheerful and comfortable. But the duke kind of soured on him, and didn't look a bit satisfied with the way things was going; still, the king acted real friendly towards him, and said the duke's great-grandfather and all

"BILGEWATER, I AM THE LATE DAUPHIN!"

the other Dukes of Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by *his* father, and was allowed to come to the palace considerable; but the duke stayed huffy a good while, till by-and-by the king says—

“Like as not we got to be together a blamed long time, on this h-yer raft, Bilgewater, and so what’s the use o’ your bein’ sour? It’ll only make things oncomfortable. It ain’t my fault I warn’t born a duke, it ain’t your fault you warn’t born a king—so what’s the use to worry? Make the best o’ things the way you find ’em, says I—that’s my motto. This ain’t no bad thing that we’ve struck here—plenty grub and an easy life—come, give us your hand, Duke, and less all be friends.”

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it. It took away all the uncomfortableness, and we felt mighty good over it, because it would a been a miserable business to have any unfriendliness on the raft; for what you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others.

It didn’t take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn’t no kings nor dukes, at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it’s the best way; then you don’t have no quarrels, and don’t get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn’t no objections, ’long as it would keep peace in the family; and it warn’t no use to tell Jim, so I didn’t tell him. If I never learnt nothing else out of pap, I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

*Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain").
(From "Huckleberry Finn.")*

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

“‘WILTIST THOU NOT TARRY HEAR IN THE PROMIST LAND?’”

IT is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B. This is rote Sarcastical. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found), which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay than stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U.S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormins but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats wíth brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the gintle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed—

“Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?”

Sez I, “I’m on it!” I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn’t know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

“You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?” sez I, preparin to rite him som free parsis.

“I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am marrid.”

“How do you like it as far as you hev got?” sed I.

He sed “middlin,” and axed me wouldn’t I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn’t mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in an exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions,

as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which," sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any great extent, Sir," I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax:—It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, and he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensive. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite among theirselves so

much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of em get into a row he has em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled a cordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broomsticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake and steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remained singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormons, which they surrounded me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin' round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowde & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the United States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femailes, puttin thare arms rownd me in lovin stile.

"Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa, you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globe.

Artemus Ward.

DUET FOR THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

THOU art my love ! I have none other,
But only thee—but only thee.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Now, Charles, do stop this silly bother,
And drink your tea—your cooling tea.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

Your eyes are diamonds, gems refined,
Your teeth are pearl, your hair is gold.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Oh, nonsense now ! I know you'll find
Your cutlets cold—exceeding cold.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

Where'er thou art, my passions burn ;
I envy not the monarch's crown.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Put some hot water in the urn,
And toast this bread, and toast it brown.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

Had I Golconda's wealth, I say
'Twere thine at will—'twere thine at will.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Then let me have a cheque to pay
The dry-goods bill—that tedious bill !

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

Oh, heed it not, my trembling flower;
If want should press us, let it come.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

And, apropos, the bill for flour;
Is quite a sum—an unpaid sum.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

So rich in love, so rich in joy,
No change our cup of bliss can spill

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Now do be quiet! You destroy
My cambric frill—my well-starched frill.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

Ha! senseless, soulless, loveless girl,
To sympathy and passion dead!

SENSIBLE WIFE.

A moment since I was your "pearl,"
Your "only love"—at least you said.

ROMANTIC HUSBAND.

I spoke it in the bitter jest
Of one his own deep sadness scorning.

SENSIBLE WIFE.

Well, candour is at all times best;
I wish you, sir, a fair good morning!

Charles Graham Halpine.

KITTY ANSWERS.

IT was dimmest twilight when Kitty entered Mrs. Ellison's room, and sank down on the first chair in silence.

"The Colonel met a friend at the St. Louis, and forgot about the expedition, Kitty," said Fanny, "and he only came in half-an-hour ago. But it's just as well; I know you've had a splendid time. Where's Mr. Arbuton?"

Kitty burst into tears.

"Why, has anything happened to him?" cried Mrs. Ellison, springing towards her.

"To him? No! What should happen to *him*?" Kitty demanded, with an indignant accent.

"Well, then, has anything happened to *you*?"

"I don't know if you can call it *happening*. But I suppose you'll be satisfied now, Fanny. He's offered himself to me."

Kitty uttered the last words with a sort of violence, as if, since the fact must be stated, she wished it to appear in the sharpest relief.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Ellison, not so well satisfied as the successful match-maker ought to be. So long as it was a marriage in the abstract, she had never ceased to desire it; but as the actual union of Kitty and this Mr. Arbuton, of whom, really, they knew so little, and of whom, if she searched her heart, she had as little liking as knowledge, it was another affair. Mrs. Ellison trembled at her triumph, and began to think that failure would have been easier to bear. Were they in the least suited to each other? Would she like to see poor Kitty chained for life to that impassive egotist, whose very merits were repellent, and whose modesty even seemed to convict and snub you? Mrs. Ellison was not able to put the matter to herself with

moderation, either way; doubtless she did Mr. Arbuton injustice now.

"Did you accept him?" she whispered feebly.

"Accept him?" repeated Kitty. "No!"

"Oh, dear!" again sighed Mrs. Ellison, feeling that this was scarcely better, and not daring to ask further.

"I'm dreadfully perplexed, Fanny," said Kitty, after waiting for the questions which did not come, "and I wish you'd help me think."

"I will, darling. But I don't know that I'll be of much use. I begin to think I'm not very good at thinking."

Kitty, who longed chiefly to get the situation more distinctly before herself, gave no heed to this confession, but went on to rehearse the whole affair. The twilight lent her its veil; and in the kindly obscurity she gathered courage to face all the facts, and even to find what was droll in them.

"It was very solemn, of course, and I was frightened; but I tried to keep my wits about me, and *not* to say yes, simply because that was the easiest thing. I told him that I didn't know,—and I don't; and that I must have time to think,—and I must. He was very ungenerous, and said he had hoped I had already had time to think; and he couldn't seem to understand, or else I couldn't very well explain, how it had been with me all along."

"He might certainly say you had encouraged him," Mrs. Ellison remarked, thoughtfully.

"Encouraged him, Fanny? How can you accuse me of such indelicacy?"

"Encouraging isn't indelicacy. The gentlemen *have* to be encouraged, or of course they'd never have any courage. They're so timid, naturally."

"I don't think Mr. Arbuton is very timid. He seemed to think that he had only to ask as a matter of form, and I had no business to say anything. What has he ever done

for me? And hasn't he often been intensely disagreeable? He oughtn't to have spoken just after overhearing what he did. It was horrid to do so. He was very obtuse, too, not to see that girls can't always be so certain of themselves as men, or, if they are, don't know they are as soon as they're asked."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Ellison, "that's the way with girls. I do believe that most of them—when they're young like you, Kitty—never think of marriage as the end of their flirtations. They'd just like the attentions and the romance to go on for ever, and never turn into anything more serious; and they're not to blame for that, though they *do* get blamed for it."

"Certainly," assented Kitty eagerly, "that's it; that's just what I was saying; that's the very reason why girls must have time to make up their minds. *You* had, I suppose."

"Yes, two minutes. Poor Dick was going back to his regiment, and stood with his watch in his hand. I said no, and called after him to correct myself. But, Kitty, if the romance had happened to stop without his saying anything, you wouldn't have liked that either, would you?"

"No," faltered Kitty; "I suppose not."

"Well, then, don't you see? That's a great point in his favour. How much time did you want, or did he give you?"

"I said I should answer before we left Quebec," answered Kitty, with a heavy sigh.

"Don't you know what to say now?"

"I can't tell. That's what I want you to help me think out."

Mrs. Ellison was silent for a moment before she said, "Well, then, I suppose we shall have to go back to the very beginning."

"Yes," assented Kitty, faintly.

"You did have a sort of fancy for him the first time you

saw him, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Ellison coaxingly, while forcing herself to be systematic and coherent, by a mental strain of which no idea can be given.

"Yes," said Kitty, yet more faintly, adding, "but I can't tell just what sort of a fancy it was. I suppose I admired him for being handsome and stylish, and for having such exquisite manners."

"Go on," said Mrs. Ellison; "and after you got acquainted with him?"

"Why, you know we've talked that over once already, Fanny."

"Yes, but we oughtn't to skip anything now," replied Mrs. Ellison, in a tone of judicial accuracy, which made Kitty smile.

But she quickly became serious again, and said, "Afterwards I couldn't tell whether to like him or not, or whether he wanted me to. I think he acted very strangely for a person in—love. I used to feel so troubled and oppressed when I was with him. He seemed always to be making himself agreeable under protest."

"Perhaps that was just your imagination, Kitty."

"Perhaps it was; but it troubled me just the same."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, and then after that day of the Montgomery expedition he seemed to change altogether, and to try always to be pleasant, and to do everything he could to make me like him. I don't know how to account for it. Ever since then he's been extremely careful of me, and behaved—of course without knowing it—as if I belonged to him already. Or maybe I've imagined that too. It's very hard to tell what has really happened the last two weeks."

Kitty was silent, and Mrs. Ellison did not speak at once. Presently she asked, "Was his acting as if you belonged to him disagreeable?"

"I can't tell. I think it was rather presuming. I don't know why he did it."

"Do you respect him?" demanded Mrs. Ellison.

"Why, Fanny, I've always told you that I did respect some things in him."

Mrs. Ellison had the facts before her, and it rested upon her to sum them up, and do something with them. She rose to a sitting posture, and confronted her task.

"Well, Kitty, I'll tell you. I don't really know what to think. But I can say this: if you liked him at first, and then didn't like him, and afterwards he made himself more agreeable, and you didn't mind his behaving as if you belonged to him, and you respected him, but after all didn't think him fascinating——"

"He *is* fascinating—in a kind of way. He was, from the beginning. In a story his cold, snubbing, putting-down ways would have been perfectly fascinating."

"Then why didn't you take him?"

"Because," answered Kitty, between laughing and crying, "it isn't a story, and I don't know whether I like him."

"But do you think you might get to like him?"

"I don't know. His asking brings all the doubts I ever had of him, and that I've been forgetting the past two weeks. I can't tell whether I like him or not. If I did, shouldn't I trust him more?"

"Well, whether you are in love or not, I'll tell you what you *are*, Kitty," cried Mrs. Ellison, provoked with her indecision, and yet relieved that the worst, whatever it was, was postponed thereby for a day or two.

"What?"

"You're——"

But at this important juncture the colonel came lounging in, and Kitty glided out of the room.

"Richard," said Mrs. Ellison, seriously, and in a tone

implying that it was the colonel's fault, as usual, "you know what has happened, I suppose?"

"No, my dear, I don't; but no matter: I will presently, I daresay."

"Oh, I wish for once you wouldn't be so flippant. Mr. Arbuton has offered himself to Kitty."

Colonel Ellison gave a quick, sharp whistle of amazement, but trusted himself to nothing more articulate.

"Yes," said his wife, responding to the whistle, "and it makes me perfectly wretched."

"Why, I thought you liked him."

"I didn't *like* him; but I thought it would be an excellent thing for Kitty."

"And won't it?"

"She doesn't know."

"Doesn't know?"

"No."

The colonel was silent, while Mrs. Ellison stated the case in full, and its pending uncertainty. Then he exclaimed vehemently as if his amazement had been growing upon him. "This is the most astonishing thing in the world! Who would ever have dreamt of that young iceberg being in love?"

"Haven't I *told* you all along he was?"

"Oh yes, certainly! but that might be taken either way, you know. You would discover the tender passion in the eye of a potato."

"Colonel Ellison," said Fanny, with sternness, "why do you suppose he's been hanging about us for the last four weeks? Why should he have stayed in Quebec? Do you think he pitied *me*, or found *you* so very agreeable?"

"Well, I thought he found us just tolerable, and was interested in the place."

Mrs. Ellison made no direct reply to this pitiable speech, but looked a scorn which, happily for the colonel, the

darkness hid. Presently she said that bats did not express the blindness of men, for any bat could have seen what was going on.

"Why," remarked the colonel, "I did have a momentary suspicion that day of the Montgomery business; they both looked very confused when I saw them at the end of that street, and neither of them had anything to say; but that was accounted for by what you told me afterwards about his adventure. At the time I didn't pay much attention to the matter. The idea of his being in love seemed too ridiculous."

"Was it ridiculous for you to be in love with me?"

"No; and yet I can't praise my condition for its wisdom, Fanny."

"Yes! that's *like* men. As soon as one of them is safely married, he thinks all the love-making in the world has been done for ever, and he can't conceive of two young people taking a fancy to each other."

"That's something so, Fanny. But granting—for the sake of argument merely—that Boston has been asking Kitty to marry him, and she doesn't know whether she wants him, what are we to do about it? I don't like him well enough to plead his cause; do you? When does Kitty think she'll be able to make up her mind?"

"She's to let him know before we leave."

The colonel laughed. "And so he's to hang about here on uncertainties for two whole days! That is rather rough on him. Fanny, what made you so eager for this business?"

"Eager? I *wasn't* eager."

"Well, then,—reluctantly acquiescent?"

"Why, she's so literary and that."

"And what?"

"How insulting! Intellectual, and so on; and I thought she would be just fit to live in a place where everybody

is literary and intellectual. That is, I thought that, if I thought anything."

"Well," said the colonel, "you may have been right on the whole, but I don't think Kitty is showing any particular force of mind, just now, that would fit her to live in Boston. My opinion is, that it's ridiculous for her to keep him in suspense. She might as well answer him first as last. She's putting herself under a kind of obligation by her delay. I'll talk to her——"

"If you do, you'll kill her. You don't know how she's wrought up about it."

"Oh, well, I'll be careful of her sensibilities. It's my duty to speak with her. I'm here in the place of a parent. Besides, don't I know Kitty? I've almost brought her up."

"Maybe you're right. You're all so queer that perhaps you're right. Only do be careful, Richard. You must approach the matter very delicately, indirectly, you know. Girls are different, remember, from young men, and you mustn't be blunt. Do manœuvre a little, for once in your life."

"All right, Fanny; you needn't be afraid of my doing anything awkward or sudden. I'll go to her room pretty soon, after she is quieted down, and have a good, calm, old, fatherly conversation with her."

The colonel was spared this errand; for Kitty had left some of her things on Fanny's table, and now came back for them with a lamp in her hand. Her averted face showed the marks of weeping; the corners of her firm-set lips were downward bent, as if some resolutions which she had taken were very painful. This the anxious Fanny saw; and she made a gesture to the colonel which any woman would have understood to enjoin silence, or, at least, the utmost caution and tenderness of speech. The colonel summoned his *finesse* and said, cheerily, "Well, Kitty, what's Boston been saying to you?"

Mrs. Ellison fell back upon her sofa as if shot, and placed her hands over her face.

Kitty seemed not to hear her cousin. Having gathered up her things, she bent an unmoved face and an unseeing gaze full upon him, and glided from the room without a word.

"Well, upon my soul," cried the colonel, "this is a pleasant, nightmarist, sleep-walking, Lady-Macbethish, little transaction. Confound it, Fanny! this comes of your wanting me to manœuvre. If you'd let me come straight *at* the subject, like a *man*——"

"*Please*, Richard, don't say anything more now," pleaded Mrs. Ellison in a broken voice. "You can't help it, I know; and I must do the best I can, under the circumstances. Do go away for a little while, darling! Oh dear!"

William Dean Howells.

PUCK.

O H, it was Puck! I saw him yesternight
 Swung up betwixt a phlox-top and the rim
 Of a low crescent moon that cradled him,
 Whirring his rakish wings with all his might,
 And pursing his wee mouth, that dimpled white
 And red, as though some dagger keen and slim
 Had stung him there, while ever faint and dim
 His eerie warblings piped his high delight;
 Till I, grown jubilant, shrill answer made,
 At which, all suddenly, he dropped from view;
 And peering after, 'neath the everglade,
 What was it, do you think, I saw him do?
 I saw him peeling dewdrops with a blade
 Of starshine sharpened on his bat-wing shoe.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE REVENGE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

A TALE FOR THE HOLYDAYS.

EVERYBODY knows that in the famous city of New York, whose proper name is New Amsterdam, the excellent St. Nicholas—who is worth a dozen St. George's and dragons to boot, and who, if every tub stood on its right bottom, would be at the head of the seven champions of Christendom—I say, everybody knows the excellent St. Nicholas, in holyday times, goes about among the people in the middle of the night, distributing all sorts of toothsome and becoming gifts to the good boys and girls in this his favourite city. Some say that he comes down the chimneys in a little Jersey waggon; others, that he wears a pair of Holland skates, with which he travels like the wind; and others, who pretend to have seen him, maintain that he has lately adopted a locomotive, and was once actually detected on the *Albany* railroad. But this last assertion is looked upon to be entirely fabulous, because St. Nicholas has too much discretion to trust himself in such a new-fangled jarvie; and so I leave this matter to be settled by whomsoever will take the trouble. My own opinion is that his favourite mode of travelling is on a canal, the motion and speed of which aptly comport with the philosophic dignity of his character. But this is not material, and I will no longer detain my readers with extraneous and irrelevant matters, as is too much the fashion with our statesmen, orators, biographers, and story-tellers.

It was in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, or sixty-one, for the most orthodox chronicles differ in this respect; but it was a very remarkable year, and it was called *annus mirabilis* on that account. It was said that several people were detected in speaking the truth about

that time ; that nine staid, sober, and discreet widows, who had sworn on an anti-masonic almanac never to enter a second time into the holy state, were snapped up by young husbands before they knew what they were about ; that six venerable bachelors wedded as many buxom young belles, and, it is reported, were afterwards sorry for what they had done ; that many people actually went to church from motives of piety ; and that a great scholar, who had written a book in support of certain opinions, was not only convinced of his error, but acknowledged it publicly afterwards. No wonder the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, if that was the year, was called *annus mirabilis*!

What contributed to render this year still more remarkable was the building of six new three-storey brick houses in the city, and three persons setting up equipages, who, I cannot find, ever failed in business afterwards or compounded with their creditors at a pestareen in the pound. It is, moreover, recorded in the annals of the horticultural society of that day, which were written on a cabbage leaf, as is said, that a member produced a forked radish of such vast dimensions that, being dressed up in fashionable male attire at the exhibition, it was actually mistaken for a travelled beau by several inexperienced young ladies, who pined away for love of its beautiful complexion, and were changed into daffadowndillies. Some maintain it was a mandrake, but it was finally detected by an inquest of experienced matrons. No wonder the year seventeen hundred and sixty was called *annus mirabilis*!

But the most extraordinary thing of all was the confident assertion that there was but one *grey mare* within the bill of mortality ; and, incredible as it may appear, she was the wife of a responsible citizen, who, it was affirmed, had grown rich by weaving velvet purses out of sows' ears. But this was looked upon as being somewhat of the character of the predictions of almanac-makers. Certain

it is, however, that Amos Shuttle possessed the treasure of a wife who was shrewdly suspected of having established within doors a system of government not laid down in Aristotle or the Abbe Sieyès, who made a constitution for every day in the year, and two for the first of April.

Amos Shuttle, though a mighty pompous little man out of doors, was the meekest of human creatures within. He belonged to that class of people who pass for great among the little, and little among the great; and he would certainly have been master in his own house had it not been for a woman! We have read somewhere that no wise woman ever thinks her husband a demigod. If so, it is a blessing that there are so few wise women in the world.

Amos had grown rich, Heaven knows how—he did not know himself; but, what was somewhat extraordinary, he considered his wealth a signal proof of his talents and sagacity, and valued himself according to the infallible standard of pounds, shillings, and pence. But though he lorded it without, he was, as we have just said, the most gentle of men within doors. The moment he stepped inside of his own house his spirit cowered down, like that of a pious man entering a church; he felt as if he was in the presence of a superior being—to wit, Mrs. Abigail Shuttle. He was, indeed, the meekest of beings at home except Moses; and Sir Andrew Aguecheek's song, which Sir Toby Belch declared "would draw nine souls out of one weaver," would have failed in drawing half a one out of Amos. The truth is, his wife, who ought to have known, affirmed that he had no more soul than a monkey; but he was the only man in the city thus circumstanced at the time we speak of. No wonder, therefore, the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty was called *annus mirabilis*!

Such as he was, Mr. Amos Shuttle waxed richer and richer every day, insomuch that those who envied his

prosperity were wont to say, "that he had certainly been born with a dozen silver spoons in his mouth, or such a great blockhead would never have got together such a heap of money." When he had become worth ten thousand pounds, he launched his shuttle magnanimously out of the window, ordered his weaver's beam to be split up for oven wood, and Mrs. Amos turned his weaver's shop into a *boudoir*. Fortune followed him faster than he ran away from her. In a few years the ten thousand doubled, and in a few more trebled, quadrupled—in short, Amos could hardly count his money.

"What shall we do now, my dear?" asked Mrs. Shuttle, who never sought his opinion that I can learn, except for the pleasure of contradicting him.

"Let us go and live in the country, and enjoy ourselves," quoth Amos.

"Go into the country! go to——" I could never satisfy myself what Mrs. Shuttle meant; but she stopped short, and concluded the sentence with a withering look of scorn, that would have cowed the spirit of nineteen weavers.

Amos named all sorts of places, enumerated all sorts of modes of life he could think of, and every pleasure that might enter into the imagination of a man without a soul. His wife despised them all; she would not hear of them.

"Well, my dear, suppose you suggest something; do now, Abby," at length said Amos, in a coaxing whisper; "will you, my onydoney?"

"Ony fiddlestick! I wonder you repeat such vulgarisms. But if I must say what I should like, I should like to travel."

"Well, let us go and make a tour as far as Jamaica, or Hackensack, or Spiking Devil. There is excellent fishing for striped bass there."

"Spiking Devil!" screamed Mrs. Shuttle; "aren't you ashamed to swear so, you wicked mortal! I won't go to

Jamaica, nor Hackensack among the Dutch Hottentots, nor to Spiking Devil to catch striped bass; I'll go to Europe!"

If Amos had possessed a soul it would have jumped out of its skin at the idea of going beyond seas. He had once been on the sea-bass banks, and gone seasoning there, the very thought of which made him sick. But as he had no soul, there was no great harm done.

When Mrs. Shuttle said a thing, it was settled. They went to Europe. Taking their only son with them, the lady ransacked all the milliners' shops in Paris, and the gentleman visited all the restaurateurs. He became such a desperate connoisseur and gourmand, that he could almost tell an *omelette au jambon* from a gammon of bacon. After consummating the polish, they came home, the lady with the newest old fashions, and the weaver with a confirmed preference of *potage à la turque* over pepper-pot. It is said the city trembled, as with an earthquake, when they landed, but the notion was probably superstitious.

They arrived near the close of the year, the memorable year, the *annus mirabilis* one thousand seven hundred and sixty. Everybody that had ever known the Shuttles flocked to see them, or rather to see what they had brought with them; and such was the magic of a voyage to Europe, that Mr. and Mrs. Amos Shuttle, who had been nobodies when they departed, became somebodies when they returned, and mounted at once to the summit of *ton*.

"You have come in good time to enjoy the festivities of the holydays," said Mrs. Hubblebubble, an old friend of Amos the weaver and his wife.

"We shall have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year," exclaimed Mrs. Doubletrouble, another old acquaintance of old times.

"The holydays," drawled Mrs. Shuttle; "the holydays? Christmas and New Year? Pray what are they?"

It is astonishing to see how people lose their memories abroad sometimes. They often forget their old friends, old customs, and occasionally themselves.

"Why, la! now, who'd have thought it?" cried Mrs. Doubletrouble; "why, sure you haven't forgot the oily cooks and the mince-pies, the merry meetings of friends, the sleigh-rides, the Kissing Bridge, and the family parties?"

"Family parties!" shrieked Mrs. Shuttle, and held her salts to her nose; "family parties! I never heard of anything so Gothic in Paris or Rome; and oily cooks—oh, shocking! and mince-pies—detestable! and throwing open one's doors to all one's old friends, whom one wishes to forget as soon as possible—oh! the idea is insupportable!" And again she held the salts to her nose.

Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble found they had exposed themselves sadly, and were quite ashamed. A real, genteel, well-bred, enlightened lady of fashion ought to have no rule of conduct, no conscience, but Paris—whatever is fashionable there is genteel—whatever is not fashionable is vulgar. There is no other standard of right, and no other eternal fitness of things. At least so thought Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble.

"But is it possible that all these things are out of fashion abroad?" asked the latter, beseechingly.

"They never were in," said Mrs. Amos Shuttle. "For my part, I mean to close my doors and windows on New Year's Day—I'm determined."

"And so am I," said Mrs. Hubblebubble.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Doubletrouble.

And it was settled that they should make a combination among themselves and their friends, to put down the ancient and good customs of the city, and abolish the sports and enjoyments of the jolly New Year. The conspirators then separated, each to pursue her diabolical

designs against oily cooks, mince-pies, sleigh-ridings, sociable visitings, and family parties.

Now the excellent St. Nicholas, who knows well what is going on in every house in the city, though, like a good and honourable saint, he never betrays any family secrets, overheard these wicked women plotting against his favourite anniversary, and he said to himself—

“*Vuur en Vlammen!* but I’ll be even with you, *mein vrouw.*” So he determined he would play these conceited and misled women a trick or two before he had done with them.

It was now the first day of the new year, and Mrs. Amos Shuttle, and Mrs. Doubletrouble, and Mrs. Hubblebubble, and all their wicked abettors, had shut up their doors and windows, so that when their old friends called they could not get into their houses. Moreover, they had prepared neither mince-pies, nor oily cooks, nor crullers, nor any of the good things consecrated to St. Nicholas by his pious and well-intentioned votaries, and they were mightily pleased at having been as dull and stupid as owls, while all the rest of the city were as merry as crickets, chirping and frisking in the warm chimney-corner. Little did they think what horrible judgments were impending over them, prepared by the wrath of the excellent St. Nicholas, who was resolved to make an example of them for attempting to introduce their new-fangled corruptions in place of the ancient customs of his favourite city. These wicked women never had another comfortable sleep in their lives!

The night was still, clear, and frosty—the earth was everywhere one carpet of snow, and looked just like the ghost of a dead world, wrapped in a white winding-sheet; the moon was full, round, and of a silvery brightness, and by her discreet silence afforded an example to the rising generation of young damsels, while the myriads of stars that multiplied as you gazed at them, seemed as though

“THE EXCELLENT ST. NICHOLAS OVERHEARD THESE WICKED WOMEN.”

they were frozen into icicles, they looked so cold and sparkled with such a glorious lustre. The streets and roads leading from the city were all alive with sleighs filled with jovial souls, whose echoing laughter and cheerful songs mingled with a thousand merry bells, that jingled in harmonious dissonance, giving spirit to the horses and animation to the scene. In the licence of the season, hallowed by long custom, each of the sleighs saluted the other in passing with a "Happy New Year," a merry jest, or mischievous gibe, exchanged from one gay party to another. All was life, motion, and merriment; and as old frost-bitten Winter, aroused from his trance by the rout and revelry around, raised his weather-beaten head to see what was passing, he felt his icy blood warming and coursing through his veins, and wished he could only overtake the laughing buxom Spring, that he might dance a jig with her, and be as frisky as the best of them. But as the old rogue could not bring this desirable matter about, he contented himself with calling for a jolly bumper of cocktail, and drinking a swinging draught to the health of the blessed St. Nicholas, and those who honour the memory of the president of good-fellows.

All this time the wicked women and their abettors lay under the malediction of the good saint, who caused them to be bewitched by an old lady from Salem. Mrs. Amos Shuttle could not sleep, because something had whispered in her apprehensive ear that her son, her only son, whom she had engaged to the daughter of Count Grenouille, in Paris, then about three years old, was actually at that moment crossing Kissing Bridge in company with little Susan Varian, and some others besides. Now Susan was the fairest little lady of all the land; she had a face and an eye just like the widow Wadman in Leslie's charming picture; a face and an eye which no reasonable man under Heaven could resist, except my uncle Toby—beshrew him

and his fortifications, I say! She was, moreover, a good little girl, and an accomplished little girl—but, alas! she had not mounted to the step in Jacob's ladder of fashion which qualifies a person for the heaven of high *ton*, and Mrs. Shuttle had not been to Europe for nothing. She would rather have seen her son wedded to dissipation and profligacy than to Susan Varian; and the thought of his being out sleigh-riding with her was worse than the tooth-ache. It kept her awake all the live-long night, and the only consolation she had was scolding poor Amos, because the sleigh-bells made such a noise.

As for Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, they neither of them got a wink of sleep during a whole week for thinking of the beautiful French chairs and damask curtains Mrs. Shuttle had brought from Europe. They forthwith besieged their good men, leaving them no rest until they sent out orders to Paris for just such rich chairs and curtains as those of the thrice-happy Mrs. Shuttle, from whom they kept the affair a profound secret, each meaning to treat her to an agreeable surprise. In the meanwhile they could not rest for fear the vessel which was to bring these treasures might be lost on her passage. Such was the dreadful judgment inflicted on them by the good St. Nicholas.

The perplexities of Mrs. Shuttle increased daily. In the first place, do all she could, she could not make Amos a fine gentleman. This was a metamorphosis which Ovid would never have dreamed of. He would be telling the price of everything in his house, his furniture, his wines, and his dinners, insomuch that those who envied his prosperity, or perhaps only despised his pretensions, were wont to say, after eating his venison and drinking his old Madeira, "that he ought to have been a tavern-keeper, he knew so well how to make out a bill." Mrs. Shuttle once overheard a speech of this kind, and the good St. Nicholas

himself, who had brought it about, almost felt sorry for the mortification she endured on the occasion.

Scarcely had she got over this, when she was invited to a ball by Mrs. Hubblebubble, and the first thing she saw on entering the drawing-room was a suite of damask curtains and chairs, as much like her own as two peas, only the curtains had far handsomer fringe. Mrs. Shuttle came very near fainting away, but escaped for that time, determined to mortify this impudent creature by taking not the least notice of her finery. But St. Nicholas ordered it otherwise, so that she was at last obliged to acknowledge they were very elegant indeed. Nay, this was not the worst, for she overheard one lady whisper to another that Mrs. Hubblebubble's curtains were much richer than Mrs. Shuttle's.

"Oh, I daresay," replied the other—"I daresay Mrs. Shuttle bought them second-hand, for her husband is as mean as pursley."

This was too much. The unfortunate woman was taken suddenly ill—called her carriage, and went home, where it is supposed she would have died that evening had she not wrought upon Amos to promise her an entire new suite of French furniture for her drawing-room and parlour to boot, besides a new carriage. But for all this she could not close her eyes that night for thinking of the "second-hand curtains."

Nor was the wicked Mrs. Doubletrouble a whit better off when her friend Mrs. Hubblebubble treated her to the agreeable surprise of the French window curtains and chairs. "It is too bad—too bad, I declare," she said to herself; "but I'll pay her off soon." Accordingly she issued invitations for a grand ball and supper, at which both Mrs. Shuttle and Mrs. Hubblebubble were struck dumb at beholding a suite of curtains and a set of chairs exactly of the same pattern with theirs. The shock was terrible,

and it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences, had not the two ladies all at once thought of uniting in abusing Mrs. Doubletrouble for her extravagance.

"I pity poor Mr. Doubletrouble," said Mrs. Shuttle, shrugging her shoulders significantly, and glancing at the room.

"And so do I," said Mrs. Hubblebubble, doing the same.

Mrs. Doubletrouble had her eye upon them, and enjoyed their mortification, until her pride was brought to the ground by a dead shot from Mrs. Shuttle, who was heard to exclaim, in reply to a lady who observed the chairs and curtains were very handsome—

"Why yes, but they have been out of fashion in Paris a long time; and, besides, really they are getting so common that I intend to have mine removed to the nursery."

Heavens! what a blow! Poor Mrs. Doubletrouble hardly survived it. Such a night of misery as the wicked woman endured almost made the good St. Nicholas regret the judgment he had passed upon these mischievous and conceited females. But he thought to himself he would persevere until he had made them a sad example to all innovators upon the ancient customs of our forefathers.

Thus were these wicked and miserable women spurred on by witchcraft from one piece of extravagance to another, and a deadly rivalry grew up between them which destroyed their own happiness and that of their husbands. Mrs. Shuttle's new carriage and drawing-room furniture in due time were followed by similar extravagances on the part of the two other wicked women who had conspired against the hallowed institutions of St. Nicholas; and soon their rivalry came to such a height that neither of them had a moment's rest or comfort from that time forward. But they still shut their door on the jolly anniversary of St. Nicholas,

though the old respectable burghers and their wives, who had held up their heads time out of mind, continued the good custom, and laughed at the presumption of these upstart interlopers who were followed only by a few people of silly pretensions, who had no more soul than Amos Shuttle himself. The three wicked women grew to be almost perfect skeletons, on account of the vehemence with which they strove to outdo each other, and the terrible exertions necessary to keep up the appearance of being the best friends in the world. In short, they became the laughing-stock of the town; and sensible, well-bred folks cut their acquaintance, except when they sometimes accepted an invitation to a party, just to make merry with their folly and conceitedness.

The excellent St. Nicholas, finding they still persisted in their opposition to his rites and ceremonies, determined to inflict on them the last and worst punishment that can befall the sex. He decreed that they should be deprived of all the delights springing from the domestic affections, and all taste for the innocent and virtuous enjoyments of a happy fireside. Accordingly they lost all relish for home; they were continually gadding about from one place to another in search of pleasure, and worried themselves to death to find happiness where it is never to be found. Their whole lives became one long series of disappointed hopes, galled pride, and gnawing envy. They lost their health, they lost their time, and their days became days of harassing impatience, their nights nights of sleeplessness, feverish excitement, ending in weariness and disappointment. The good saint sometimes felt sorry for them, but their continued obstinacy determined him to persevere in his plan to punish the upstart pride of these rebellious females.

Young Shuttle, who had a soul, which I suppose he inherited from his mother, all this while continued his

attentions to little Susan Varian, which added to the miseries inflicted on his wicked mother. Mrs. Shuttle insisted that Amos should threaten to disinherit his son, unless he gave up this attachment.

"Lord bless your soul, Abby!" said Amos. "What's the use of my threatening; the boy knows as well as I do that I've no will of my own. Why, bless my soul, Abby——"

"Bless your soul!" interrupted Mrs. Shuttle; "I wonder who'd take the trouble to bless it but yourself? However, if you don't I will."

Accordingly she threatened the young man with being disinherited unless he turned his back on little Susan Varian, which no man ever did without getting a heartache.

"If my father goes on as he has done lately," sighed the youth, "he won't have anything left to disinherit me of but his affection, I fear. But if he had millions I would not abandon Susan."

"Are you not ashamed of such a low-lived attachment? You that have been to Europe! But, once for all, remember this, renounce this low-born upstart, or quit your father's house for ever."

"Upstart!" thought young Shuttle; "one of the oldest families in the city." He made his mother a respectful bow, bade Heaven bless her, and left the house. He was, however, met by his father at the door, who said to him—

"Johnny, I give my consent; but mind don't tell your mother a word of the matter. I'll let her know I've a soul as well as other people," and he tossed his head like a war-horse.

The night after this Johnny was married to little Susan, and the blessing of affection and beauty lighted upon his pillow. Her old father, who was in a respectable business, took his son-in-law into partnership, and they prospered so well that in a few years Johnny was independent of all the world, with the prettiest wife and children in the land. But

Mrs. Shuttle was inexorable, while the knowledge of his prosperity and happiness only worked her up to a higher pitch of anger, and added to the pangs of jealousy perpetually inflicted on her by the rivalry of Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, who suffered under the like affliction from the wrathful St. Nicholas, who was resolved to make them an example to all posterity.

No fortune, be it ever so great, can stand the eternal sapping of wasteful extravagance, engendered and stimulated by the baleful passion of envy. In less than ten years from the hatching of the diabolical conspiracy of these three wicked women against the supremacy of the excellent St. Nicholas, their spendthrift rivalship had ruined the fortunes of their husbands, and entailed upon themselves misery and remorse. Rich Amos Shuttle became at last as poor as a church mouse, and would have been obliged to take to the loom again in his old age, had not Johnny, now rich, and a worshipful magistrate of the city, afforded him and his better half a generous shelter under his own happy roof. Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble had scarcely time to condole with Mrs. Shuttle, and congratulate each other, when their husbands went the way of all flesh—that is to say, failed for a few tens of thousands, and called their creditors together to hear the good news. The two wicked women lived long enough after this to repent of their offence against St. Nicholas; but they never imported any more French curtains, and at last perished miserably in an attempt to set the fashions in Pennypot Alley.

Mrs. Abigail Shuttle might have lived happily the rest of her life with her children and grand-children, who all treated her with reverent courtesy and affection, now that the wrath of mighty St. Nicholas was appeased by her exemplary punishment; but she could not get over her bad habits and feelings, or forgive her lovely daughter-in-law for treating her so kindly when she so little deserved

it. She gradually pined away; and though she revived at hearing of the catastrophe of Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, it was only for a moment. The remainder of the life of this wicked woman was a series of disappointments and heartburnings, and when she died, Amos tried to shed a few tears, but he found it impossible, I suppose, because, as his wife always said, "he had no soul."

Such was the terrible revenge of St. Nicholas, which ought to be a warning to all who attempt to set themselves up against the venerable customs of their ancestors, and backslide from the hallowed institutions of the blessed saint, to whose good offices, without doubt, it is owing that this, his favourite city, has transcended all others of the universe in beautiful damsels, valorous young men, mincepies, and New Year cookies. The catastrophe of these three wicked women had a wonderful influence in the city, insomuch that from this time forward no *grey mares* were ever known, no French furniture was ever used, and no woman was hardy enough to set herself up in opposition to the good customs of St. Nicholas. And so wishing many happy New Years to all my dear countrywomen and countrymen, saving those who shut their doors to old friends, high or low, rich or poor, on that blessed anniversary which makes more glad hearts than all others put together,—I say, wishing a thousand happy New Years to all, with this single exception, I lay down my pen, with a caution to all wicked women to beware of the revenge of St. Nicholas.

DOMINIE NICHOLAS ÆGIDIUS OUDENARDE.

James K. Paulding.

AN APHORISM AND A LECTURE.

ONE of the Boys mentioned, the other evening, in the course of a very pleasant poem he read us, a little trick of the Commons table-boarders, which I, nourished at the parental board, had never heard of. Young fellows being always hungry—— Allow me to stop dead-short, in order to utter an aphorism which has been forming itself in one of the blank interior spaces of my intelligence, like a crystal in the cavity of a geode.

APHORISM BY THE PROFESSOR.

In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals. If young, it will eat anything at any hour of the day or night. If old, it observes stated periods, and you might as well attempt to regulate the time of high-water to suit a fishing-party as to change these periods.

The crucial experiment is this. Offer a bulky and boggy bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is eagerly accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established. If the subject of the question starts back and expresses surprise and incredulity, as if you could not possibly be in earnest, the fact of maturity is no less clear.

—Excuse me,—I return to my story of the Commons-table. Young fellows being always hungry, and tea and dry toast being the meagre fare of the evening meal, it was a trick of some of the Boys to impale a slice of meat upon a fork, at dinner-time, and stick the fork, holding it, beneath the table, so that they could get it at tea-time. The dragons that guarded this table of the Hesperides

found out the trick at last, and kept a sharp look-out for missing forks;—they knew where to find one, if it was not in its place. Now the odd thing was that, after waiting so many years to hear of this College trick, I should hear it mentioned a *second time* within the same twenty-four hours by a College youth of the present generation. Strange, but true. And so it has happened to me and to every person, often and often, to be hit in rapid succession by these twinned facts or thoughts, as if they were linked like chain-shot.

I was going to leave the simple reader to wonder over this, taking it as an unexplained marvel. I think, however, I will turn over a furrow of subsoil in it. The explanation is, of course, that in a great many thoughts there must be a few coincidences, and these instantly arrest our attention. Now we shall probably never have the least idea of the enormous number of impressions which pass through our consciousness, until in some future life we see the photographic record of our thoughts and the stereoscopic picture of our actions. There go more pieces to make up a conscious life or a living body than you think for. Why, some of you were surprised when a friend of mine told you there were fifty-eight separate pieces in a fiddle. How many “swimming glands”—solid, organised, regularly formed, rounded disks, taking an active part in all your vital processes, part and parcel, each one of them, of your corporeal being—do you suppose are whirled along like pebbles in a stream with the blood which warms your frame and colours your cheeks? A noted German physiologist spread out a minute drop of blood, under the microscope, in narrow streaks, and counted the globules, and then made a calculation. The counting by the micrometer took him a *week*. You have, my full-grown friend, of these little couriers in crimson or scarlet livery, running on your vital errands day and night as long as you

live, sixty-five billions, five hundred and seventy thousand millions, errors excepted. Did I hear some gentleman say "Doubted"? I am the Professor; I sit in my chair with a petard under it that will blow me through the skylight of my lecture-room, if I do not know what I am talking about, and whom I am quoting.

Now, my dear friends, who are putting your hands to your foreheads and saying to yourselves that you feel a little confused, as if you had been waltzing until things began to whirl slightly round you, is it possible that you do not clearly apprehend the exact connection of all that I have been saying, and its bearing on what is now to come? Listen, then. The number of these living elements in our bodies illustrates the incalculable multitude of our thoughts; the number of our thoughts accounts for those frequent coincidences spoken of; these coincidences in the world of thought illustrate those which we constantly observe in the world of outward events, of which the presence of the young girl now at our table, and proving to be the daughter of an old acquaintance some of us may remember, is the special example which led me through this labyrinth of reflections, and finally lands me at the commencement of this young girl's story, which, as I said, I have found the time and felt the interest to learn something of, and which I think I can tell without wronging the unconscious subject of my brief delineation.

A SHORT LECTURE ON PHRENOLOGY.

Read to the Boarders at our Breakfast-Table.

I shall begin, my friends, with the definition of a *Pseudo-science*. A Pseudo-science consists of a *nomenclature*, with a self-adjusting arrangement, by which all positive evidence, or such as favours its doctrines, is admitted, and all negative evidence, or such as tells against it, is excluded. It is

invariably connected with some lucrative practical application. Its professors and practitioners are usually shrewd people; they are very serious with the public, but wink and laugh a good deal among themselves. The believing multitude consists of women of both sexes, feeble-minded inquirers, poetical optimists, people who always get cheated in buying horses, philanthropists who insist on hurrying up the millennium, and others of this class, with here and there a clergyman, less frequently a lawyer, very rarely a physician, and almost never a horse-jockey or a member of the detective police.—I did not say that Phrenology was one of the Pseudo-sciences.

A Pseudo-science does not necessarily consist wholly of lies. It may contain many truths, and even valuable ones. The rottenest bank starts with a little specie. It puts out a thousand promises to pay on the strength of a single dollar, but the dollar is very commonly a good one. The practitioners of the Pseudo-sciences know that common minds, after they have been baited with a real fact or two, will jump at the merest rag of a lie, or even at the bare hook. When we have one fact found us, we are very apt to supply the next out of our own imagination. (How many persons can read Judges xv. 16 correctly the first time?) The Pseudo-sciences take advantage of this.—I did not say that it was so with Phrenology.

I have rarely met a sensible man who would not allow that there was *something* in Phrenology. A broad, high forehead, it is commonly agreed, promises intellect; one that is "villainous low," and has a huge hind-head back of it, is wont to mark an animal nature. I have as rarely met an unbiassed and sensible man who really believed in the bumps. It is observed, however, that persons with what the Phrenologists call "good heads" are more prone than others toward plenary belief in the doctrine.

It is so hard to prove a negative, that if a man should

assert that the moon was in truth a green cheese, formed by the coagulable substance of the Milky Way, and challenge me to prove the contrary, I might be puzzled. But if he offer to sell me a ton of this lunar cheese, I call on him to prove the truth of the caseous nature of our satellite before I purchase.

It is not necessary to prove the falsity of the phrenological statement. It is only necessary to show that its truth is not proved, and cannot be, by the common course of argument. The walls of the head are double, with a great air-chamber between them, over the smallest and most closely crowded "organs." Can you tell how much money there is in a safe, which also has thick double walls, by kneading its knobs with your fingers? So when a man fumbles about my forehead, and talks about the organs of *Individuality*, *Size*, etc., I trust him as much as I should if he felt of the outside of my strong-box and told me that there was a five-dollar or a ten-dollar bill under this or that particular rivet. Perhaps there is; *only he doesn't know anything about it*. But this is a point that I, the Professor, understand, my friends, or ought to, certainly, better than you do. The next argument you will all appreciate.

I proceed, therefore, to explain the self-adjusting mechanism of Phrenology, which is *very similar* to that of the Pseudo sciences. An example will show it most conveniently.

A. is a notorious thief. Messrs. Bumpus and Crane examine him and find a good-sized organ of Acquisitiveness. Positive fact for Phrenology. Casts and drawings of A. are multiplied, and the bump *does not lose* in the act of copying. —I did not say it gained.—What do you look so for? (to the boarders).

Presently B. turns up, a bigger thief than A. But B. has no bump at all over Acquisitiveness. Negative fact; goes against Phrenology.—Not a bit of it. Don't you see

how small Conscientiousness is? *That's* the reason B. stole.

And then comes C., ten times as much a thief as either A. or B.,—used to steal before he was weaned, and would pick one of his own pockets and put its contents in another, if he could find no other way of committing petty larceny. Unfortunately, C. has a *hollow*, instead of a bump, over Acquisitiveness. Ah! but just look and see what a bump of Alimentiveness! Did not C. buy nuts and gingerbread, when a boy, with the money he stole? Of course you see why he is a thief, and how his example confirms our noble science.

At last comes along a case which is apparently a *settler*, for there is a little brain with vast and varied powers,—a case like that of Byron, for instance. Then comes out the grand reserve-reason which covers everything and renders it simply impossible ever to corner a Phrenologist. “It is not the size alone, but the *quality* of an organ, which determines its degree of power.”

Oh! oh! I see.—The argument may be briefly stated thus by the Phrenologist: “Heads I win, tails you lose.” Well, that's convenient.

It must be confessed that Phrenology has a certain resemblance to the Pseudo-sciences.—I did not say it was a Pseudo-science.

I have often met persons who have been altogether struck up and amazed at the accuracy with which some wandering Professor of Phrenology had read their characters written upon their skulls. Of course the Professor acquires his information solely through his cranial inspections and manipulations.—What are you laughing at? (to the boarders).—But let us just *suppose*, for a moment, that a tolerably cunning fellow, who did not know or care anything about Phrenology, should open a shop and undertake to read off people's characters at fifty cents or

a dollar a-piece. Let us see how well he could get along without the "organs."

I will suppose myself to set up such a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in casts of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I

"I PROCEED TO FUMBLE HIS SKULL."

would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Brainey, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him,—ask him a question or two, so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him, I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows :—

SCALE FROM I TO IO.

LIST OF FACULTIES FOR
CUSTOMER.*Amativeness*, 7.*Alimentiveness*, 8.*Acquisitiveness*, 8.*Approbativeness*, 7, +*Self-esteem*, 6.*Benevolence*, 9.*Conscientiousness*, 8½*Mirthfulness*, 7*Ideality*, 9.*Form, Size, Weight, Colour**Locality, Eventuality,**etc., etc.*PRIVATE NOTES FOR MY PUPIL:
*Each to be accompanied with a wink.*Most men love the conflicting sex,
and all men love to be told they do.Don't you see that he has burst
off his lowest waistcoat-button with
feeding—hey?

Of course. A middle-aged Yankee.

Hat well brushed. Hair ditto.

Mark the effect of that *plus* sign.

His face shows that.

That'll please him.

That fraction looks first-rate.

Has laughed twice since he came in.

That sounds well.

4 to 6. Average everything that
can't be guessed.

And so of the other faculties.

Of course, you know, that isn't the way the Phrenologists do. They go only by the bumps. What do you keep laughing so for? (to the boarders). I only said that is the way *I* should practise "Phrenology" for a living.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

APHORISMS.

WE know but few men, a great many coats and breeches.

To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another.

A man sits as many risks as he runs.

There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers.

If you give money, spend yourself with it.

Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half witted with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit.

Thoreau.

*AN ENGLISH FUNERAL.*LONDON, *October 15, 1802.*

THE most humorous sight which I have seen was an English funeral, performed in the most fashionable manner; for you must know they *perform funerals* here. An undertaker's sign exhibits these words, "Funerals performed." The first one which I saw was such a novelty, I followed it a short distance, not knowing what it was; and, as my manner is to question every one whom I think can give me any information (a Yankee custom), I asked an honest fellow "what the show was?" He seemed a little offended, but directly replied, "*You may know one day, if you do not come to the gallows.*" This man, like Chatham, was "original and unaccommodating." But, observing that I was surprised at his answer, and feeling, perhaps, a little mortified, he asked, "Do you live in London?" I told him I had just come. "Well, but people die, sometimes, in your town." By this I discovered that the *performance* was a funeral.

*William Austin.**A LOST CHILD.*

YE CRYER.

*Here's a reward for who'll find Love!
 Love is a-straying
 Ever since Maying;
 Hither and you, below, above,
 All are seeking Love!*

YE HAND-BILL.

Gone astray—between the Maying
And the gathering of the hay,
Love, an urchin ever playing—
Folk are warned against his play.

How may you know him? by the quiver,
By the bow he's wont to bear.
First on your left there comes a shiver,
Then a twinge—the arrow's there.

By his eye of pansy colour,
Deep as wounds he dealeth free;
If its hue have faded duller,
'Tis not that he weeps for me.

By the smile that curls his mouthlet;
By the mockery of his sigh;
By his breath, a spicy South, let
Slip his lips of roses by.

By the devil in his dimple;
By his lies that sound so true;
By his shaft-string, that no simple
Ever culled will heal for you.

By his beckonings that embolden;
By his quick withdrawals then;
By his flying hair, a golden
Light to lure the feet of men.

By the breast where ne'er a hurt'll
Rankle 'neath his kerchief hid—
What? you cry; *he wore a kirtle?*
Faith! methinks the rascal did!

*Here's a reward for who'll find Love !
 Love is a-straying
 Ever since Maying ;
 Hither and you, below, above,
 I am seeking Love.*

CRYER: H. BUNNER,
 GRUB STREET,
 CRY'S WEDDINGS,
 SURVINGS, LOFT
 CHILDN, AND RIGHT
 CHEAPLIE.
 YE IID. KNOCKER.

ye Finder pray'd
 to Bring her to
 Master Corydon,
Petticoat Lane.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

MY naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs. Ward is a invalerble womun—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunce she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in affectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INGOMER in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt
 2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room

chock full includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "hear cums the benited man"—"hear cums the hory-heded unbeleever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellects than other men had and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum metty-morfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "bully for you, old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anbody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show biznis, William?" sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experienced.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Are you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck further.

I then called for my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut biznis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt thay axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "my friends I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleases, & them is my sentiments to a

hare. You dowlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the peace of mind of evry famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperret rappers—them as makes a biznis on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.

Respectably Yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

POETRY AND THE POET.

[A SONNET.]

(Found on the Poet's desk.)

WEARY, I open wide the antique pane
 I ope to the air
 I ope to
 I open to the air the antique pane
 And gaze {beyond?
 across } the thrift-sown field of wheat,
 [commonplace?]
 A-shimmering green in breezes born of heat;
 And lo!
 And high
 And my soul's eyes behold {a?
 the } billowy main
 Whose farther shore is Greece strain
 again
 vain
 [*Arcadia*—mythological allusion.—Mem.: *Lemprière*.]
 I see thee, Atalanta, vestal fleet,
 And look! with doves low-fluttering round her feet,
 Comes Venus through the golden {fields of?
 bowing } grain.

(Heard by the Poet's neighbour.)

Venus be bothered—it's Virginia Dix!

(Found on the Poet's door.)

<i>Out on important business—back at 6.</i>

H. C. Bunner.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

I HAVE often thought that the adjectives of the English language were not sufficiently definite for the purposes of description.

They have but three degrees of comparison—a very insufficient number, certainly, when we consider that they are to be applied to a thousand objects, which, though of the same general class or quality, differ from each other by a thousand different shades or degrees of the same peculiarity. Thus, though there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, all of which must, from the nature of things, differ from each other in the matter of climate, we have but half-a-dozen expressions to convey to one another our ideas of this inequality. We say—"It is a fine day;" "It is a *very* fine day;" "It is the *finest* day we have seen;" or, "It is an unpleasant day;" "A *very* unpleasant day;" "The *most* unpleasant day we ever saw."

But it is plain that none of these expressions give an *exact* idea of the nature of the day; and the two superlative expressions are generally untrue. I once heard a gentleman remark, on a rainy, snowy, windy, and (in the ordinary English language) indescribable day, that it was "most preposterous weather." He came nearer to giving a correct idea of it than he could have done by any ordinary mode of expression; but his description was not sufficiently definite.

Again:—we say of a lady—"She is beautiful;" "She is *very* beautiful;" or "She is *perfectly* beautiful;" descriptions which, to one who never saw her, are no descriptions at all, for among thousands of women he has seen, probably no two are equally beautiful; and as to a *perfectly* beautiful woman, he knows that no such being was ever created—

unless by G. P. R. James, for one of the two horsemen to fall in love with, and marry at the end of the second volume.

If I meet Smith in the street, and ask him—as I am pretty sure to do—“How he does?” he infallibly replies, “*Tolerable*, thank you,” which gives one no *exact* idea of Smith’s health, for he has made the same reply to me on a hundred different occasions, on every one of which there *must* have been some slight shade of difference in his physical economy, and of course a corresponding change in his feelings.

To a man of a mathematical turn of mind, to a student and lover of the exact sciences, these inaccuracies of expression, this inability to understand *exactly* how things are, must be a constant source of annoyance; and to one who, like myself, unites this turn of mind to an ardent love of truth, for its own sake,—the reflection that the English language does not enable us to speak the truth with exactness, is peculiarly painful. For this reason I have, with some trouble, made myself thoroughly acquainted with every ancient and modern language, in the hope that I might find some one of them that would enable me to express precisely my ideas; but the same insufficiency of adjectives exist in all except that of the Flathead Indians of Puget Sound, which consists of but forty-six words, mostly nouns, but to the constant use of which exists the objection, that nobody but that tribe can understand it. And as their literary and scientific advancement is not such as to make a residence among them, for a man of my disposition, desirable, I have abandoned the use of their language, in the belief that for me it is *hyas, cultus*, or, as the Spaniard hath it, *no me vale nada*.

Despairing, therefore, of making new discoveries in foreign languages, I have set myself seriously to work to reform our own; and have, I think, made an important dis-

covery, which, when developed into a system and universally adopted, will give a precision of expression, and a consequent clearness of idea, that will leave little to be desired, and will, I modestly hope, immortalise my humble name as the promulgator of the truth, and the benefactor of the human race.

Before entering upon my system I will give you an account of its discovery (which perhaps I might with more modesty term an adaptation and enlargement of the idea of another), which will surprise you by its simplicity, and, like the method of standing eggs on end, of Columbus, the inventions of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass—prove another exemplification of the truth of Hannah More's beautifully expressed sentiment—

“ Large streams from little fountains flow,
Large aches from little toe-corns grow.”

During the past week my attention was attracted by a large placard embellishing the corners of our streets, headed in mighty capitals with the word “PHRENOLOGY,” and illustrated by a map of a man's head, closely shaven and laid off in lots, duly numbered from one to forty-seven. Beneath this edifying illustration appeared a legend, informing the inhabitants of San Diego and vicinity that Professor Dodge had arrived and taken rooms (which was inaccurate, as he had but one room) at Gyascutus House, where he would be happy to examine and furnish them with a chart of their heads, showing the moral and intellectual endowments, at the low price of three dollars each.

Always gratified with an opportunity of spending my money and making scientific researches, I immediately had my hair cut and carefully combed, and hastened to present myself and my head to the Professor's notice. I found him a tall and thin Professor, in a suit of rusty, not to say seedy black, with a closely-buttoned vest, and no perceptible shirt-

collar or wristbands. His nose was red, his spectacles were blue, and he wore a brown wig, beneath which, as I subsequently ascertained, his bald head was laid off in lots, marked and numbered with Indian ink, after the manner of the diagram upon his advertisement. Upon a small table lay many little books with yellow covers, several of the placards, pen and ink, a pair of iron callipers with brass knobs, and six dollars in silver. Having explained the object of my visit, and increased the pile of silver by six half-dollars from my pocket—whereat he smiled, and I observed he wore false teeth (scientific men always do; they love to encourage art)—the Professor placed me in a chair, and rapidly manipulating my head, after the manner of a *shampoooh* (I am not certain as to the orthography of this expression), said that my temperament was “lymphatic, nervous, bilious.” I remarked that “I thought myself dyspeptic,” but he made no reply. Then, seizing on the callipers, he embraced with them my head in various places, and made notes upon a small card that lay near him on the table. He then stated that my “hair was getting very thin on the top,” placed in my hand one of the yellow-covered books, which I found to be an almanac containing anecdotes about the virtue of Dodge’s Hair Invigorator, and recommending it to my perusal, he remarked that he was agent for the sale of this wonderful fluid, and urged me to purchase a bottle—price two dollars. Stating my willingness to do so, the Professor produced from a hair trunk that stood in the corner of the room, which he stated, by the way, was originally an ordinary pine box, on which the hair had grown since “the Invigorator” had been placed in it—(a singular fact)—and recommended me to be cautious in wearing gloves while rubbing it upon my head, as unhappy accidents had occurred—the hair growing freely from the ends of the fingers, if used with the bare hand. He then seated him-

self at the table, and rapidly filling up what appeared to me a blank certificate, he soon handed over the following singular document:—

“Phrenological Chart of the Head of Mr. John Phoenix, by Flatbroke B. Dodge, Professor of Phrenology, and inventor and proprietor of Dodge’s celebrated Hair Invigorator, Stimulator of the Conscience, and Arouser of the Mental Faculties:—

Temperament— <i>Lymphatic, Nervous, Bilious.</i>	
Size of Head, 11.	Combateness, 2½.
Amativeness, 11½.	Credulity, 1.
Caution, 3.	Causality, 12.
Conscientiousness, 12.	Mirth, 1.
Destructiveness, 9.	Language, 12.
Hope, 10.	Firmness, 2.
Imitation, 11.	Veneration, 12.
Self-Esteem, ½.	Philoprogenitiveness, 0.”
Benevolence, 12.	

Having gazed on this for a few moments in mute astonishment—during which the Professor took a glass of brandy and water, and afterwards a mouthful of tobacco—I turned to him and requested an explanation.

“Why,” said he, “it’s very simple; the number 12 is the maximum, 1 the minimum; for instance, you are as benevolent as a man can be—therefore I mark you, Benevolence, 12. You have little or no self-esteem—hence I place you, Self-esteem, ½. You’ve scarcely any credulity, don’t you see?”

I did see! This was my discovery. I saw at a flash how the English language was susceptible of improvement, and, fired with the glorious idea, I rushed from the room and the house; heedless of the Professor’s request that I would buy more of his Invigorator; heedless of his alarmed cry that I would pay for the bottle I had got; heedless that I tripped on the last step of the Gyascutus House, and

smashed there the precious fluid (the step has now a growth of four inches of hair on it, and the people use it as a door-mat); I rushed home, and never grew calm till with pen, ink, and paper before me, I commenced the development of my system.

This system—shall I say this great system?—is exceedingly simple, and easily explained in a few words. In the first place, "*figures won't lie.*" Let us then represent by the number 100, the maximum, the *ne plus ultra* of every human quality—grace, beauty, courage, strength, wisdom, learning—everything. Let *perfection*, I say, be represented by 100, and an absolute minimum of all qualities by the number 1.

Then by applying the numbers between, to the adjectives used in conversation, we shall be able to arrive at a very close approximation to the idea we wish to convey; in other words, we shall be enabled to speak the truth. Glorious, soul-inspiring idea! For instance, the most ordinary question asked of you is, "How do you do?" To this, instead of replying, "Pretty well," "Very well," "Quite well," or the like absurdities—after running through your mind that *perfection* of health is 100, no health at all, 1—you say, with a graceful bow, "Thank you, I'm 52 to-day;" or, feeling poorly, "I'm 13, I'm obliged to you," or, "I'm 68," or "75," or "87½," as the case may be! Do you see how very close in this way you may approximate to the truth; and how clearly your questioner will understand what he so anxiously wishes to arrive at—your *exact* state of health?

Let this system be adopted into our elements of grammar, our conversation, our literature, and we become at once an exact, precise, mathematical, truth-telling people. It will apply to everything but politics; there, truth being of no account, the system is useless. But in literature, how admirable! Take an example:—

As a 19 young and 76 beautiful lady was 52 gaily tripping down the side-walk of our 84 frequented street, she accidentally came in contact—100 (this shows that she came in close contact)—with a 73 fat, but 87 good-humoured looking gentleman, who was 93 (*i.e.*, intently) gazing into the window of a toy-shop. Gracefully 56 extricating herself, she received the excuses of the 96 embarrassed Falstaff with a 68 bland smile, and continued on her way. But hardly—7—had she reached the corner of the block, ere she was overtaken by a 24 young man, 32 poorly dressed, but of an 85 expression of countenance; 91 hastily touching her 54 beautifully rounded arm, he said, to her 67 surprise—

“Madam, at the window of the toy-shop yonder, you dropped this bracelet, which I had the 71 good fortune to observe, and now have the 94 happiness to hand to you.”

(Of course the expression “94 happiness” is merely the young man’s polite hyperbole.)

Blushing with 76 modesty, the lovely (76, as before, of course) lady took the bracelet—which was a 24 magnificent diamond clasp—(24 *magnificent*, playfully sarcastic; it was probably *not* one of Tucker’s) from the young man’s hand, and 84 hesitatingly drew from her beautifully 38 embroidered reticule a 67 portemonnaie. The young man noticed the action, and 73 proudly drawing back, added,—

“Do not thank me; the pleasure of gazing for an instant at those 100 eyes (perhaps too exaggerated a compliment) has already more than compensated me for any trouble that I might have had.”

She thanked him, however, and with a 67 deep blush and a 48 pensive air, turned from him, and pursued with 33 slow step her promenade.

Of course you see that this is but the commencement of a pretty little tale, which I might throw off, if I had a mind to, showing in two volumes, or forty-eight chapters of thrilling interest, how the young man sought the girl’s acquaint-

ance, how the interest first excited deepened into love, how they suffered much from the opposition of parents (her parents, of course), and how, after much trouble, annoyance, and many perilous adventures, they were finally married—their happiness, of course, being represented by 100. But I trust that I have said enough to recommend my system to the good and truthful of the literary world; and besides, just at present I have something of more immediate importance to attend to.

You would hardly believe it, but that everlasting (100) scamp of a Professor has brought a suit against me for stealing a bottle of his disgusting Invigorator; and as the suit comes off before a Justice of the Peace, whose only principle of law is to find guilty and fine any accused person whom he thinks has any money—(because if he don't he has to take his costs in County Scrip), it behoves me to "take time by the forelock." So for the present, adieu!

Should my system succeed to the extent of my hopes and expectations, I shall publish my new grammar early in the ensuing month, with suitable dedication and preface; and should you, with your well-known liberality, publish my prospectus, and give me a handsome literary notice, I shall be pleased to furnish a presentation copy to each of the little Pioneer children.

P.S.—I regret to add, that having just read this article to Mrs. Phoenix, and asked her opinion thereon, she replied that, "If a first-rate magazine article were represented by 100, she should judge this to be about 13; or if the quintessence of stupidity were 100, she should take this to be in the neighbourhood of 96."

This, as a criticism, is perhaps a little discouraging, but as an exemplification of the merits of my system it is exceedingly flattering. How could she, I should like to know, in ordinary language, have given so *exact* and truthful

an idea—how expressed so forcibly her opinion (which, of course, differs from mine) on the subject?

As Dr. Samuel Johnson learnedly remarked to James Boswell, Laird of Auchinleck, on a certain occasion—"Sir, the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof."

"John Phœnix."

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The paper then discusses the various methods used by historians to study the history of the United States, including the use of primary and secondary sources, and the use of statistical methods.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

ABY, JOE C., "Hoffenstein," born 1858. A humorist who made his reputation on the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. His "Hoffenstein" sketches have been issued in book form.

ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN (1842). "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," a short poem bubbling over with quiet, kindly, pathetic humour, given in quaint German-American vernacular, first brought Mr. Adams before the public. "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" has been followed by many sunny pieces in similar dialect. Mr. Adams has published *Leedle Yawcob Strauss and other Poems, Dialect Ballads*, etc.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY (1767-1848), sixth President of the United States, first attracted public attention by his writings, and principally on account of his pen he was appointed to many honourable posts by President George Washington. He wrote a number of humorous pieces of verse, the most popular being "The Plague in the Forest" and "The Wants of Man."

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY (1832-1888). Author of *Little Women, Little Men, Moods, An Old-Fashioned Girl, Eight Cousins*, etc. Most popular with the young people of America and Great Britain.

ALDEN, WILLIAM L., born 1837. Author of *Domestic Explosives, Shooting Stars, Moral Pirates, A Lost Soul* (Chatto & Windus), and a host of volumes of facetious short stories. He was admitted to the bar, but took to journalism; made himself famous as the "fifth-column man" on the *New York Times*; was appointed consul-general at Rome, the king decorating him with the cross of Chevalier of the "Crown of Italy" at the end of his consulship. He introduced canoeing as a pastime into the United States, and founded the first canoe club. He is now (1893) writing humorous "stories" for the *Idler* and other English publications, and his work has lost none of his old-time flavour.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, born 1837. Mr. Aldrich, who for many years was looked upon as one of the most promising younger writers of America, has now attained the first rank in American

poetry. His first great success was the *Ballad of Babie Bell*, published in 1856, and this induced him to adopt literature as a profession. In March 1881 he was appointed editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Since *Babie Bell* appeared he has given to the public much work of a high order. *Pampinea and other Poems*, 1861; *Poems* (two collections), 1863 and 1865; *Cloth of Gold*, 1874; *Flower and Thorn*, 1876; *Lyrics and Sonnets*, 1880, in verse; and *Marjorie Daw and other People*, 1873; *Prudence Palfrey*, 1874; *The Stillwater Tragedy*, 1880; *Mercedes*, 1883, in prose, are well known in Great Britain and America. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. publish his works in England, and Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. in America.

ALSOP, GEORGE, born 1638. When twenty years old he sailed to Maryland, and for four years laboured as a servant. At the restoration of King Charles he, a warm Royalist, returned to England, and whether he returned to America or not is uncertain. He published *A Character of the Province of Maryland*, a volume of prose and verse, absurdly humorous from beginning to end.

ALSOP, RICHARD (1761-1815). Founder of a society of literary-inclined individuals known as the "Hartford Wits." Alsop was the chief writer of the *Echo*, a series of burlesque essays published between 1791 and 1795. He also published *The Enchanted Lake of Fairy Morgana*, *Monody on the Death of Washington*, *The Natural and Civil History of Chili*, and edited the *Captivity and Adventures of J. R. Jewett among the Savages of Nootka Sound*. He was an accomplished linguist.

AMES, NATHANIEL (1708-1764), commenced publishing in 1725 a yearly calendar—the great-grandfather of the present weekly paper. He was a shrewd wit, and his almanac, which obtained marked popularity, was full of quaint and wise sayings.

ANDERSON, MRS. ARESTINE (1855). A writer of humorous newspaper verse. Contributor to many of the humorous papers in America.

ANDRÉ, MAJOR JOHN (1751-1780). This unfortunate soldier wrote a humorous piece entitled "The Cow Chase," which, strangely enough, appeared in *Rivington's Royal Gazette* the same day that the author was captured.

ARNOLD, GEORGE (1834-1865). Author of *McArone Papers*, *The Jolly Old Pedagogue*, and other Poems.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM (1778-1841). His "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," published in the *New England Galaxy*, made a great hit, and his "Letters from London" are full of quiet humour and quaint information. He was also the author of "Oration on the Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill," and "Essay on the Human Character of Jesus Christ."

BAGBY, GEORGE WILLIAM (1828-1883). Took his degree in medicine, adopted journalism as a profession, was appointed (1870) state librarian for Virginia. His humorous articles were published under the pen-name "Mozis Addums," and after his death his sketches were collected and published by Mrs. Bagby in three volumes.

BAILEY, JAMES MONTGOMERY, born 1841. In 1873 and 1874 America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was laughing at the "Danbury News-Man's" funny articles. His work was to be found copied in every paper in the land, and the *Danbury News*, which up to that time had claimed only local attention, soon rose in circulation, until it had readers in every state in the Union. Mr. Bailey, whose laughable sketches made this sensation, began life as a carpenter, served in the ranks during the war, and then entered journalism. His humorous sketches have been collected and published. *Life in Danbury* and *England from a Back Window* are the best compilations.

BANGS, J. K. Has published the *Tiddledywick Poetry Book*. His verse is in much request by the better-class humorous papers and magazines in America.

BARLOW, JOEL (1754-1812). After serving with the Revolutionary army as chaplain, he, in 1783, settled at Hartford, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He joined the "Hartford Wits," founded a paper, and began writing satirical verse. In 1791 he journeyed to England to take part in the political movements of the day, and published his *Advice to the Privileged Orders*, which the Government proscribed. He took refuge in France, and while there wrote "Hasty Pudding," his most popular poem. After serving his country diplomatically on a number of trying occasions, he, while acting as minister to France, set out to visit Napoleon, then on his Russian campaign, and died of cold in the famous retreat from Moscow.

BARR, JOHN, born in Canada 1858. Taught school, sailed the great lakes, appointed marine editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, and is now commercial editor of the paper. Has written under the pen-name "Baron Joe." The extract given is from *The White Feather*, a farcical opera.

BARR, ROBERT (1851), co-editor of the *Idler* (1892), and for many years connected with the *Detroit Free Press*. His humorous sketches and short stories, both humorous and dramatic, under the *nom de guerre* of "Luke Sharp," first made him known to the readers of the United Kingdom and America, but lately he has taken to writing under his proper name. His published works are *In a Steamer Chair, and other Shipboard Stories* (Chatto & Windus), *From Whose Bourn, Strange Happenings*, *One Day's Courtship*, *Jones and I*, etc. Although inseparably connected

with American humour, and having made his first success in America and on an American paper, he was educated in Canada.

BARTLETT, JOSEPH (1762-1827), graduated at Harvard, studied law, and travelled to England to spend his money, which he easily succeeded in doing, and as a result found himself in prison for debt. In prison he wrote a play, and with the money obtained for it bought his release. Trying the stage for a while and not making headway, he obtained a cargo of goods on credit for sale in America, set sail, and was shipwrecked. In Boston he started in business, failed, opened a law office in Woburn, and removed to Cambridge. There he wrote "Physiognomy," a poem lampooning celebrities of the day, and afterwards "The New Vicar of Bray." He died penniless.

BAYLES, MATHER (1706-1788), humorous verse-writer.

BEERS, HENRY AUGUSTIN, born 1847, Professor of English at Yale. Has published *Odds and Ends*, *The Thankless Muse*, volumes of verse, and *Life of N. P. Willis*, *A Century of American Literature*, and an *Outline Sketch of English Literature*. Has written a few facetious poems.

BELKNAP, REV. JEREMY (1744-1798), a New England historian, and author of *The Foresters*, *an American Tale*, a work rich in humour.

BELLAW, AMERICUS W., humorous verse-writer, contributor to most of the humorous papers of America. He is well-known to readers of newspaper humour in the United States.

BENJAMIN, PARK (1809-1864), a Boston attorney, who drifted into magazine writing, and being equally at home in verse or prose, published a great amount of matter. For a time he was associated with Horace Greeley as editor of the *New Yorker*, and in 1840 he founded the *New World*, and, with others, edited it for five years. His principal works are *Infatuation* and *Poetry*, both satires in verse.

BEVERIDGE, JOHN, a Scotsman by birth, who in 1758 was appointed Professor of Languages in Philadelphia College; published some Latin verse of a humorous description, with their English translations by his students.

BOLTON, MRS. SARAH TITTLE (1815). She wrote "Paddle your own Canoe."

BRACKENRIDGE, HUGH HENRY (1748-1816). Born in Scotland and taken to America while still a child, he earned enough money to put himself through Princetown, graduating in 1771, and rose to

be one of the Justices of Pennsylvania Supreme Court (1799). *Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan his Servant*, published in Pittsburg, 1796, a political satire, established his reputation as a humorist.

BRAINARD, JOHN GARDINER CALKINS (1796-1828). Studied law, but on being called to the bar he forsook his profession for that of editor of a weekly paper. He wrote a number of ballads, and his "Sonnet to a Sea-Serpent" is humorous.

BROUGHAM, JOHN, born in Dublin, 1810; died in America, 1880. A prolific writer of comedies and farces, and was editor and proprietor of the *Lantern*, a comic paper published in 1852. Two collections of his writings have appeared, *A Basket of Chips* and *The Bunsby Papers*.

BROWNE, CHARLES FARRAR (1834-1867), "Artemus Ward." When fifteen years old he contributed comic articles to the *Carpet Bag*, a Boston weekly. Subsequently he secured the situation of reporter on the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, a paper of good standing, and while acting in that position commenced his showman articles. The first of these were written in a careless style, more as a "fill up" than anything else, but finding that they met with extraordinary success Mr. Browne began taking greater pains with them, and the result is a series of as clever and humorous articles as America has produced. He was a successful lecturer, and in this capacity visited England in 1866, but his health, which had long been failing, became so poor that he was forced to cancel engagements. He died in Southampton, England.

BROWNE, JOHN ROSS (1817-1875), author of *Yusef, American Family in Germany, Land of Thor*, and other records of his travels in Europe, well worth reading. He was a great traveller, visiting every quarter of the globe, and his pen was never idle.

BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER (1885), present editor of *Puck* (1892). He is a writer of graceful verse and short stories, which are overflowing with refined humour. *Airs from Arcady*, a volume of short verse, *Short Sixes* and *The Zodiac Pines*, volumes of short stories, and *A Woman of Honour*, a novel, are his principal published works. He is one of the best of the many brilliant short-story writers America of to-day possesses. Charles Scribner's Sons and Ogilvie & Co., publishers, America.

BURBANK, "MAJOR," editor *New Orleans Piccayune*, a humorous writer and lecturer.

BURDETTE, ROBERT JONES (1844), first attracted attention by his humorous articles to the *Burlington Hawkeye*. These sketches have been collected and published in book form under the titles of

The Rise and Fall of the Moustache, Hawkeyes, Sumach Garden, and other comic sketches. His humour is of the evanescent quality, and suited better to the columns of a daily or weekly paper than to publication in book form.

BURTON, WILLIAM EVANS, born in England, 1804; died in America, 1860. In 1834 he emigrated to America, and for a time was the leader of the dramatic profession in America. In 1858 he published the *Cyclopædia of Wit and Humour* (2 vols.).

BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN, born 1825. A lawyer of New York who has been a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the country. His *Nothing to Wear*, first published in 1857, is to be found in most collections of American humour.

BYLES, DR. MATHER (1707-1788), more famous for his jokes in conversation and in the pulpit than for his writings.

BYRD, COLONEL WILLIAM (1674-1744). Founder of Richmond, Va., three times agent for the colony in England, and for thirty-seven years member of the King's Council. His *Westover Manuscripts* were published in 1841. They are "A Journey to the Land of Eden," "A Progress to the Mines," and "History of the Dividing Line." He wrote verse, and was considered a great wit.

CARLETON, WILL, born 1845. Without doubt the most popular humorous verse-writer of the day in America. His versification is far from being irreproachable, but he takes the everyday occurrences of life and treats them in a simple humorous style which appeals to the great public. His works are, *Farm Ballads, Farm Legends, Young Folks' Rhymes, Farm Festivals, City Ballads, City Legends*, all published by Harper's, New York, and most of them by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., London. For pictures of rural life his work is invaluable.

CHENEY, JOHN VANCE (1848), public librarian of San Francisco. He has published two dainty books of fascinating, graceful, and wayward verse, *Thistledrift* and *Wood Blooms*. See also *Poems of Wild Life*, "Canterbury Poets."

CLARK, LEWIS GAYLORD (1810-1873). Appointed editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1834. He brought the magazine into fame, and gathered around him as contributors, Longfellow, Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Morris, and other well-known men. His published works in book form are *Knickerbocker Sketch-Book*, and *Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*.

CLARK, WILL W., the "Frisbee" and "Gilhooley" of the *Pittsburg Leader*.

CLEMENS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE, born 1835. A true citizen of the United States, he began at the bottom of the ladder and has worked his way to the top. After receiving a meagre education at a village school, he was apprenticed to a printer at the age of thirteen, and for three years "stuck type." In 1851 he took to the Mississippi, earning his living as a pilot, and later on tried mining and editing. Under the pseudonym "Mark Twain" he began to publish the work which has earned for him the right to be considered the greatest humorous writer of the century. *The Jumping Frog and other Sketches* was his first book, appearing in 1867, and this he has followed with a splendid line of successes down to *The American Claimant*, which has just appeared. Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish his works in England, and Webster & Co. in America.

CLIFTON, WILLIAM (1772-1799), a satirical writer of prose and verse. Author of *The Group*, *The Rhapsody of the Times*, and an unfinished poem, "Chimeriad."

COTES, MRS. E. C., "SARAH JEANNETTE DUNCAN" (1863). Miss Duncan, a native of Brantford, Ontario, Canada, did her first literary work on the *Toronto Globe*, and, after occupying positions on the staff of the *Globe* and *Washington Post*, spent a session at Ottawa as special correspondent of the *Montreal Star*. This newspaper training is clearly shown in her two clever books, *A Social Departure* and *An American Girl in London*. The first is an original and wholly unconventional account of travel, telling how she, in company with another girl, went round the world. The other book is an equally bright description of her doings in London.

COX, SAMUEL SULLIVAN ("SUNSET COX"), born 1824, and died 1889. A lawyer, journalist, and politician. He served the United States as diplomatist in Peru and Turkey, and wrote and spoke much that was witty. He published *The Buck-Eye Abroad*, *Why We Laugh*, *A Search for Winter Sunbeams*, *Arctic Sunbeams*, *Orient Sunbeams*, and *The Isles of the Princes*—the last three bright and laughable accounts of his travels in many lands. They are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

COX, WILLIAM, died about 1851. Author of *Crayon Sketches*. He wrote under the pseudonym "An Amateur."

COZZENS, FREDERICK SWARTOUT (1818-1869), author of *The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other Learned Men*, and *The Sparrowgrass Papers*. A genuine humorist and graceful writer. Some of his work was published under the pen-name "Richard Haywarde."

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM (1824-1892). As the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Curtis' work was familiar to a wide circle of

- readers throughout the English-speaking world. His writings are all brightened by a vein of refined and genial humour. His chief works are *Nile Notes*, *The Howadji in Syria*, *Lotus-Eating*, *Potiphar Papers*, *Prue and I*, and *Trumps*.
- DEERING, NATHANIEL (1791-1881), a playwright of note and humorous story writer. Author of *Bozzaris* and *The Clairvoyants*.
- DE MILLE, JAMES, Canadian (1837-1880). He began his career as a humorous writer while still at school, his writings appearing in New Brunswick papers. In 1860 he was appointed to the Chair of Classics in Acadia College, and four years later that of history and rhetoric in Dalhousie College, Halifax, holding the position till his death. He published, during his comparatively short lifetime, more than twenty books, of which *The Dodge Club* found the most readers.
- DENNIE, JOSEPH (1768-1812), a lawyer who thought better of it, and adopted literature as a profession. In 1801 he became editor of the *Portfolio*, and, under the *nom de plume* "Oliver Old School," edited and wrote for it till his death. His *Short Sermons for Idle Readers* are rich in humour.
- DEPEW, CHAUNCEY MITCHELL, born 1834. He entered politics before 1860, and has stayed in ever since. He is President of the New York Central Railway, the right-hand man of the Republican party, and America's most famous facetious after-dinner speaker and story-teller.
- DERBY, GEORGE HORATIO ("JOHN PHCENIX"), 1823-1861, a graduate of West Point, and served in the war with Mexico, receiving a severe wound in the battle of Cerro Gordo. He explored Minnesota territory in 1849, and after holding many important government positions, was made captain of engineers. He died from effects produced by sunstroke. Under the pseudonym "John Phoenix," he wrote the first of what may be called newspaper humour. His *Phœnixiana* and *The Squibob Papers* have been published on both sides the Atlantic.
- DIAZ, MRS. ABBY (1821), a humorous writer for the young; author of *Chronicles of the Stimpsett Family*, *The William Henry Letters*, etc.
- DODGE, H. C., a writer of newspaper verse, ready with his rhymes, but whose chief ingenuity is displayed in the typographical arrangements of his verse.
- DOUGLASS, WILLIAM, a Scotsman who made America his home in 1718. He was a famous satirist in his day.

DOWE, MRS. JENNIE E. T. Her best work is to be found in the *Century Magazine*, where she, every now and again, fills a page or two with graceful and fantastical verse, usually employing a slight dialect of one sort or another. Her poems are full of life and music, and are decidedly clever.

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN (1795-1820), co-author with Halleck of the *Croaker Papers*, and author of *The Culprit Fay*.

DRUMMOND, DR. W. H., a resident of Montreal, Canada. He is a master of the French-Canadian dialect, and in verse has the field pretty much to himself. His *Wreck of the Julie Plante* is the most popular humorous song Canada has produced.

DUNCAN, SARAH JEANNETTE. See COTES, MRS.

DUNLOP, WILLIAM, born in Scotland 1795 (?), died in Canada 1848. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* "The Autobiography of a Rat," founded the Toronto Literary Society, and represented Huron County in the first parliament after the union of Upper and Lower Canada.

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY (1752-1817), President of Yale College, and hymn-writer of note. Among his many published works is *Triumph of Infidelity*, a satire.

EDWARDS, EDWARD E., the author of "Facts and Fancies" in the *Boston Transcript*.

FAY, THEODORE SEDGEWICK, born 1807, an associate of Morris and Willis in the *New York Mirror*. Mr. Fay, about 1830, joined the diplomatic service, and was stationed at Berlin and Berne for years. He published many works of a quietly humorous character.

FESSENDEN, THOMAS GREEN (1771-1837). When at Dartmouth College he wrote "Jonathan's Courtship," a ballad which became popular, and was reprinted in England. He studied law and wrote humorous verse until 1801, when he was sent to England with a newly-patented hydraulic machine which proved a failure. This and other patents in which he experimented ruined him. Returning to America, he edited for a time the *New York Weekly Inspector*, and from this time till his death was connected with one paper or another. His published works include *Democracy Unveiled*, "Pills, Poetical, Political, and Philosophical, prescribed for the purpose of purging the Public of—Philosophers, Penny Poetasters, of Paltry Politicians and Petty Partisans. By Peter Pepperbox, Poet and Physician, Philadelphia."

FIELD, EUGENE (1850). During the year 1891 Mr. Field made a successful *début* before the reading public of Great Britain with his *Little Book of Western Verse*, and *Little Book of Profitable Tales*, published by Osgood, McIlvain, & Co. For many years past Mr. Field has been the chief humorist of Chicago, and in verse and prose holds an honoured place among the present-day writers of America. He is equally at home in prose and verse.

FIELD, MATTHEW C. (1812-1844), a contributor to many southern journals from 1834 till the time of his death.

FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS (1817-1881). He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* for eleven years, and wrote several volumes of prose and clever humorous verse. He was partner in the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields.

FINN, HENRY J. (1782-1840), an actor, miniature painter, and humorist. He was lost in the burning of the steamer *Lexington*.

FOLGER, PETER (1617-1690), grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, published a satirical attack on the follies of the day, under the extensive title of *A Looking-glass for the Times; or, the Former Spirit of New England Revised in this Generation*.

FOSS, SAM. WALTER (1858), editor of the *Yankee Blade*. Although his poems are as widely quoted on one side the Atlantic as the other, they have not yet appeared in book form in England.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN (1706-1790). It is difficult to say what Franklin was not, and there can be no question of his being the best-informed man of his day. Along with his other virtues, he was a humorist, and sparkling witty in conversation and writing. He was the first American to achieve cosmopolitan fame as a writer.

FRENEAU, PHILIP (1752-1832). He commenced to write poetry before he left college, and continued to do so all his life. As a consequence, his published works are many. His reputation as a humorist rests to a great extent on "A Journey from Philadelphia to New York, by Robert Slender, Stocking-Weaver," published 1787.

GOLDSMITH, JAY CHARLTON, the "P.I. Man" of the *New York Herald*, and the author of the "Jay Charlton" papers which appeared in the *Danbury News*.

GRAYDON, ALEXANDER (1752-1818). Graydon served in the War of Independence, was taken prisoner; when peace was restored was appointed to a government office, which he held for many years. He wrote his memoirs, and was an epigrammatist of note.

GREEN, JOSEPH (1706-1780), a writer of verse, chiefly parody. His "Poet's Lament for the Loss of his Cat, which he used to call his Mews," published in the *London Magazine*, 1733, and "The Wonderful Lament of Old Mr. Tenor," are the most notable of his productions. He died in England.

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON (1802-1868), founder of the Providence Athenæum, and president of the Rhode Island Historical Society from 1854 till his death. His poem, "Old Grimes," has appeared in almost every collection of American humour published.

GREGORY, W. H., working editor of *Judge*, and a brilliant paragraphist.

GRISWOLD, A. MINOR (*nom de guerre*, "The Fat Contributor"), first made his name on the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and afterwards became identified with *Texas Siftings*. In 1889 he started on a lecturing tour à la Artemus Ward, and died in Michigan.

HABBERTON, JOHN, born 1842. The author of *Helen's Babies*. He served through the war, and after an unsuccessful attempt to establish himself in business he took up journalism. In 1876, after several refusals, he found a publisher for *Helen's Babies*, and the result was a sale of close on half a million copies in the United States alone. Since that time he has published a dozen or more books, most of them successes.

HALE, LUCRETIA PEABODY, born 1820. Her *Peterkin Papers*, published in America by Osgood & Co., Boston, made her famous with the young folk of America, but the reader must be young to enjoy the skits.

HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER (1797-1865), Canada's most famous humorist. Was admitted to the bar in Nova Scotia at the age of twenty-three, and nine years later was made Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1840 Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1842 he resigned this office and settled in England, sitting in Parliament as Conservative member for Launceston from 1859 to 1865. It was in the year 1835 he commenced writing his humorous works that made the name of "Sam Slick" famous the world over. His first production was *The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick*; and this he followed up with *Bubbles of Canada*, *Letter Bag of the Great Western*, *Yankee Stories*, *Nature and Human Nature*, etc.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE (1790-1867), a descendant of John Eliot, "The Apostle of the Indians." In 1819 he and John Rodman Drake published the *Croaker Papers*, humorous and satirical, which attracted much attention at the time. These papers he followed with "Fanny," his longest poem, hitting off the follies of the day. These are his chief contributions to humorous literature.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM (1829-1868), "Miles O'Reilly," a verse writer. Established with "Mrs. Partington" a humorous paper called *The Carpet Bag*, which proved a failure. He enlisted during "the war," and worked his way up until he finally became a colonel. He issued *Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly, 47th Regiment, New York Volunteers*, and *A Collection of Essays, Poems, Speeches, and Banquets by Private Miles O'Reilly. Collected, Revised, and Edited, with the Requisite Corrections of Punctuation, Spelling, and Grammar, by an ex-Colonel of the Adjutant-General's Department, etc.*

HARRIS, CHARLES H., "Carl Pretzel," born 1833. Author of *Pretzelisms, My Book of Expressions*, etc., humorous compilations in Dutch dialect.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, born 1848. The greatest exponent of the negro dialect. In the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*, of which he is editor and part proprietor, his *Uncle Remus* sketches first saw the light, and proved enormously successful. His humour is delicate and fascinating, and as a consequence the *Remus* series of books have had a world-wide circulation. No lover of the humorous should overlook Mr. Harris's work. American publishers, Appleton & Co.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, born 1839. Taking full advantage of his unique acquaintance with the West of America during the stirring days of '49, when, in California, he was in turn gold-digger, express-rider, printer, and editor, Bret Harte has given to the world volume after volume of short stories which picture in an inimitable way the manners and men of the gold days. No writer is more characteristically American than he; his style is vivid and beautiful, and he has a wonderful fund of humour, which appears in every line he writes. His published works, prose and verse, are many. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have recently published a complete edition of his writings. American publishers, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (1804-1864). Like most men of exceptional worth in literature, he found great difficulty at first in getting his work published. After writing and destroying many tales, he published, at his own expense, a novel entitled *Fanshawe*, which proved a failure; and it was not until 1837 that he, or rather a friend, induced a publisher to bring out *Twice-told Tales*. In the spring of 1850 appeared *The Scarlet Letter*, which raised the author from obscurity to the front rank of American literature, and the works which followed established his position in the letters of his country.

HAY, COLONEL JOHN, born 1838, one of President Lincoln's private secretaries during the war, and has since in collaboration written a history of the martyr-president. His reputation for humour was made by a small volume of verse entitled *Pike Country Ballads*. Best known of these ballads are "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," both strong pieces of verse.

HENDERSON, WILLIAM JAMES, born 1855, a New York journalist who has written much pleasant verse and prose.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT (1819-1881). For some time editor of *Scribner's Monthly* (now the *Century*), and a writer who, though judged from a literary point of view is quite second class, still is popular with the reading public of America. He wrote a number of articles under the *nom de plume* of "Timothy Titcomb."

HOLLEY, MARIETTA. Under the pseudonym of "Josiah Allen's Wife" she wrote a great deal of humorous matter. Author of *My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's*, *My Wayward Partner*, *Josiah Allen's Wife as a P.A. and P.I.*, etc.

HOLMES, DR. OLIVER WENDELL, born 1809, physician, novelist, essayist, and poet, began literary work at an early age, and for more than half a century has written industriously and with consistent success. The *Breakfast-Table* series is among the most read of all America's humorous writings, and various short poems of a humorous nature, such as "The One Hoss Shay," "Contentment," "The Spectre Pig," etc., are in every compilation of humour. His chief works are *The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, *Songs of Many Seasons*, *Songs in Many Keys*. He is one of the small band of humorists who are as carefully read and highly appreciated in the United Kingdom as in their native land. American publishers, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

HOOPER, JOHNSON J. (1815-1863), a native of North Carolina, studied law in Alabama, was made a judge, and in 1861 appointed Secretary of the Provisional Confederate Congress. He published *Widow Rugby's Husband* and *Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs*. Clever, but somewhat broad in humour.

HOPKINS, LEMUEL (1750-1801), one of the "Hartford Wits," and co-author and projector of *The Anarchiad*, a poem on State Rights, cuttingly sarcastic. He also wrote *The Echo*, *The Political Greenhouse*, and *New Year's Verses*, all full of sarcasm.

HOPKINSON, FRANCIS (1737-1791), a telling, sarcastic writer, widely read in his lifetime, and author of the poem, "The Battle of the Kegs," which remains famous. He was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. His son wrote "Hail, Columbia."

HOWARD, BRONSON (1842). The most successful American dramatist of the day, and almost the only American whose plays command attention in England. His plays, *Saratoga*, *Truth*, *The Old Love and the New*, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *The Henrietta*, and others are full of humour, and have been successful on both sides the Atlantic.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, born 1837. He is now America's representative novelist, and has qualified for representation in a humorous book by his comedies, *Out of the Question*, *A Counterfeit Presentment*, *The Parlour Car*, *The Sleeping Car*, etc. He is an industrious writer. D. Douglas, Edinburgh, in his American author series, has included twenty-five of Mr. Howells' works. The extract given in this book is from *A Chance Acquaintance*. American publishers, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and Osgood & Co.

HOYT, CHARLES, humorous paragraphist of the *Boston Post*, the paper, by the way, which is credited with having originated the column of witty paragraphs now so popular with American and British papers.

HUMPHREYS, DAVID (1752-1818), served as aide-de-camp to Washington, and wrote lyrics of a patriotic nature for the good of the cause. He was an intimate friend of the first president, residing with and being treated as a member of the Washington family, and held many positions of trust. He was one of the famous "Hartford Wits."

HUNTER-DUVAR, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN (1830), one of the principal literary men of Canada, his work polished, bright, and full of imagination. His "Emigration of the Fairies," a poem of 117 stanzas of six lines each, is quite the best piece of verse as regards light, fantastical, imaginative humour that Canada has produced. Many of his lyrics are dainty and sweet, with a seventeenth century ring about them. He has published in verse *De Roberval*, a drama dealing with early life in Canada, *The Triumph of Constancy*, *The Enamorado*, and for private circulation, *John a' Var, his Lays*.

HUNTLEY, STANLEY. In 1881 Mr. Huntley joined the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, to which paper he contributed his famous "Spoopendyke" articles. He died before he had the opportunity of following up his success.

IRVING, JOHN TREAT (1778-1838), a writer of sarcastic political verse.

IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783-1859), author of those undying works of delightful and quaint humour, *Rip Van Winkle*, *Sketch Book*, *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, etc. A hospitable, vivacious, good-natured, humorous man, who, at the

opening of his career, was much harassed by business worries, and it was not until his books had scattered his fame broadcast, and the revenue from his writings began to accrue to him, that he could lead the life of hearty hospitality and freedom he loved. He was one of the small band of American authors which first attracted attention outside of their own country, and established the literary reputation of America.

IKE MARVEL. *See* MITCHELL, D. G.

JAMES, HENRY (1843). His stories are slight in plot, but worked out gracefully, and full of character delineation, vivacious, and witty.

JOHNSTON, RICHARD MALCOLM, born 1822, a native of Georgia, author of *The Dukesborough Tales* and *Mark Langston*.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE. *See* HOLLEY.

KEELER, RALPH (1840-1873). Mr. Keeler had an adventurous career, running away from home when a lad, serving as cabin-boy on a lake steamer, train-boy on a railway, joining several bands of strolling minstrels, worked in a post-office, visited Europe, and supported himself by correspondence with newspapers and lecturing. He published *Three Years a Negro Minstrel*, *A Tour of Europe on \$181*, *Gloverson and his Silent Partners* (from which "A Breach of Promise Case" in this volume is taken), and *Vagabond Adventures*. He mysteriously disappeared while doing newspaper work in Cuba, and it is supposed he was murdered and thrown overboard from a steamer.

KELLY, ANDREW W. ("PHARMENAS MIX"), died 1888. A writer of humorous poetry, which appeared in the *Century Magazine*, *Detroit Free Press*, etc.

KERR, ORPHEUS C. *See* NEWELL.

KIMBALL, MATHER DEAN (1849), a Wisconsin journalist who has written some dialect pieces of merit.

LANDON, MELVILLE D., "Eli Perkins," born 1840. In 1871 he published his first book, a detailed history of the Franco-German war, and afterwards began writing in a lighter vein for various publications, among them the *Chicago Tribune*.

LANIGAN, GEORGE THOMAS (1845-1886), a Canadian journalist who drifted across the borders, and who, after filling important positions on the staff of many of the great American newspapers, died in Philadelphia. He was a brilliant and versatile journalist,

and his poems, "The Ahkoond of Swat" and "Dirge of the Moolta Kotal," are masterpieces of oddness of theme and wording.

LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY (1824). Best known to lovers of the humorous as the author of the laughable *Breitmann Ballads*. Since fifteen years of age Mr. Leland has been busy with his pen, and there is no greater authority on folk-lore, superstition, and legend than he. He has written many volumes of verse, sketches of travel, etc., and is still (1893) hard at work.

LEWIS, CHARLES B., "M QUAD," born 1842. The creator of *His Honor and Bijah*, his first great success; *The Lime Kiln Club*, with all its comical darkey characters; *Carl Dunder*, the unsophisticated Dutchman who is always being "shwindled"; *The Arisona Kicker*, whose editor keeps a private graveyard; and *Mr. and Mrs. Bowser*. "M Quad" is without question the greatest newspaper humorist of America. His style is deliciously original; he can write weekly for years on the same subject without wearying the reader. "Quad" is popularly known as the *Detroit Free Press* man, from his long connection with that weekly.

LIGHTHALL, WILLIAM DOUW, born 1857. His *Songs of the Great Dominion*, a collection of verse by various Canadian writers, attracted considerable attention in this kingdom. His works are, *An Analysis of the Altruistic Act*, *Sketch of a New Utilitarianism*, *Thoughts, Moods, and Ideas* (a collection of verse), and a novel, *The Young Seigneur*. He has paid little attention to humorous writing.

LOCKE, DAVID ROSS, "PETROLEUM V. NASBY" (1833-1888). A political humorist and satirical writer, whose works have left their impression on American political life. He was editor of the *Toledo Blade*. His principal published works are, *Swinging Round the Circle*, *The Moral History of America's Little Struggle*, and *A Paper City*.

LOGAN, JOHN E., a Canadian who, under the *nom de guerre* of "Barry Dane," has written some clever humorous pieces. See Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*.

LONGSTREET, AUGUSTUS BALDWIN (1790-1870), in turn a lawyer, legislator, judge, editor, Methodist minister, college president, and farmer. He was a ready and brilliant speaker, and an industrious writer of humour and pathos. His *Georgia, Scenes, Characters, and Incidents*, first published in periodicals, and afterwards collected in book form, were widely read. The papers are full of humour, rather broad, but it is said by those who know, truly characteristic of the place and period.

LOW, SAMUEL, born 1765. Author of two volumes of poetry, containing many pieces of a humorous character.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819-1891), poet, essayist, and diplomat. One of the foremost literary geniuses of America. His first volume of poems was published in 1838, under the title of *Class Poems*. In 1841 followed *A Year's Life*, consisting mainly of love poems, only a few of which the author in later years considered worth republishing. In the year 1846 the *Biglow Papers* began appearing in the columns of the *Boston Courier*, and it was not until 1848 that what is probably the most remarkable series of satirical poems which ever appeared were furnished. For wit, insight into human nature, and finish, these poems, in the peculiar dialect of the "down-easter," must be considered nothing short of perfect. These poems had an instantaneous effect on America, and raised the question of slavery and corruption in politics to the eyes of the people in a way they had never before been presented. Mr. Lowell was an out-and-out democrat and a fearless exponent of democracy of the kind established by the founders of American independence. His works, of which a complete and excellent edition is published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, are numerous, the best known being *Class Poems*, *A Year's Life*, *Poems* (1844), *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *Conversations on some of the Old Poets*, *Poems* (1848), *The Biglow Papers*, *A Fable for Critics*, *Poems* (1849), *Life of Keats*, *Mason and Slidell*, *Fireside Travels*, *The President's Policy*, *Biglow Papers* (second series), *Under the Willows*, *Among my Books*, *Democracy*, and other *Addresses*. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have published a complete edition of his works in America.

MACCLURG, DR. JAMES (1747-1825), a writer of the dainty *vers de société*, which has since become so popular with a school of modern writers.

MACDOWELL, MRS. KATE (1853-1883), a writer of humorous sketches in vernacular, and published by *Harper's*. Pseudonym, "Sherwood Bonner."

M'LENNAN, WILLIAM, Canadian. His French-Canadian dialect sketches and stories are full of humour, and the dialect is perfect. See Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*.

MILES O'REILLY. See HALPINE.

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HINER, "Joaquin" (1841). The most American of all America's poets. In his youth he took to gold-mining in California, afterwards acting as express-rider, later on drifted into journalism, and began his literary career while judge of Grant county, Oregon. His best known works are *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of Sunland*, *Songs of the Desert*, *Songs of the Mexican Seas*,

and *In Classic Shades*. He has not written much in a humorous vein, but his "William Brown of Oregon," "That Gentle Man from Boston Town," and "Saratoga and the Psalmist," all humorous verse, have been widely read.

MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT, born 1822. His delicate health compelled him to abandon the study of law, and he has spent most of his time in landscape gardening, writing, and travelling. His first book, *Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe*, was published in 1847, and in 1850 his widely-read work, *Reveries of a Bachelor*, appeared. In the sixties appeared the "Edgewood" series of books from his pen. Most of his humorous work appeared under the pen-name of "Ike Marvel."

MITCHILL, DR. SAMUEL LATHAM (1764-1831), a valuable and voluminous writer on scientific subjects. He was a humorist in his way.

MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE (1779-1863). He wrote the famous piece of verse beginning—

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

MORRIS, GEORGE P. (1802-1864), began writing for the press when but fifteen years of age, and during his lifetime saw many of his poems attain international celebrity. In 1823, he, in conjunction with Samuel Woodworth, established the *New York Mirror*, and in 1843, with N. P. Willis, the *New Mirror*; and in 1845 himself founded the *National Press*, afterwards the *Home Journal*. *The Little Frenchman and his Water-Lots*, a volume of prose sketches, published in 1839, was widely read; but his greatest hits were made by the songs, "Woodman, spare that Tree," "We were Boys together," "My Mother's Bible," and "Whip-poor-will."

MORTON, THOMAS, born in England about 1575; died in America, 1646. During his adventurous life he caused Miles Standish and his Puritan followers a great deal of trouble, being many times imprisoned for misdeeds. He wrote a book, of which the following is a copy of the title-page:—"New English Canaan or New Canaan, containing an abstract of New England, composed in three Bookes. The first Booke setting forth the originall of the Natives, their Manners and Customs, together with their tractable Nature and Love towards the English. The second Booke setting forth, what people are planted there, their prosperity, what remarkable accidents have happened since the first planting of it, together with their Tenents and practise of their Church. *Written by Thomas Morton of Clifford's Inne gent, upon Tenne years knowledge and experiment of the country.* Printed at Amsterdam by

Jacob Frederick Stain in the yeare 1637." This book is full of ridicule of all things pertaining to the Puritans.

M QUAD. See LEWIS.

MRS. PARTINGTON. See SHILLABER.

MUNKETTRICK, RICHARD KENDALL (1853), a writer of prose and verse, full of subtle and refined humour. He contributes to all the standard publications of America.

NASH, THOMAS, born 1840, came into public notice during the Civil War by his strong caricatures, and has ever since been considered one of America's best caricaturists.

NEAL, JOHN (1793-1876). "Yankee Neal," as he was called, at the age of thirty, set sail for England, determined that the British people should no longer be able to say that no one reads an American book. This pioneer of American literature began writing in London, and was successful beyond his expectation. Among the twenty volumes from his pen are *Brother Jonathan*, *The Down Easters*, *One Word More*, and *Keep Cool*.

NEAL, JOSEPH CLAY (1807-1847). In 1831 he edited the *Pennsylvanian*, and a few years later established the *Saturday Gazette*, a humorous and satirical publication, which was widely read. His *Charcoal Sketches* were republished in London under the auspices of Charles Dickens.

NEWELL, ROBERT HENRY (1836). His "Orpheus C. Kerr" papers, humorous and satirical, met with great success during the days of the Civil War, and still continue popular. After these papers, *The Palace Beautiful* and *Versatilities* are his best known works. Some of his verse is clever, and "The Great Fight" is to be found in most collections of American humour.

NYE, EDGAR WILSON, born 1850. One of the most popular newspaper humorists of America. He studied law in Wyoming territory, but the farcical sketches which he contributed to different newspapers soon took the public fancy, and he removed to New York, where he now (1893) resides. He has published a number of collections of his sketches.

ORPHEUS JUNIOR. See VAUGHAN.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, born 1853. Brought up on a Southern plantation; educated at Washington, and is now practising law at Richmond, Virginia. His negro dialect stories, full of the kindly humour of the South, have attracted much attention. His first volume, *In Ole Virginia*, was published in 1887.

PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE (1779-1860). Making the acquaintance of Washington Irving, the two formed a strong liking for each other, and in 1807, *Salmagundi*, their joint production, was issued, and its success was great. In 1812 Mr. Paulding published *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, and this was followed by *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*, *Letters from the South*, *John Bull in America*, *Chronicle of the City of Gotham*, *The Dutchman's Fireside*, *Westward Ho*, *The Book of St. Nicholas*, and many other works of exceptional merit.

PECK, GEORGE W., author of the "Peck's Bad Boy" series of articles, began life as a printer's devil, entered the army in 1863, and when peace was declared returned to Wisconsin and made his name as a humorous writer in the columns of *Peck's Sun*, Milwaukee. Since the famous articles were published Mr. Peck has entered politics, and for some years held the position of Governor of Wisconsin.

PETE PAREAU. See WRIGHT.

PETERS, SAMUEL (1735-1826), author of *General History of Connecticut*, a satire.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY. See LOCKE.

PHARMENAS MIX, See KELLY.

POMEROY, MARCUS MILLS, born 1833. After an apprenticeship to journalism in the West, he founded in New York, 1868, the *Brick Pomeroy Democrat*, which for sensationalism was unsurpassed in the history of American journalism. He has the reputation of being able to tell a plainer lie—professionally, of course—than any man in America. His principal books are *Sense*, *Nonsense*, *Brick Dust*, *Home Harmonies*, and *Perpetual Money*.

"PORTE CRAYON." See STROTHER.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1854). Mr. Riley is writing the typically American verse of the day, and his work is now read by a larger public than any other American poet finds. His poems, humorous or otherwise, are full of tender feeling, and in them the tear invariably accompanies the smile. He has a perfect command of the country dialects, and pictures as no other writer seems able to do, the humorous and the pathetic side of American life. A number of his books have been published in England. *Old Fashioned Roses*, by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., and other volumes by Messrs. Gay & Bird. In America the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, publish *The Old Swimm'n'-Hole*, and *'Leven More Poems*; *The Boss Girl*, and *other Sketches and Poems*; and *Afterwhiles*. Mr. Riley's verses, "Old Man and Jim," and "Little Orphant Annie," are popular with reciters on both sides the Atlantic.

ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY (1847), editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and author of *Songs and Satires*. Has written a great deal of humorous verse.

RUSSELL, IRWIN (1853-1879). According to Joel Chandler Harris, Mr. Russell was the first Southern writer to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character. Mr. Russell's short life was one of hard work and disappointments, and it was not until after his death that his poems were collected and published. "Christmas Night in the Quarters" is the best of his poems.

SANDERSON, JOHN (1783-1844). *The American in England* and *The American in Paris* are works which attained wide circulation at the time of publication.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY (1816-1887), a humorist whose command of rhyme was as complete as that of "Ingoldsby." He was a prolific writer of humorous verse, and also wrote much that is in a serious vein. Mr. Saxe was an ardent politician, holding the position of State Attorney for Cheltenden, co. Vt., and in 1859, and again in 1860, was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor of that state. Many of his poems saw original publication in *Harper's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

SCOLLARD, CLINTON (1860), a writer of fanciful and sparkling verse. His books of verse, *Pictures in Song*, *With Reed and Lyre*, and *Old and New World Lyrics*, have been successful.

SECCOMB, JOHN (1708-1793). Educated at Harvard, and settled as a minister at Chester, Nova Scotia, where he died. Author of "Father Abbey's Will," a humorous piece of verse, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1732.

SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON (1811-1875), born in Ireland and died in Florida. He is claimed as a Canadian, he having held a government office for fifteen years in Canada before going to New York to engage in journalism. He was editor of *Vanity Fair* and *Mrs. Grundy*, New York publications, and contributed to the *New York Leader*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and other periodicals. He wrote "A Jolly Bear and his Friends," "The Monkey of Porto Bello," "The Truant Chicken," and "The Walker of the Snow," a well-known poem. See Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*.

SHARP, LUKE. See ROBERT BARR.

SHAW, HENRY WHEELER, 1818-1885 ("Josh Billings"). In compilations of American humour "Josh Billings" has always been popular. His pungent paragraphs are very convenient to fill the chinks between longer articles. A great deal of his humour is in the spelling; but his "sayings" are full of philosophy and

wisdom, to which the orthography gives a certain quaintness. His publications are *Josh Billings his Sayings*; *Josh Billings on Ice*; *Every Boddy's Friend*; and *Josh Billings' Spice Box*.

SHELTON, FREDERICK WILLIAM (1814-1881), author of *The Trollopiad*, *Rector of St. Bardolph's*, *Peeps from the Belfry*, etc. Mr. Shelton was a clergyman who found authorship more congenial and profitable, and so devoted himself to writing.

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER (1860), author of *Madrigals and Catches* and *Lyrics for a Lute*, volumes of dainty verse.

"SHERWOOD BONNER." See MACDOWELL.

SHILLABER, BENJAMIN P. (1814-1890). No series of newspaper articles in the humorous vein attracted greater attention than that written by Mr. Shillaber under the *nom de guerre* "Mrs. Partington." These short articles were full of good-natured humour, and never failed to draw a smile from the reader.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (1841-1887). His poems contain a few pieces of pleasant fancy.

SMALL, SAMUEL W., born 1851; a Southern humorist who published articles under the pseudonym "Old Si."

SMITH, JAMES (1720-1806), a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Alexander Graydon, in his *Memoirs*, says that Smith was accounted a consummate humorist by those who knew him.

SMITH, MAJOR CHARLES H., "Bill Arp," born 1826. His humorous sketches, published in the *Atlanta Constitution*, have long been popular reading in the Southern States. He served in the Confederate army during the war.

SMITH, REV. WILLIAM WYE (1827), a Canadian writer whose poems are popular in his native country. See Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*.

SMITH, SEBA, *nom de guerre*, "Major Jack Downing" (1792-1868). A journalist who, after editing the *Eastern Argus*, *Family Recorder*, and *Portland Daily Courier*, wrote during the presidency of Jackson the famous series of satirical letters which made the name "Jack Downing" celebrated in America. In 1842 he removed from Portland to New York city, and published *Powhatan*, *New Elements of Geometry*, *Way Down East*. He was all his life a journalist.

SPOOPENDYKE. See HUNTLEY.

STEEL, RICHARD, famous paragraphist of Chicago from about 1870 to 1882.

STOCKTON, FRANCIS RICHARD, born 1834. Educated in Philadelphia, he first became an engraver, but abandoned this for journalism. After some experience in newspaper work he joined the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*, and subsequently was appointed assistant-editor of *St. Nicholas*. His first great success was made with the *Rudder Grange* stories, and few short stories have attracted such a reading public as "The Lady or the Tiger." All his writings are rich in quiet and quaint humour, and no writer can tell a more genial and interesting story. A convenient-sized and inexpensive edition of his works, including *Rudder Grange*, from which "Pomona's Novel" is taken, *The Lady or the Tiger? and other Stories*, and *A Borrowed Month, and other Stories*, is published by David Douglas, Edinburgh. American publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

STROTHER, DAVID HUNTER (1816-1888), an artist as well as a humorous writer. He wrote under the *nom de guerre* of "Porte Crayon," and illustrated his own work. Published works, *The Blackwater Chronicle* and *Virginia Illustrated*.

SWEET, ALEXANDER EDWIN, Canadian, born 1841. After an adventurous youth he became editor of the *San Antoine Express* in 1869, and later, with Colonel Knox, conducted *Texas Siftings*. For a time the weekly was published in Texas, but afterwards the office was moved to New York.

THOMPSON, BENJAMIN (1640-16—). A native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard, and generally credited with being the first poet born in America. He wrote in satirical vein *New England's Crisis*.

THOMPSON, DANIEL PIERCE (1793-1868). Began his literary career with a satirical novel entitled, *The Adventures of Timothy Peacock, Esq. ; or, Freemasonry Practically Illustrated*, which caused quite a stir among Freemasons and others in 1835.

THOMPSON, MAURICE (1844), author of *Songs of Fair Weather, By-Ways and Bird Notes, Sylvan Secrets*, etc. An intense lover of nature and out-door life, as his poems show. See Professor Roberts' *Poems of Wild Life*, "Canterbury Poets."

THOMPSON, MORTIMER H. (1830-1875). Wrote under the *nom de guerre* "Q. K. Philander Doesticks." His work for a time was popular in the newspapers of "the States." Author of *The Dodge Club*.

THOMPSON, WILLIAM TAPPAN (1812-1882). He wrote a number of articles known as the "Major Jones' Series," in which the humour is plentiful. He was the first white child born in the Western Reserve.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID (1817-1862), one of the best known of the New England "transcendentalists." He has a fine vein of ironic humour. His *Walden* and *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* have had a wide circulation in England.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB. See HOLLAND.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (1827). The most popular writer of stories for boys in America. His work usually appears in the *Youths' Companion*, Boston. His pathetically humorous poem, "The Vagabonds," is a favourite with reciters in England as well as America.

TROWBRIDGE, ROBERTSON, a verse-writer whose work has appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

TURNBULL, JOHN (1751-1831), author of *The Progress of Dulness and MacFingal*.

TYLER, ROYALL (1757-1826), a lawyer who in 1794 was made Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1800 Supreme Justice. He was the first to use the Yankee dialect in literature, and his play, *The Contrast*, has the distinction of being "the first American play ever acted on a regular stage by an established company of comedians." *May-Day, or New York in an Uproar*; *The Georgia Spec., or Land in the Moon*; and *The Algerine Captive*, are from his pen.

VANDEGRIFT, MARGARET, a frequent contributor of humorous verse to the *Century* and other publications.

VAUGHAN, SIR WILLIAM (1577-1640), who established a small settlement in Newfoundland early in the seventeenth century, published in London, 1626, under the pseudonym of "Orpheus Junior," a humorous poem, entitled "The Golden Fleece." He was a Welsh physician, and died in Newfoundland.

WARD, NATHANIEL, born between 1578-80, died 1652. He was a Puritan minister whose convictions got him into trouble with Archbishop Laud, and in 1633 he was deprived of his living. The next year he sailed for America and settled at Ipswich, and there compiled for Massachusetts the "Body of Liberties," which was adopted in 1641. In 1645-46 he wrote "The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America," a witty, stinging pamphlet, partisan and patriotic. This was published in England, and during the year 1647 four editions were sold. He returned to England and died at Shenfield, in Essex.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY (1829), a prolific writer of sketches and stories, through all of which runs a graceful vein of refined humour. He now does the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Magazine*. His best-known books are, *My Summer in a Garden*, *Back-Log Studies*, *Mummies and Moslems*, *Baddeck*, and in collaboration with Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age*. London publishers, Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. American publishers, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and Henry Holt & Co.

WEBB, CHARLES HENRY (1834), a successful inventor as well as writer of humorous verse and prose. Some of his earlier work was published under the *nom de guerre* of "John Paul." *American Humorous Verse* ("Canterbury Poets") contains some of his best work.

WEBB, GEORGE, an Englishman by birth, contemporary of Benjamin Franklin, author of *Bachelors' Hall*. He studied at Oxford, took to the stage, failed, and, joining the army, was sent to America, where he deserted, and worked as a printer in Philadelphia.

WEEMS, MASON LOCKE (1760-1825), an eccentric character: clergyman, story-teller, fiddler, and historian and book agent. In the latter capacity, and with his fiddle always within reach, he travelled through the rural districts of America, present at every merry-making, and always pressing his wares on the people. He wrote much in the way of history, in which a little fact suffices to carry a great deal of entertaining fiction; and it is on his doubtful authority that the famous story of Washington and his hatchet has been given to the world.

WHITCHER, MRS. FRANCES MIRIAM, "WIDOW BEDOTT" (1812-1852). Her "Widow Bedott" papers, although not of a high type of humour, were immensely popular in her lifetime, and are still read.

WIDOW BEDOTT. See WHITCHER.

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER (1845?), a prolific writer of verse; one of the chief literary women of America. Author of *Drops of Water*, *Maurine*, *Shells*, *Poems of Passion* (which caused a great stir at the time of publication), and *Poems of Pleasure*.

WILLIAMS, JOHN H., "The Norristown Herald Man." His humorous writings were widely quoted during the "seventies."

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER (1806-1867). He edited the *New York Mirror*, and under his care that weekly became the foremost literary paper of America, and continued to hold that position while Mr. Willis continued with it. He was the author of a large number of religious poems as well as many that were of a humorous turn.

WOOD, WILLIAM, born in England about 1580, died in America 1639. After paying a visit to Massachusetts in 1629, he finally settled at Sandwich in that state, and became town clerk in 1637. In London was published his book; the following is a copy of the title-page:—"Nevv England's Prospect. A true, lively, and experimentall description of that part of America commonly called Nevv England; discovering the state of that countrie, both as it stands to our new-come English Planters; and to the old Native Inhabitants. Laying downe that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling Reader, or benefit the future Voyager, by William Wood. Printed at London by Ro. Cotes for Iohn Bellamie, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Three Golden Lyons in *Corne-hill*, neere the *Royall Exchange*, 1634."

WRIGHT, ROBERT WM. (1816-1885). His *Vision of Judgment* and *The Church Knaviad* are strong in satire.

WRIGHT, ROBERT H. (1868), author of the "Pete Parean" papers, written in the French-Canadian *patois*. The dialect is not first-class, but the papers are humorous.

WYOMING KIT held a position on the *Detroit Free Press* for a few months, during which time he contributed verse that was quoted all over "the States." He suddenly disappeared, and it is not known where he is now. His name was Adams.

LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Cloth Elegant, Large Crown 8vo, Price 3/6 per vol.

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED.

THE HUMOUR OF FRANCE. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Elizabeth Lee. With numerous Illustrations by Paul Frénzeny.

THE HUMOUR OF GERMANY. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Hans Müller-Casenov. With numerous Illustrations by C. E. Brock.

THE HUMOUR OF ITALY. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. Werner. With 50 Illustrations and a Frontispiece by Arturo Faldi.

THE HUMOUR OF AMERICA. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. Barr (of the *Detroit Free Press*). With numerous Illustrations by C. E. Brock.

VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

THE HUMOUR OF HOLLAND. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. Werner. With Numerous Illustrations by Dudley Hardy.

THE HUMOUR OF IRELAND. Selected by D. J. O'Donoghue. With numerous Illustrations by Oliver Paque.

THE HUMOUR OF RUSSIA. Translated, with Notes, by E. L. Boole, and an Introduction by Stepniak. With 50 Illustrations by Paul Frénzeny.

THE HUMOUR OF SPAIN. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by S. Taylor. With numerous Illustrations.

To be followed by volumes representative of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, JAPAN, etc. The Series will be complete in about twelve volumes.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

Specimen Illustration from "GERMAN HUMOUR."

"THE UNUTTERABLE EXPRESSION IT PRODUCED UPON MY VISAGE."

WALTER SCOTT'S NEW BOOKS.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY.

Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Top. Price 1s. 6d. per Volume.

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED—

- 1 MALORY'S ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR AND THE
Quest of the Holy Grail. Edited by Ernest Rhys.**
- 2 THOREAU'S WALDEN. WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE
by Will H. Dircks.**
- 3 THOREAU'S "WEEK." WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY
Will H. Dircks.**
- 4 THOREAU'S ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN INTRO-
duction, by Will H. Dircks.**
- 5 CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, ETC.
By Thomas De Quincey. With Introductory Note by William Sharp.**
- 6 LANDOR'S IMAGINARY-CONVERSATIONS. SELECTED,
with Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.**
- 7 PLUTARCH'S LIVES (LANGHORNE). WITH INTRO-
ductory Note by B. J. Snell, M.A.**
- 8 BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI, ETC. WITH INTRO-
duction by J. Addington Symonds.**
- 9 SHELLEY'S ESSAYS AND LETTERS. EDITED, WITH
Introductory Note, by Ernest Rhys.**
- 10 SWIFT'S PROSE WRITINGS. CHOSEN AND ARRANGED,
with Introduction, by Walter Lewin.**
- 11 MY STUDY WINDOWS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
With Introduction by R. Garnett, LL.D.**
- 12 LOWELL'S ESSAYS ON THE ENGLISH POETS. WITH
a new Introduction by Mr. Lowell.**
- 13 THE BIGLOW PAPERS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
With a Prefatory Note by Ernest Rhys.**

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 14 GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS. SELECTED FROM
Cunningham's *Lives*. Edited by William Sharp.**
- 15 BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS. SELECTED,
with Introduction, by Mathilde Blind.**
- 16 LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS. WITH INTRODUCTION AND
Notes by Arthur Symonds.**
- 17 LONGFELLOW'S "HYPERION," "KAVANAH," AND
"The Trouveres." With Introduction by W. Tirebuck.**
- 18 GREAT MUSICAL COMPOSERS. BY G. F. FERRIS.
Edited, with Introduction, by Mrs. William Sharp.**
- 19 THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. EDITED
by Alice Zimmern.**
- 20 THE TEACHING OF EPICTETUS. TRANSLATED FROM
the Greek, with Introduction and Notes, by T. W. Rolleston.**
- 21 SELECTIONS FROM SENECA. WITH INTRODUCTION
by Walter Clode.**
- 22 SPECIMEN DAYS IN AMERICA. BY WALT WHITMAN.
Revised by the Author, with fresh Preface.**
- 23 DEMOCRATIC VISTAS, AND OTHER PAPERS. BY
Walt Whitman. (Published by arrangement with the Author.)**
- 24 WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. WITH
a Preface by Richard Jefferies.**
- 25 DEFOE'S CAPTAIN SINGLETON. EDITED, WITH
Introduction, by H. Halliday Sparling.**
- 26 MAZZINI'S ESSAYS: LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND
Religious. With Introduction by William Clarke.**
- 27 PROSE WRITINGS OF HEINE. WITH INTRODUCTION
by Havelock Ellis.**
- 28 REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. WITH INTRODUCTION
by Helen Zimmern.**
- 29 PAPERS OF STEELE AND ADDISON. EDITED BY
Walter Lewin.**
- 30 BURNS'S LETTERS. SELECTED AND ARRANGED,
with Introduction, by J. Logie Robertson, M.A.**

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 31 VOLSUNGA SAGA. WILLIAM MORRIS. WITH INTRODUCTION by H. H. Sparling.
- 32 SARTOR RESARTUS. BY THOMAS CARLYLE. WITH Introduction by Ernest Rhys.
- 33 SELECT WRITINGS OF EMERSON. WITH INTRODUCTION by Percival Chubb.
- 34 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LORD HERBERT. EDITED, with an Introduction, by Will H. Dircks.
- 35 ENGLISH PROSE, FROM MAUNDEVILLE TO Thackeray. Chosen and Edited by Arthur Galton.
- 36 THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, AND OTHER PLAYS. BY Henrik Ibsen. Edited, with an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.
- 37 IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. EDITED AND Selected by W. B. Yeats.
- 38 ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL Introduction and Notes by Stuart J. Reid.
- 39 ESSAYS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. SELECTED AND Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Frank Carr.
- 40 LANDOR'S PENTAMERON, AND OTHER IMAGINARY Conversations. Edited, with a Preface, by H. Ellis.
- 41 POE'S TALES AND ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, by Ernest Rhys.
- 42 VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH Edited, with Preface, by Ernest Rhys.
- 43 POLITICAL ORATIONS, FROM WENTWORTH TO Macaulay. Edited, with Introduction, by William Clarke.
- 44 THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. BY Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- 45 THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. BY OLIVER Wendell Holmes.
- 46 THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. BY Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- 47 LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON. Selected, with Introduction, by Charles Sayle.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 48 **STORIES FROM CARLETON. SELECTED, WITH INTRODUCTION,** by W. Yeats.
- 49 **JANE EYRE. BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË. EDITED BY** Clement K. Shorter.
- 50 **ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. EDITED BY LOTHROP** Withington, with a Preface by Dr. Furnivall.
- 51 **THE PROSE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DAVIS. EDITED** by T. W. Rolleston.
- 52 **SPENCE'S ANECDOTES. A SELECTION. EDITED,** with an Introduction and Notes, by John Underhill.
- 53 **MORE'S UTOPIA, AND LIFE OF EDWARD V. EDITED,** with an Introduction, by Maurice Adams.
- 54 **SADI'S GULISTAN, OR FLOWER GARDEN. TRANSLATED,** with an Essay, by James Ross.
- 55 **ENGLISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. EDITED BY** E. Sidney Hartland.
- 56 **NORTHERN STUDIES. BY EDMUND GOSSE. WITH** a Note by Ernest Rhys.
- 57 **EARLY REVIEWS OF GREAT WRITERS. EDITED BY** E. Stevenson.
- 58 **ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS. WITH GEORGE HENRY** Lewes's Essay on Aristotle prefixed.
- 59 **LANDOR'S PERICLES AND ASPASIA. EDITED, WITH** an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.
- 60 **ANNALS OF TACITUS. THOMAS GORDON'S TRANSLATION.** Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur Galton.
- 61 **ESSAYS OF ELIA. BY CHARLES LAMB. EDITED,** with an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 62 **BALZAC'S SHORTER STORIES. TRANSLATED BY** William Wilson and the Count Stenbock.
- 63 **COMEDIES OF DE MUSSET. EDITED, WITH AN** Introductory Note, by S. L. Gwynn.
- 64 **CORAL REEFS. BY CHARLES DARWIN. EDITED,** with an Introduction, by Dr. J. W. Williams.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 65 SHERIDAN'S PLAYS. EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, by Rudolf Dircks.
- 66 OUR VILLAGE. BY MISS MITFORD. EDITED, WITH an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 67 MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By Charles Dickens. With Introduction by Frank T. Marzials.
- 68 TALES FROM WONDERLAND. BY RUDOLPH Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole.
- 69 ESSAYS AND PAPERS BY DOUGLAS JERROLD. EDITED by Walter Jerrold.
- 70 VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. BY Mary Wollstonecraft. Introduction by Mrs. E. Robins Pennell.
- 71 "THE ATHENIAN ORACLE." A SELECTION. EDITED by John Underhill, with Prefatory Note by Walter Besant.
- 72 ESSAYS OF SAINTE-BEUVE. TRANSLATED AND Edited, with an Introduction, by Elizabeth Lee.
- 73 SELECTIONS FROM PLATO. FROM THE TRANSLATION of Sydenham and Taylor. Edited by T. W. Rolleston.
- 74 HEINE'S ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES, ETC. TRANSLATED by Elizabeth A. Sharp. With an Introduction from the French of Théophile Gautier.
- 75 SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS. TRANSLATED, with an Introduction, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.
- 76 SELECTIONS FROM SYDNEY SMITH. EDITED, WITH an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 77 THE NEW SPIRIT. BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.
- 78 THE BOOK OF MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES. FROM the "Morte d'Arthur." Edited by Ernest Rhys. [This, together with No. 1, forms the complete "Morte d'Arthur."]
- 79 ESSAYS AND APHORISMS. BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS. With an Introduction by E. A. Helps.
- 80 ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. SELECTED, WITH A Prefatory Note, by PERCIVAL CHUBB.
- 81 THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON. BY W. M. Thackeray. Edited by F. T. Marzials.
- 82 SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL. TRANSLATED, WITH an Introduction, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.
- 83 CARLYLE'S ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

GREAT WRITERS.

A NEW SERIES OF CRITICAL BIOGRAPHIES.

Edited by **ERIC ROBERTSON** and **FRANK T. MARZIALS**.

A Complete Bibliography to each Volume, by **J. P. ANDERSON**,
British Museum, London.

Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Top. Price 1/6.

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED—

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW. By **PROF. ERIC S. ROBERTSON**.

"A most readable little work."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

LIFE OF COLERIDGE. By **HALL CAINE**.

"Brief and vigorous, written throughout with spirit and great literary skill."—*Scotsman*.

LIFE OF DICKENS. By **FRANK T. MARZIALS**.

"Notwithstanding the mass of matter that has been printed relating to Dickens and his works . . . we should, until we came across this volume, have been at a loss to recommend any popular life of England's most popular novelist as being really satisfactory. The difficulty is removed by Mr. Marzials's little book."—*Athenæum*.

LIFE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By **J. KNIGHT**.

"Mr. Knight's picture of the great poet and painter is the fullest and best yet presented to the public."—*The Graphic*.

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By **COLONEL F. GRANT**.

"Colonel Grant has performed his task with diligence, sound judgment, good taste, and accuracy."—*Illustrated London News*.

LIFE OF DARWIN. By **G. T. BETTANY**.

"Mr. G. T. Bettany's *Life of Darwin* is a sound and conscientious work."—*Saturday Review*.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By **A. BIRRELL**.

"Those who know much of Charlotte Brontë will learn more, and those who know nothing about her will find all that is best worth learning in Mr. Birrell's pleasant book."—*St. James' Gazette*.

LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE. By **R. GARNETT, LL.D.**

"This is an admirable book. Nothing could be more felicitous and fairer than the way in which he takes us through Carlyle's life and works."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

London: **WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED**, 24 Warwick Lane.

GREAT WRITERS—continued.

LIFE OF ADAM SMITH. By R. B. HALDANE, M.P.

"Written with a perspicuity seldom exemplified when dealing with economic science."—*Scotsman*.

LIFE OF KEATS. By W. M. ROSSETTI.

"Valuable for the ample information which it contains."—*Cambridge Independent*.

LIFE OF SHELLEY. By WILLIAM SHARP.

"The criticisms . . . entitle this capital monograph to be ranked with the best biographies of Shelley."—*Westminster Review*.

LIFE OF SMOLLETT. By DAVID HANNAY.

"A capable record of a writer who still remains one of the great masters of the English novel."—*Saturday Review*.

LIFE OF GOLDSMITH. By AUSTIN DOBSON.

"The story of his literary and social life in London, with all its humorous and pathetic vicissitudes, is here retold, as none could tell it better."—*Daily News*.

LIFE OF SCOTT. By PROFESSOR YONGE.

"This is a most enjoyable book."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

LIFE OF BURNS. By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

"The editor certainly made a hit when he persuaded Blackie to write about Burns."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO. By FRANK T. MARZIALS.

"Mr. Marzials's volume presents to us, in a more handy form than any English or even French handbook gives, the summary of what is known about the life of the great poet."—*Saturday Review*.

LIFE OF EMERSON. By RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

"No record of Emerson's life could be more desirable."—*Saturday Review*.

LIFE OF GOETHE. By JAMES SIME.

"Mr. James Sime's competence as a biographer of Goethe is beyond question."—*Manchester Guardian*.

LIFE OF CONGREVE. By EDMUND GOSSE.

"Mr. Gosse has written an admirable biography."—*Academy*.

LIFE OF BUNYAN. By CANON VENABLES.

"A most intelligent, appreciative, and valuable memoir."—*Scotsman*.

LIFE OF CRABBE. By T. E. KEBBEL.

"No English poet since Shakespeare has observed certain aspects of nature and of human life more closely."—*Athenæum*.

LIFE OF HEINE. By WILLIAM SHARP.

"An admirable monograph . . . more fully written up to the level of recent knowledge and criticism than any other English work."—*Scotsman*.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

GREAT WRITERS—continued.

LIFE OF MILL. By W. L. COURTNEY.

"A most sympathetic and discriminating memoir."—*Glasgow Herald*.

LIFE OF SCHILLER. By HENRY W. NEVINSON.

"Presents the poet's life in a neatly rounded picture."—*Scotsman*.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT. By DAVID HANNAY.

"We have nothing but praise for the manner in which Mr. Hannay has done justice to him."—*Saturday Review*.

LIFE OF LESSING. By T. W. ROLLESTON.

"One of the best books of the series."—*Manchester Guardian*.

LIFE OF MILTON. By RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

"Has never been more charmingly or adequately told."—*Scottish Leader*.

LIFE OF BALZAC. By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

"Mr. Wedmore's monograph on the greatest of French writers of fiction, whose greatness is to be measured by comparison with his successors, is a piece of careful and critical composition, neat and nice in style."—*Daily News*.

LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT. By OSCAR BROWNING.

"A book of the character of Mr. Browning's, to stand midway between the bulky work of Mr. Cross and the very slight sketch of Miss Blind, was much to be desired, and Mr. Browning has done his work with vivacity, and not without skill."—*Manchester Guardian*.

LIFE OF JANE AUSTEN. By GOLDWIN SMITH.

"Mr. Goldwin Smith has added another to the not inconsiderable roll of eminent men who have found their delight in Miss Austen. . . . His little book upon her, just published by Walter Scott, is certainly a fascinating book to those who already know her and love her well; and we have little doubt that it will prove also a fascinating book to those who have still to make her acquaintance."—*Spectator*.

LIFE OF BROWNING. By WILLIAM SHARP.

"This little volume is a model of excellent English, and in every respect it seems to us what a biography should be."—*Public Opinion*.

LIFE OF BYRON. By HON. RODEN NOEL.

"The Hon. Roden Noel's volume on Byron is decidedly one of the most readable in the excellent 'Great Writers' series."—*Scottish Leader*.

LIFE OF HAWTHORNE. By MONCURE CONWAY.

"It is a delightful *causerie*—pleasant, genial talk about a most interesting man. Easy and conversational as the tone is throughout, no important fact is omitted, no valueless fact is recalled; and it is entirely exempt from platitude and conventionality."—*The Speaker*.

LIFE OF SCHOPENHAUER. By PROFESSOR WALLACE.

"We can speak very highly of this little book of Mr. Wallace's. It is, perhaps, excessively lenient in dealing with the man, and it cannot be said to be at all ferociously critical in dealing with the philosophy."—*Saturday Review*.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

GREAT WRITERS—continued.

LIFE OF SHERIDAN. By LLOYD SANDERS.

"To say that Mr. Lloyd Sanders, in this little volume, has produced the best existing memoir of Sheridan, is really to award much fainter praise than the work deserves."—*Manchester Examiner*.

LIFE OF THACKERAY. By HERMAN MERIVALE and F. T. MARZIALS.

"The monograph just published is well worth reading, . . . and the book, with its excellent bibliography, is one which neither the student nor the general reader can well afford to miss."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LIFE OF CERVANTES. By H. E. WATTS.

"We can commend this book as a worthy addition to the useful series to which it belongs."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

George Saintsbury, in *The Illustrated London News*, says:—"In this little volume the wayfaring man who has no time to devour libraries will find most things that it concerns him to know about Voltaire's actual life and work put very clearly, sufficiently, and accurately for the most part."

LIFE OF LEIGH HUNT. By COSMO MONKHOUSE.

LIBRARY EDITION OF "GREAT WRITERS," Demy 8vo, 2s. 6d.

London. WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

The Contemporary Science Series.

EDITED BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3s. 6d. per vol.; Half Morocco, 6s. 6d.

I. THE EVOLUTION OF SEX. By Professor PATRICK GEDDES and J. ARTHUR THOMSON. With 90 Illustrations. Second Edition.

"The authors have brought to the task—as indeed their names guarantee—a wealth of knowledge, a lucid and attractive method of treatment, and a rich vein of picturesque language."—*Nature*.

II. ELECTRICITY IN MODERN LIFE. By G. W. DE TUNZELMANN. With 88 Illustrations.

"A clearly-written and connected sketch of what is known about electricity and magnetism, the more prominent modern applications, and the principles on which they are based."—*Saturday Review*.

III. THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. By Dr. ISAAC TAYLOR. Illustrated. Second Edition.

"Canon Taylor is probably the most encyclopædic all-round scholar now living. His new volume on the Origin of the Aryans is a first-rate example of the excellent account to which he can turn his exceptionally wide and varied information. . . . Masterly and exhaustive."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

IV. PHYSIOGNOMY AND EXPRESSION. By P. MANTEGAZZA. Illustrated.

"Professor Mantegazza is a writer full of life and spirit, and the natural attractiveness of his subject is not destroyed by his scientific handling of it."—*Literary World* (Boston).

V. EVOLUTION AND DISEASE. By J. B. SUTTON, F.R.C.S. With 135 Illustrations.

"The book is as interesting as a novel, without sacrifice of accuracy or system, and is calculated to give an appreciation of the fundamentals of pathology to the lay reader, while forming a useful collection of illustrations of disease for medical reference."—*Journal of Mental Science*.

VI. THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY. By G. L. GOMME. Illustrated.

"The fruit of some years of investigation on a subject which has of late attracted much attention, and is of much importance, inasmuch as it lies at the basis of our society."—*Antiquary*.

VII. THE CRIMINAL. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Illustrated.

"An ably written, an instructive, and a most entertaining book."—*Law Quarterly Review*.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

The Contemporary Science Series—continued.

VIII. SANITY AND INSANITY. By Dr. CHARLES MERCIER. Illustrated.

"Taken as a whole, it is the brightest book on the physical side of mental science published in our time."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

IX. HYPNOTISM. By Dr. ALBERT MOLL. Second Edition.

"Marks a step of some importance in the study of some difficult physiological and psychological problems which have not yet received much attention in the scientific world of England."—*Nature*.

X. MANUAL TRAINING. By Dr. C. M. WOODWARD, Director of the Manual Training School, St. Louis. Illustrated.

"There is no greater authority on the subject than Professor Woodward."—*Manchester Guardian*.

XI. THE SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES. By E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

"Mr. Hartland's book will win the sympathy of all earnest students, both by the knowledge it displays, and by a thorough love and appreciation of his subject, which is evident throughout."—*Spectator*.

XII. PRIMITIVE FOLK. By ELIE RECLUS.

"For an introduction to the study of the questions of property, marriage, government, religion,—in a word, to the evolution of society,—this little volume will be found most convenient."—*Scottish Leader*.

XIII. THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE. By Professor LETOURNEAU.

"Among the distinguished French students of sociology, Professor Letourneau has long stood in the first rank. He approaches the great study of man free from bias and shy of generalisations. To collect, scrutinise, and appraise facts is his chief business."—*Science*.

XIV. BACTERIA AND THEIR PRODUCTS. By Dr. G. SIMS WOODHEAD. Illustrated.

"An excellent summary of the present state of knowledge of the subject."—*Lancet*.

XV. EDUCATION AND HEREDITY. By J. M. GUYAU.

"It is a sign of the value of this book that the natural impulse on arriving at its last page is to turn again to the first, and try to gather up and co-ordinate some of the many admirable truths it presents."—*Anti-Jacobin*.

XVI. THE MAN OF GENIUS. By Professor LOMBROSO. Illustrated.

"By far the most comprehensive and fascinating collection of facts and generalisations concerning genius which has yet been brought together."—*Journal of Mental Science*.

XVII. THE GRAMMAR OF SCIENCE. By KARL PEARSON, M.A., Gresham Professor of Geometry. Illustrated.

"The problems discussed with great ability and lucidity, and often in a most suggestive manner, by Prof. Pearson, are such as should interest all students of natural science."—*Natural Science*.

XVIII. PROPERTY: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. By Professor LETOURNEAU.

"M. Letourneau has read a great deal, and he seems to us to have selected and interpreted his facts with considerable judgment and learning."—*Westminster Review*.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

The Contemporary Science Series—continued.

XIX. VOLCANOES: PAST AND PRESENT. By EDWARD HULL, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With 45 Illustrations.

"A very readable account of the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes."—*Nature*.

XX. PUBLIC HEALTH. By Dr. J. F. J. SYKES. With numerous Illustrations.

The increased knowledge of the internal and external influences upon health obtained within recent years, and the practical applications of which it is capable in the prevention of disease, gives rise to many interesting problems, some of which are being solved, some are only partially touched, and others remain unelucidated. In this volume an attempt will be made to summarise and bring to a focus the essential points in evolution, environment, parasitism, prophylaxis, and sanitation bearing upon the preservation of the public health.

XXI. MODERN METEOROLOGY. By FRANK WALDO, Ph.D. Illustrated.

XXII. THE GERM-PLASM. A THEORY OF HEREDITY. By A. WEISMANN, Professor in the University of Freiburg-in-Breisgau. Price 6s. With Illustrations.

The following Writers are preparing Volumes for this Series:—

Prof. E. D. Cope, Prof. G. F. Fitzgerald, Prof. J. Geikie, Prof. A. C. Haddon, Prof. C. H. Herford, Prof. J. Jastrow (Wisconsin), Dr. J. B. Longstaff, Prof. James Mavor, Prof. Aug. Weismann, etc.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

IBSEN'S FAMOUS PROSE DRAMAS.

EDITED BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Complete in Five Vols. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 3/6 each.

Set of Five Vols., in Case, 17/6; in Half Morocco, in Case, 32/6.

"We seem at last to be shown men and women as they are; and at first it is more than we can endure. . . . All Ibsen's characters speak and act as if they were hypnotised, and under their creator's imperious demand to reveal themselves. There never was such a mirror held up to nature before: it is too terrible. . . . Yet we must return to Ibsen, with his remorseless surgery, his remorseless electric-light, until we, too, have grown strong and learned to face the naked—if necessary, the flayed and bleeding—reality."—SPEAKER (London).

VOL. I. "A DOLL'S HOUSE," "THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH," and "THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY." With Portrait of the Author, and Biographical Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER.

VOL. II. "GHOSTS," "AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE," and "THE WILD DUCK." With an Introductory Note.

VOL. III. "LADY INGER OF ÖSTRÅT," "THE VIKINGS AT HELGELAND," "THE PRETENDERS." With an Introductory Note and Portrait of Ibsen.

VOL. IV. "EMPEROR AND GALILEAN." With an Introductory Note by WILLIAM ARCHER.

VOL. V. "ROSMERSHOLM," "THE LADY FROM THE SEA," "HEDDA GABLER." Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. With an Introductory Note.

The sequence of the plays *in each volume* is chronological; the complete set of volumes comprising the dramas thus presents them in chronological order.

"The art of prose translation does not perhaps enjoy a very high literary status in England, but we have no hesitation in numbering the present version of Ibsen, so far as it has gone (Vols. I. and II.), among the very best achievements, in that kind, of our generation."—*Academy*.

"We have seldom, if ever, met with a translation so absolutely idiomatic."—*Glasgow Herald*.

LONDON: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 WARWICK LANE.

THE CANTERBURY POETS.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP. IN 1/- MONTHLY VOLUMES.

Cloth, Red Edges	-	1s.		Red Roan, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d.
Cloth, Uncut Edges	-	1s.		Pad. Morocco, Gilt Edges, 5s.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR	By the Rev. John Keble.
COLERIDGE	Edited by Joseph Skipsey.
LONGFELLOW	Edited by Eva Hope.
CAMPBELL	Edited by John Hogben.
SHELLEY	Edited by Joseph Skipsey.
WORDSWORTH	Edited by A. J. Symington.
BLAKE	Edited by Joseph Skipsey.
WHITTIER	Edited by Eva Hope.
POE	Edited by Joseph Skipsey.
CHATTERTON	Edited by John Richmond.
BURNS. Poems	Edited by Joseph Skipsey.
BURNS. Songs	Edited by Joseph Skipsey.
MARLOWE	Edited by Percy E. Pinkerton.
KEATS	Edited by John Hogben.
HERBERT	Edited by Ernest Rhys.
HUGO	Translated by Dean Carrington.
COWPER	Edited by Eva Hope.
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS, Etc.	Edited by William Sharp.
EMERSON	Edited by Walter Lewin.
SONNETS OF THIS CENTURY	Edited by William Sharp.
WHITMAN	Edited by Ernest Rhys.
SCOTT. Marmion, etc.	Edited by William Sharp.
SCOTT. Lady of the Lake, etc.	Edited by William Sharp.
PRAED	Edited by Frederick Cooper.
HOGG	Edited by his Daughter, Mrs. Garden.
GOLDSMITH	Edited by William Tirebuck.
LOVE LETTERS, Etc.	By Eric Mackay.
SPENSER	Edited by Hon. Roden Noel.
CHILDREN OF THE POETS	Edited by Eric S. Robertson.
JONSON	Edited by J. Addington Symonds.
BYRON (2 Vols.)	Edited by Mathilde Blind.
THE SONNETS OF EUROPE	Edited by S. Waddington.
RAMSAY	Edited by J. Logie Robertson.
DOBELL	Edited by Mrs. Dobell.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

THE CANTERBURY POETS—continued.

DAYS OF THE YEAR	With Introduction by William Sharp.
POPE	Edited by John Hogben.
HEINE	Edited by Mrs. Kroeker.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER	Edited by John S. Fletcher.
BOWLES, LAMB, &c.	Edited by William Tirebuck.
EARLY ENGLISH POETRY	Edited by H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon.
SEA MUSIC	Edited by Mrs Sharp.
HERRICK	Edited by Ernest Rhys.
BALLADES AND RONDEAUS	Edited by J. Gleeson White.
IRISH MINSTRELSY	Edited by H. Halliday Sparling.
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST	Edited by J. Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D.
JACOBITE BALLADS	Edited by G. S. Macquoid.
AUSTRALIAN BALLADS	Edited by D. B. W. Sladen, B.A.
MOORE	Edited by John Dorrian.
BORDER BALLADS	Edited by Graham R. Tomson.
SONG-TIDE	By Philip Bourke Marston.
ODES OF HORACE	Translations by Sir Stephen de Vere, Bt.
OSSIAN	Edited by George Eyre-Todd.
ELFIN MUSIC	Edited by Arthur Edward Waite.
SOUTHEY	Edited by Sidney R. Thompson.
CHAUCE	Edited by Frederick Noël Paton.
POEMS OF WILD LIFE	Edited by Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A.
PARADISE REGAINED	Edited by J. Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D.
CRABBE	Edited by E. Lamplough.
DORA GREENWELL	Edited by William Dorling.
FAUST	Edited by Elizabeth Craigmyle.
AMERICAN SONNETS	Edited by William Sharp.
LANDOR'S POEMS	Edited by Ernest Radford.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY	Edited by Graham R. Tomson.
HUNT AND HOOD	Edited by J. Harwood Panting.
HUMOROUS POEMS	Edited by Ralph H. Caine.
LYTTON'S PLAYS	Edited by R. Farquharson Sharp.
GREAT ODES	Edited by William Sharp.
MEREDITH'S POEMS	Edited by M. Betham-Edwards.
PAINTER-POETS	Edited by Kineton Parkes.
WOMEN POETS	Edited by Mrs. Sharp.
LOVE LYRICS	Edited by Percy Hulburd.
AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE	Edited by James Barr.
MINOR SCOTCH LYRICS	Edited by Sir George Douglas.
CAVALIER LYRISTS	Edited by Will H. Dircks.
GERMAN BALLADS	Edited by Elizabeth Craigmyle.
SONGS OF BERANGER	Translated by William Toynbee.
HON. RODEN NOEL'S POEMS.	With an Introduction by R. Buchanan.
SONGS OF FREEDOM.	Selected, with an Introduction, by H. S. Salt.

AUTHORISED VERSION.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 6s.

PEER GYNT: A Dramatic Poem.

BY HENRIK IBSEN.

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM AND CHARLES ARCHER.

This Translation, though unrhymed, preserves throughout the various rhythms of the original.

“In *Brand* the hero is an embodied protest against the poverty of spirit and half-heartedness that Ibsen rebelled against in his countrymen. In *Peer Gynt* the hero is himself the embodiment of that spirit. In *Brand* the fundamental antithesis, upon which, as its central theme, the drama is constructed, is the contrast between the spirit of compromise on the one hand, and the motto ‘everything or nothing’ on the other. And *Peer Gynt* is the very incarnation of a compromising dread of decisive committal to any one course. In *Brand* the problem of self-realisation and the relation of the individual to his surroundings is obscurely struggling for recognition, and in *Peer Gynt* it becomes the formal theme upon which all the fantastic variations of the drama are built up. In both plays alike the problems of heredity and the influence of early surroundings are more than touched upon; and both alike culminate in the doctrine that the only redeeming power on earth or in heaven is the power of love.”—Mr. P. H. WICKSTEED.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, 24 Warwick Lane.

